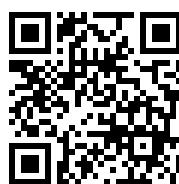

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WHOLE NO. 55.

AMERICAN CHARACTER AND PURSUITS.

In the present article we propose to sketch certain types of character peculiar to our confederacy, taken from different States of the Union, and indicating the pursuits of our people, as well as of the red men who yet linger within our borders. We shall embrace the opportunity to record some statistical and historical facts of value which may be interesting as subjects of future reference. In this connection, we present also a series of bold and graceful drawings from the pencil of Billings, the great American designer, drawn expressly for our Magazine. The

first of these elegant pictures takes us to Georgia, and depicts two Indian girls in their light canoe gathering flowers. Until within a quarter of a century Georgia was the chosen home of the Cherokees. As the red men are fast fading away from the continent, it may be interesting to glance rapidly, in this connection, at their history and characteristics.

It has long been a question agitated among the learned, how America was first peopled. The opinion best supported is, that the Indians of this country emigrated from the north-eastern



GEORGIAN INDIAN GIRLS GATHERING FLOWERS.

parts of Asia, crossing over to this continent at Bhering's straits. It having been established by the discoveries of Captain Cook, that at Kam-schaka, in about latitude 66 degrees north, the continents of Asia and America are separated by a strait only eighteen miles wide, and that the inhabitants on each continent are similar, and frequently pass and repass in canoes from one continent to another: from these and other circumstances, it is rendered highly probable that America was first peopled from the northeast parts of Asia.

But since the Esquimaux Indians are manifestly a separate species of men, distinct from all the nations of the American continent, in language, disposition and habits of life; and in all these respects bear a near resemblance to the northern Europeans, it is believed that the Esquimaux Indians emigrated from the northwest parts of Europe. Several circumstances confirm this belief. As early as the ninth century, the Norwegians discovered Greenland, and planted colonies there.

With regard to the number of Indians inhabiting our country, at the time of the arrival of the European settlers, no correct estimate can be made; but, according to the estimate of Dr. Trumbull, they could not much exceed 150,000, within the compass of the thirteen original States. It is believed that they were formerly much more numerous, particularly on the Ohio river and its branches, and in New England. A few years before the arrival of the Plymouth settlers, a very mortal sickness raged with great violence among the Indians inhabiting the eastern parts of New England. "Whole towns were depopulated. The living were not able to bury the dead; and their bones were found lying above ground many years after. The Massachusetts Indians are said to have been reduced from 30,000 to 300 fighting men. In 1633, the small pox swept off great numbers." The Indians of this country were divided into many small tribes, governed by their sachems, or kings, and were often at war with each other. In their persons, the Indians were tall, straight and well proportioned; in their councils, they were distinguished for their gravity and eloquence; in war, for bravery, stratagem and revenge. Hunting, fishing and war were the employment of the men. The women were compelled to till the field and to perform the common drudgery of their domestic affairs. Their dress in summer consisted chiefly of a slight covering about the waist; in winter they clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals. They were extremely fond of ornaments, and on days of festivity and show, they were painted with various colors, and ornamented with shells, beads and feathers. Their habitations, which were called by the English *wigwams*, were constructed by erecting a strong pole for the centre, around which other poles, a few feet distant, were driven, and fastened to the centre pole at the top, then covered with mats and bark of trees, which rendered them a shelter from the weather. Their warlike instruments and domestic utensils were few and simple;—a *tomahawk*, or hatchet of stone, bows and arrows, sharp stones and shells, which they used for knives and hoes, and stone mortars for pounding their corn. For money they used small beads,

curiously wrought from shells, and strung on belts, or in chains, called *wampum*.

The Indians of this country were generally Polytheists, or believed in a plurality of gods. Some were considered as local deities; yet they believed that there was one Supreme God, or *Great Spirit*, the creator of the rest, and all creatures and things. Him the natives of New England called Kichtan. They believed that good men, at death, ascended to Kichtan, above the heavens, where they enjoyed their departed friends and all good things; that bad men also went and knocked at the gate of glory, but Kichtan bade them depart, for there was no place for such, whence they wandered in restless poverty. This Supreme Being they held to be good, and prayed to him when they desired any great favor, and paid a sort of acknowledgment to him for plenty, victory, etc. The manner of worship in many tribes, was to sing and dance around a large fire.

There was another power which they called *Hobhamock*, in English, the Devil, of whom they stood in greater awe, and worshipped him merely from a principle of fear, and it is said that they sometimes even sacrificed their own children to appease him. They prayed to him to heal their wounds and diseases. When found curable, he was supposed to be the author of their complaints; when they were mortal, they were ascribed to Kichtan, whose diseases none were able to remove; therefore they never prayed to him in sickness. Their priests, which were called *Powaws*, and their chief warriors, pretended often to see Hobhamock in the shape of a man, fawn, or eagle, but generally of a *snake*, who gave them advice in their difficult undertakings. The duty and office of the Powaws, was to pray to Hobhamock for the removal of evils; the common people said amen. In his prayer the Powaw promised skins, kettles, hatchets, beads, etc., as sacrifices, if his request should be granted.

The apparent insensibility of the Indians under pains and wounds is well known; yet they had awful apprehensions of death. When sick, and all hope of recovery was gone, their bursting sobs and sighs, their wringing hands, their flowing tears, and dismal cries and shrieks, were enough to excite sympathy from the hardest heart. Their affection was very strong for their children, who by indulgence were saucy and undutiful. A father would sometimes, through grief and rage for the loss of a child, stab himself. Some tribes of Indians would not allow of mentioning the name of a friend after death. When a person died, they generally buried him with his bows and arrows, dogs, and whatever was valuable to him while living, supposing he would want them in another world, as their ideas of the happiness of heaven consisted in finding plenty of game, feasting, etc.

Of their bravery and address in war we have many proofs. The fortitude, calmness, and even exultation which they manifest while under the extreme torture from the hands of their enemies, is in part owing to their savage insensibility, but more to their high notions of military glory, and their rude notions of future happiness, which they shall forfeit by the least manifestation of fear, or uneasiness under their suf-

ferings. They are sincere and faithful in their friendships, remembering the smallest favor done them to the latest period, but bitter and determined in their resentments, and often pursuing their enemies hundreds of miles through the wilderness, encountering every difficulty in order to be revenged. This spirit oftentimes descended from the father to the son, who felt bound to revenge the injuries done his father when living. In their public councils they observe the greatest

To return to the State of Georgia. The agricultural region yields heavy crops of corn and wheat, while cotton and rice are among the staple productions. In addition to these sources of wealth, Georgia has rich mines of iron, of gold, and of other minerals. There is an United States' mint at Dahlonega, in the centre of the gold region. The first regular colony was planted in 1733 at Yamacraw Bluff, now the city of Savannah. The founder was General Ogle-



THE MAINE WOOD-CHOPPER.

decorum. In the foremost ranks sits the old men who are the counsellors of the tribe, the warriors, and next the women and children. "Their kindness and hospitality is seldom equalled by any civilized society. Their politeness in conversation is even carried to excess, since it does not allow them to contradict anything that is asserted in their presence." The Indians appear to have distinct traditions of the creation and deluge, and some of their words and ceremonies strongly resemble the Hebrew.

thorpe; but in 1754 the colony was given up to the crown. In the Revolution, it was the scene of several desperate conflicts, and furnished many brave men for the army. Georgia ratified the constitution on the 2d of January, 1788. Georgia was among the first States which constructed long lines of railroads, and their profitable operation has done much to enrich her citizens. At the last census she had 906,185 inhabitants, an increase of 31 per cent. since 1840, and many of her cities doubled their size and their

wealth during the same decade. In addition to a university at Athens, there are colleges at Milledgeville, Oxford, Penfield and Macon, with a medical college at Augusta. 1251 public schools furnish ample means of education for all, and there are 219 academies for the more advanced in study. Georgia contains 39,680,000 acres, and has 81,364 farmers, besides some ten thousand agricultural laborers. The estimated cash value of her farms is \$95,753,445, and of the farming implements, \$5,894,150. Internal improvements have imposed a heavy State tax upon Georgia, yet her finances are in a good condition, and she is among the most prosperous of the States.

Our second engraving takes us at a sweep from South to North, and showing us a sturdy down-easter engaged in felling a gigantic tree, indicates one of the leading pursuits and sources of wealth in our sister State of Maine. Maine, from its geographical position, is the initial State of the Union, and proudly does it rank with the others in point of extent, of population, of industry and of refinement. In the olden time it was the home of the Abenakis, a confederacy of Indians, whose domestic life approached civilization, and who were valiant in war. In the summer, their squaws cultivated corn in the fertile valleys of the interior, or the young men fished among the beautiful islets encircling the coast, but when winter covered the ground with a deep snowy pall, the warriors hunted the moose with bow and spear. Wearing snow-shoes, they easily overtook the floundering animals, whose flesh afforded them food, whilst from the skin, well prepared, were made hoods, tunics and leggins. Early in the seventeenth century the Europeans came. England was not undisturbed in her possession, and for many a long year Maine was a "border-land," where the flags of France and of England were borne in hostile array by forces raised at Quebec or at Boston. The French lost their authority, but soon the sturdy patriots of '76 were in arms against the new occupants of Canada, and the frontier feuds were thus perpetuated until the last treaty with Great Britain. For many years a "province" of Massachusetts, Maine did not attain the rank of an independent State until 1820. Progressing steadily, she numbered, at the last census, 583,169 inhabitants; 945 churches; 95,802 dwelling-houses; 49 newspapers; 3 colleges; 131 academies, and 4042 common schools; 77,016 of the male inhabitants are farmers; 21,000 laborers; 13,231 mariners; 2192 fishermen; 3111 lumber sawyers; 1330 lumbermen; 2238 ship-carpenters; and 2780 blacksmiths. The axe, as these statistics show, is well wielded in Maine, especially in winter, when large "gangs" of lumbermen are in the woods, and the farmers are "chopping" nearer home. The cities of Maine are very prosperous, especially Portland, where transatlantic steamers, at any season, can come directly to the spacious wharves, and there discharge their cargoes into railroad cars. One of the lines of railroads which diverge from Portland runs through Canada, and it is thus the seaport of that flourishing agricultural community, especially in winter.

The early attempts at settlement in Maine were made on the principles of feudalism, and

hence the disappointments which attended them. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, one of the earliest of those Englishmen who turned their attention to the colonization of America, claimed within the present limits of Maine a territory reaching along the shore from Piscataqua to Sagahedoc, estimated at 60 miles, and 120 miles into the interior, embodying about 6000 square miles. His claims were afterwards enlarged. Various settlements were made under his auspices. Previous to 1677, the Gorges family sold out their whole claim for 1250 pounds sterling. In 1691 Maine was united with Massachusetts, from which it was set off in 1820, as we have seen.

The wild hunter of the southwest is depicted in our next engraving, in the person of a mounted Indian on a prairie of Texas, bending his unerring bow to transfix a buffalo with his fletched arrow. The original inhabitants of Texas were among the fiercest and most warlike tribes encountered by the Spanish adventurers. Prior to 1690, there was a small French colony here, but they were driven out by the Spaniards. In 1810, the North American provinces of Mexico revolted against the Spanish crown. The settlers of Texas, a large majority of whom were from the United States, weary of the constant revolutions of Mexico, asserted their independence, and finally achieved it by the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, in which a handful of Texan riflemen defeated a vastly superior force, commanded by General Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the southwest." In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, and admitted into the Union. The State is of irregular form, and embraces an area of about 237,320 square miles. The existing constitution of the State is wise and liberal. A constitutional provision secures the support of public schools, and Texas has many respectable educational institutions. The revenues of the State are estimated at \$110,000, and the average annual expenditures at \$100,000. The surface varies greatly, being very mountainous in the west, and sloping down towards the seacoast. A large part of the area is exceedingly fertile and productive. The prairie region is, perhaps, the richest. The State is well wooded throughout, its sylva embracing oak, hickory, elm, walnut, sycamore, cedar, pine, etc. Fruits, including some of the choicest fruits of the tropics, and every variety of vegetable, are easily raised. The great staple is cotton. Grain crops thrive well. Rice and tobacco are cultivated, as well as the sugar cane. Indigo, vanilla and various medical shrubs are among the natural productions. The noblest river of the State is the Rio Grande, 1800 miles long. The Roman Catholic religion prevails among the descendants of the earlier settlers, but the Catholics are largely outnumbered by other denominations of Christians. The population at the last census was 212,592. The climate is said to remarkably healthy. The wet and dry seasons constitute the winter and summer; the former lasts from December to March, and the latter comprehending spring, summer and autumn.

As out of the admission of Texas to the Union, grew a war between the United States and Mexico, it will be, perhaps, interesting to dwell a moment on its history. The following sketch is from our own notes of a lecture delivered a few

years since by General Houston, so prominent an actor in the Texan war of independence. General Houston told us that citizens of the United States were invited by Mexico to come and settle in the vast, uninhabited and unclaimed wild lands of Texas. Mexico possessed millions of useless acres, a territory larger than that of the old thirteen States, and she wanted inhabitants and colonists. Was this invitation a mere gratuity on her part—an obligation imposed upon the settlers? It was a bargain between the United States and Mexico in which the latter had at least a full equivalent. It is true that in the proffered territory there were a

colonized the country, and did so under a constitution as liberal as that of the United States of North America, on the model of which it was framed; they came to Texas and they settled there as freemen. They were loyal to the constitution of Mexico; to maintain their allegiance they forfeited, unmurmuring, many of their own favorite institutions, and lived submissively and peaceably under the laws to which they had subscribed. For a brief space Mexico herself was true to the principles of the constitution. Victoria was a worthy man, but he was succeeded by the despot Urrea, who was assassinated by the Vice President Bustamente, who then occupied



A TEXAN INDIAN.

few Mexican settlements and villages, but the Mexicans were unable to defend these against the incursions and ravages of the hostile Indian tribes. The Mexicans were not a people calculated to cope with Indian foes; they wanted a daring and adventurous race, men from the Atlantic borders, whose valor and energy had triumphed over every difficulty, and who were capable of trampling down every association of the savage tribes.

To each man Mexico offered a league of land. The North American colonists were bound to reclaim Texas from the wilderness, to protect it from the savages, to civilize the country. They performed well their part of the contract. They

his place. Santa Anna, then a prominent military officer, then resolved to dispossess Bustamente, and himself usurp the chair, under pretext of sustaining the constitution of 1824. He denounced Bustamente and assumed the title and power of dictator, no modified or temporary authority, but dictator without limit. In this position, he sent troops into Texas to garrison its towns, not for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the Indians, but for the sake of imposing on them the yoke of his assumed authority. The Texans, aided by the Mexican inhabitants, and standing firm to the constitution of 1824, expelled these Mexicans. In this the Texans acted well and nobly.

From this moment jealousy and distrust of the Texans were overheard in the Mexican government. Burthen upon burthen was imposed upon their shoulders, and they were subjected to the severest treatment. Santa Anna and his myrmidons determined to destroy the constitutional form of government, and the dictator declared all State governments to be at an end. He himself appointed his creatures governors, and sent his soldiers to dissolve the several legislatures. The citizens of Texas protested against this arbitrary rule. But the despot was determined to rule with a rod of iron. Zacatecas, the most powerful and populous of all the Mexican States, resolved to resist the tyrant's authority, raised men and money for the purpose, and determined to be free or perish. They had ample resources, and would have been able to maintain their stand, but for the perfidy of Santa Anna. With infernal cunning he planned a scheme for their destruction, and sent his emissaries to accomplish it. His military agents professed for the cause of the Zacatecans, and received command of their troops. Their schemes were planned. They marched the troops out of the city, and placed them in such a position that they were sure to be defeated in the event of a conflict. Santa Anna then advanced, and the inevitable result followed. They were beaten and cut to pieces. Santa Anna slaughtered them without mercy, entered the city, sacked it, and gave its inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex, to the sword, and for three days the carnage was continued—for three days the very gutters of the city ran blood. His triumph was complete—all gave way, save little Texas alone. To ensure the completeness of his triumph, he issued a decree commanding every citizen to give up his private arms. In this situation of affairs, the Texans felt called upon to act. They did not even then rebel, but they consulted together, their council being held in 1835. They met at San Felipe, and resolved, not to declare their independence, but to establish a provisional government, pledging their adherence to the constitution of 1824, which they had always religiously supported.

In the meantime Santa Anna sent his troops against them to extort their private arms. Resolute in defence of their rights, they refused to give them up. What would have been the result of their compliance with the orders of the tyrant? The country was swarming with savage foes, every moment menacing an attack upon some point, and how could they protect their lives and the existence of their families without their private arms. Their only resource for food in a great measure depended on their unerring rifles. They had no resource but their arms; with them they could hope for life, without them they could be sure of death alone. They resisted—but when the troops sent against them were taken prisoners, they were liberated on parole. Santa Anna, exasperated and inflamed by the thirst of blood tasted in his butchery of the Zacatecans, and moreover filled with the ambition of emulating the fame of Napoleon, resolved to strike a final blow at Texas, and accomplish his darling object of sweeping every North American from the face of the land between the Rio Grande and the Sabine. He gathered an army composed

not only of the butchers of the Zacatecans, but of liberated convicts and felons, fiends in human shape, fit instruments to accomplish his fell designs, and with these materials he menaced Texas. These were the intimations of his kind designs—these his benignities—these the tender mercies he vouchsafed.

What would your and our forefathers of '76 have done in such a crisis? Would they have tamely bowed before atrocities like these? The aspiring monument that crowns the battlefield of Bunker Hill, would never have risen to mark a hallowed spot, if they had bowed before a tyrant's nod. We had your and their proud example before us. Then the Texans had a right to resist—a right to rebel against a tyrant and usurper.

Texas then was ill prepared for a struggle, and terrible apprehensions naturally prevailed throughout the State. Her whole effective force, scattered over a wide territory, consisted of but 4000 undisciplined men. She was menaced by an army of 9000 veteran troops, while the amplest resources, millions of men and money, and the wealth of mines was at the disposition of the enemy. But the Texans were adequate to the crisis. On the 1st of March, 1836, they assembled in convention, and on the second day of March, in full view of their position and difficulties, they proclaimed themselves free and independent. The fear of death is inherent in human nature, but the fear of slavery is more abhorrent. The Texans dared not live slaves, but they had the courage to die freemen. On the 2d day of March, then, the Declaration of Independence was made and promulgated to the world. In the meantime Santa Anna had enjoyed a despicable and savage triumph over the Texan troops. He fell on the Alamo, garrisoned by a handful of brave men in a destitute condition and put every man to the sword after a glorious defence. Not satisfied with this horrid carnage, the monster made a pyre of the dead bodies of the garrison, and heaping it with wood, set fire to it, and consumed them till naught remained but the ashes of the dead to tell the horrid tale. This was a fearful intimation of what was to follow. Three hundred and seventy Texans hastily rallied at Gonzales, with the design of rescuing their leagued brethren, but they came too late. At Goliad, 450 Texans, under the gallant Fannin, were defeated with terrible slaughter, and the gallant leader and the survivors, after having capitulated on the promise of life and honorable treatment, were massacred in cold blood by Santa Anna. This was the faith—this was the redemption of his sacred pledges. Still Santa Anna bore onward and spread a panic terror through the land. Women and foe, and husbands and fathers accompanied their flight to guard them from the ruthless savages. Onward marched the despot, inflated with his sanguinary successes, and swearing to sweep every North American from the soil of Texas.

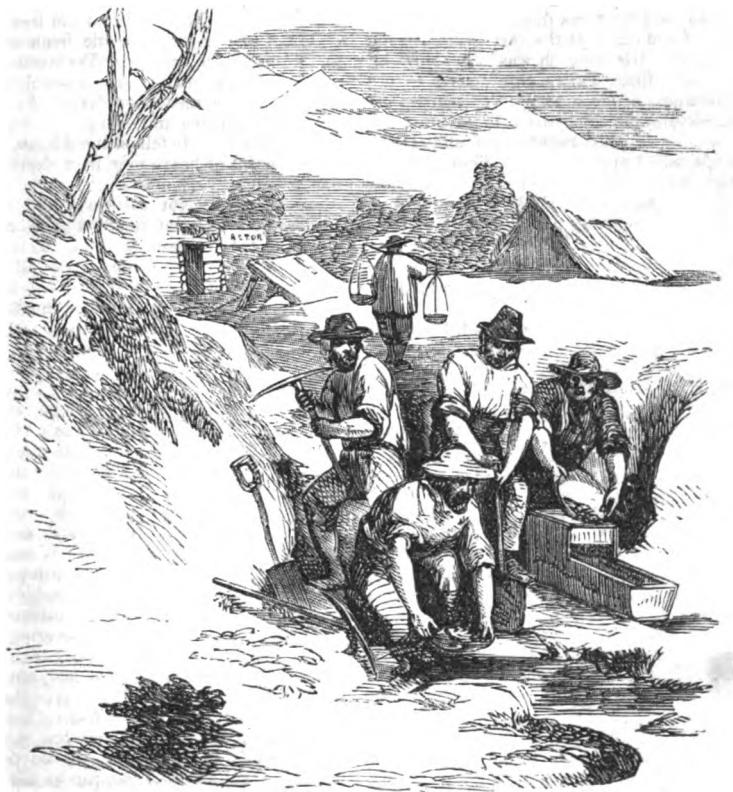
But there were still left a few brave men to strike a blow for life and liberty. Santa Anna penetrated far into the country, but when he least expected it the accumulated vengeance of the Texans was embodying for his destruction. The little Texan army, strong in the justice of its cause, fell upon and chastised him for his

sins. That victory gave birth to a nation and disarmed a tyrant of his terrors. This procured her recognition as an independent nation by the United States. Subsequently to this she organized a government, and among her earliest laws the extent of Texas to the Rio Grande was formally recognized. In achieving the victory, the Texans showed that they could do their duty, and they did it. Then how did they treat the tyrant when he was in their power? They did not put him to death—his life was saved even in the heat of passions warm from battle. To have destroyed him would have been to have imitated the unmanly and unrighteous example of Mexico. They set him free—free as air. They turned him loose like a harmless monster as he was. They said to him—"We have drawn your teeth and cut your claws—now go home, and if they grow again, come back and we will show you we can do it better."

Texas from that time maintained her independence, which was recognized by the United States, France, England, Holland, and Belgium. But the Texans desired to be reunited to the great family from which they sprung, to renew the associations of their early life. A vote of the people for the proposition of annexation to the United States, was so nearly unanimous that only 96 votes were counted against it. We hoped that the proposition would be accepted—we were very anxious to get into good society,

but we couldn't come it that time. In 1843, the good society that we wanted to get admission to, finding that we were growing weary of our isolation, and afraid that we should be admitted into the good society of some neighbors that they didn't like very well, sent us a polite invitation to join their circle, which was very gratefully accepted. Was Texas independent, and had she the right of annexation? If so, had the United States authority to receive her? The most distinguished statesmen of the country had answered both these questions in the affirmative. Both parties were competent, and the transaction was legal and constitutional. Texas was independent and desirous of annexation, the United States were willing, and the bargain was made. Menaced by invasion from Mexico, and having dispossessed herself of the means of protection, Texas rightfully demanded it at the hands of the President of the United States, and he, in the discharge of his duty, neither more nor less, sent an army into Texas. The movement of the troops from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande was perfectly proper and needful. The territory of Texas was to be defended, and its defenders were posted on the frontier to repel the first footstep of invasion. If General Taylor had called for more troops he would have been justified, and if a larger force had been employed, the war might have been ended more speedily.

Passing now from this somewhat extended



GOLD MINERS OF CALIFORNIA.



COTTON PICKING AND PRESSING.

survey of the early history of Texas, we give a glance to its geographical aspect and character. The appearance of the surface of the country is that of a vast inclined plane, gradually sloping from the mountainous elevations in the west, towards the sea-coast on the southeast, and intersected by multitudes of streams, flowing in a south-easterly direction. It may be considered as comprehending three several divisions, each differing in some respects from the others. The first, commencing at the sea-coast, and extending inland from 50 to 100 miles, is a level and exceedingly fertile region, with a rich alluvial soil, exempt from those stagnant quagmires and lagoons which usually characterize the shores of the Southern States, beautifully wooded on the river borders, and abounding with extensive pasture lands, covered with an exuberant growth of native grasses and herbage. The next is a region of greater extent, presenting an undulating surface, composed chiefly of grassy prairies, interspersed with compactly timbered forests. The soil here rests upon a substratum of limestone and sandstone, and is of excellent quality. The

third and loftiest region, situated among or near the great chain known as the Mexican Alps, consists partly of tracts of productive table land; but the mountain sides are also prolific in almost every variety of trees and shrubbery, while the intervening valleys, enclosing rich bottom lands, are extraordinarily fruitful, capable of repaying the toil of the husbandman a hundred fold. Indeed, the entire area of this immense State may be said to present, naturally, one of the most admirable countries on earth for agricultural purposes. Fruits and garden vegetables, of every desirable sort, are cultivated with great ease and success. Peaches, melons, grapes, and other fruits known in temperate climates, are raised in profusion; and figs, oranges, lemons, dates, pineapples, olives, and other tropical fruits abound in the southern parts of the State. As a grazing country, Texas is exceeded by few or none of her sister States. Buffaloes and wild horses range the prairies in immense droves; and the deer, the bear, and other game, are everywhere abundant, furnishing fine scope for the skill of the hunter.

Our next engraving exhibits a group of California gold-miners, illustrative of the great Pacific State, which has filled the world with its renown. It is the land of promise, teeming with the precious metals, embracing a great variety of climate, and agricultural and commercial resources, which will make it the great empire State of the farthest West. It is the golden gate of the Pacific, as New York is of the Atlantic shore. As early as 1542, a Spaniard named Cabrillo discovered a part of this country. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, in command of an English expedition, visited it, and conferred on it the name of New Albion. Spanish colonies commenced the settlement of the sea-coast in 1768, and it remained a Mexican province until 1836, when the people revolted, drove the Mexican officials from their posts and declared themselves independent. For ten years the Mexican government feebly and vainly endeavored to reclaim their revolted province. In July, 1846, Monterey was seized by a squadron under Com. Sloat, the American flag hoisted on the citadel, and a provisional American government established. On the 2d of February, 1848, a "treaty of peace, friendship and settlement" was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo, by Mr. Trist, in behalf of the United States, and the Mexican commissioners. By this treaty Mexico relinquished all claim to Texas, and the country lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and ceded to the United States the territories of New Mexico and Upper California. For this cession the United States agreed to pay to Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. The acquisition of this territory by the United States is an important event in their history, also in the history of this continent, and indeed in the history of the world. It is probable that the existence of gold in California had been known to individuals for a long period, but owing to a want of energy and enterprise on the part of the Spaniards and their descendants, together with the jealousies and political troubles with which they have been afflicted, any attempt to collect the precious metal was prevented. The discovery which first gave rise to the "gold excitement," was made about forty or fifty miles up the river Sacramento, near a place known as "Sutter's Fort." Captain Sutter, desirous of erecting a saw-mill, contracted with a Mr. Marshall for that purpose in September, 1847. In making the necessary excavations, he observed in the mud and dirt thrown up

some glittering particles, which on examination proved to be gold. Further explorations soon followed, and at length satisfactory evidence was given that large portions of the valley abounded in the precious metals.

California, by the treaty with Mexico, having become a part of the territory of the United States, numerous vessels were fitted out in various parts of the country, and in foreign countries; and thousands of adventurers sailed for the "gold region." The extraordinary wealth developed attracted the attention of the world—people flocked thither from all quarters of the globe, and in September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union as a sovereign and independent State. Its length from north to south is 764 miles, its average breadth, 212 miles; area, about 188,500 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Oregon, east by Utah, south by Lower California, and west by the Pacific Ocean. The finances of the State are in a flourishing condition. Education has received the attention of the State, and a system of free schools has been established.



KENTUCKY HUNTER.

The next engraving in order, representing laborers carrying cotton to the press, indicates one of the sources of wealth of the "Palmetto State," South Carolina. The mottoes borne by the State arms, "Animis opibusque parati" (prepared in heart and deed), and "Dum spiro spero" (while I breathe I hope), denote her determination to carry out the hopes of her chivalric sons, as she has ever done since she joined the "old thirteen." Prompt to assert her State rights, and ready to defend them, she has nevertheless never been backward in pouring out blood or treasure when the national good demanded them. Cotton picking, as represented in our picture, is the employment of many in South Carolina, and the "staple" is exported to every manufacturing community, forming a prominent source to our national wealth. The rice crop in 1850 was 60,590,861 pounds, nearly three-quarters of the whole product of the Union. The population is 668,245, of whom 384,720 are slaves, and the area 18,048,000 acres. The State Legislature meets annually; the senators are chosen for four years, representatives for two. The militia of South Carolina is in a high state of discipline; and at the annual encampments much military information is acquired. In the Mexican war the members of the "Palmetto Regiment" proved themselves no holiday soldiers. Their gallant deeds in the field entitled them to the gratitude of every patriotic heart. South Carolina has 1182 churches; many of them are rude structures, but frequented by devout worshippers; 484 are Methodist, 413 Baptist, 136 Presbyterian, and 50 Episcopal. Large numbers of French Huguenots found an asylum in South Carolina when exiled from France; and it was also a haven of refuge for many Puritans who fled from the licentious court of Charles II. Although the Spaniards at first guarded the coast of Carolina, and the French attempted to settle there, Charleston was founded by the English, under William Sayle, in 1762. It is a city of refinement and devotion to educational institutions. The Yamasees, who were the original inhabitants of South Carolina, were a bold race, and after the treaty of Utrecht they nearly succeeded in a plot for the extermination of the whites.

On the 15th of April, 1715, about break of day, the cries of war gave universal alarm; and in a few hours above ninety persons were massacred in Pocataligo and the neighboring plantations. A captain of the militia escaping to Port Royal, alarmed the town; and a vessel happening to be in the harbor, the inhabitants repaired precipitately on board, sailed for Charleston, and thus providentially escaped a massacre. A few families of planters on the island, not having timely notice of the danger, fell into the hands of the savages.

While some Indian tribes were thus advancing against the southern frontier, and spreading desolation through the province, formidable parties from the other tribes were penetrating into the settlements on the northern borders; for every tribe, from Florida to Cape Fear, was concerned in the conspiracy. The capital trembled for its own perilous situation. In this moment of universal terror, although there were no more than one thousand two hundred men on the muster roll fit to bear arms, yet the governor resolved to march

with this small force against the enemy. He proclaimed martial law; laid an embargo on all ships, to prevent either men or provisions from leaving the country; and obtained an act of assembly, empowering him to impress men, and seize arms, ammunition and stores, wherever they were to be found; to arm trusty negroes; and to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor. Agents were sent to Virginia and England to solicit assistance; and bills were stamped for the payment of the army and other expenses.

The Indians on the northern quarter, about fifty miles from Charleston, having murdered a family on a plantation, Captain Barker receiving intelligence of their approach, collected a party of ninety horsemen, and advanced against them. Trusting, however to an Indian guide, he was led into an ambuscade, and slain, and several of his men. A party of four hundred Indians came down as low as Goose Creek, where seventy men and forty negroes had surrounded themselves with a breastwork, with the resolution of maintaining their posts. Discouraged, however, almost as soon as attacked, they rashly agreed to terms of peace; but on admitting the enemy within their works, they were barbarously murdered. The Indians now advanced still nearer to Charleston, but were repulsed by the militia.

In the meantime the Yamasees, with their confederates, had spread destruction through the parish of St. Bartholomew, and proceeded down to Stono. Governor Craven, advancing towards the wily enemy with cautious steps, dispersed their straggling parties, until he reached Salt-catchers, where they pitched their camp. Here was fought a severe and bloody battle, from behind trees and bushes, the Indians, with their terrible war-whoops, alternately retreating and returning with double fury to the charge. The governor, undismayed, pressed close on them with his provincials, drove them from their territory, pursued them over the Savannah River, and thus expelled them from the province. In this Indian war nearly four hundred of the inhabitants of Carolina were slain. The Yamasees, after their expulsion, went directly to the Spanish territories in Florida, where they were hospitably received.

No State is richer in historical legends than South Carolina; and luckily she has a son—the gifted Simms—who has gleaned them with care, and clothed them in his own vivid style. Years hence they will be read with more interest than at present, while the works of authors, now more popular, will have passed from the public recollection.

The picture of the Kentucky hunter, with his deer-skin frock, his rifle and hunting-knife, carries us back to the early days of the "dark and bloody ground." Kentucky was originally included within the limits of Virginia, from which State it was separated in 1786, when it was organized as a territorial government, and so remained until its erection into a State in 1792. It remained unexplored till 1769, when Col. Daniel Boone and a few others undertook a journey for that purpose. After a long and fatiguing march over a mountainous wilderness, in a westerly direction, they at length arrived upon its borders, and from the top of an eminence, "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke. For some

time," says Colonel Boon, "we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success till December.

"On the 22d of December, John Stuart and I had a pleasing ramble; but fortune changed

as we lay by a large fire, in a thick cane-brake, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me to rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favorable opportunity and departed, directing our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered, and our company dispersed or gone home.

"About this time my brother, Squire Boon, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances, and our dangerous situation, surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting fortunately in the wilderness, gave us the most sensible satisfaction.



THE HUNTER OF IOWA.

the day at the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruit. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruit, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored; and we were diverted with numberless animals, presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucke River, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake, and made us prisoners. The Indians plundered us, and kept us in confinement for seven days. During this we discovered no uneasiness or attempt to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of night,

"Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages; and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation; exposed daily to perils and death, amongst savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

"Thus, many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storm. We met with no disturbance during the winter.

"On the first of May, 1770, my brother returned home by himself, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone without bread, salt or sugar, or even a horse or dog.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMER.

I passed a few days uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy, if I further indulged the thought.

"One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversity and beauties of nature I met with, in this charming season, expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of the day the gentle gales ceased; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On the one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio, rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucke with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The shades of night soon overspread the hemis-

phere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep, and awoke not till the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country; each day equally pleased as at first; after which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodgings to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes, to avoid the savages, who, I believe often visited my camp, but, fortunately for me, in my absence. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found in this country. Until the 27th of July, I spent the time in an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment, at our old camp. Soon after we left the place, and proceeded to Cumberland River, reconnoitering that part of the country, and giving names to the different rivers. In March, 1771, I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as soon as possible, at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucke, which I esteemed a second paradise. On my return I found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm at Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us, and on the 25th of September,

1773, we bade farewell to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucke, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us in Powell's Valley.

"On the 10th of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man; of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated forty miles to Clinch River."

In April, 1775, Colonel Boon, with a company of enterprising men, after a number of contests with the Indians, erected the fort of Boonesborough, at a salt lick, sixty yards from the river, on the south side. Colonel Boon says, "On the 14th of June, having finished the fort, I returned to my family on the Clinch. My wife and daughter were the first white women that stood on the banks of the Kentucke River."

But the early settlers were constantly engaged in fighting the Indians, whose hostile operations gave to the State the title of the "dark and bloody ground," until the conclusion of the treaty with General Wayne in 1795. The State is bounded on the northwest and north by Illinois, Indiana and Ohio (from which it is separated by the Ohio River), east by the Big Sandy River and Cumberland Mountains, dividing it from Virginia, south by Tennessee, and west by the Mississippi River. It includes an area of about 37,680 square miles. In Kentucky are found bituminous coal, iron, lead, freestone, gypsum and other minerals. Salt and medicinal springs are peculiarly numerous in this State. In her climate, Kentucky enjoys a happy medium between the extreme severity of the far Northern States and the extreme heat of the Southern States. In fertility of soil it rivals the most favored parts of the great Mississippi valley. Its staple products are Indian corn, tobacco, flax and hemp, besides which large quantities of wheat, rye, oats, wool, peas, beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, barley, fruits and market products, butter, cheese, hay, grass seeds, maple sugar, beeswax and honey, and some buckwheat, rice, wine, hops, cotton, silk and sugar cane are produced. In 1850, there were 74,777 farms in the State, occupying 5,953,270 acres of improved land. Kentucky, when first settled, was one of the best wooded of the Western States, and boasts of a great variety of forest trees. Cultivated fruits abound here. In 1850, there were in the State 3471 manufacturing establishments, producing goods worth \$2,487,493. In January, 1854, there were 233 miles of railroad in operation, and 552 miles in the course of construction, and 486 miles of canal. Kentucky carries on an active trade with New Orleans and other large places on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Most of her rivers are navigable to a considerable distance for steamboats, and still further for flatboats. In 1854, the State school fund was \$1,400,720. There are many colleges and academies in the State. The population is about 1,000,000.

The mounted huntsman with rifle and dog, shown in one of our engravings, carries us to the plains of Iowa, where wild game is still found in abundance. Iowa has the Mississippi upon her eastern boundary and the Missouri upon her western, their tributary streams watering her fertile prairies. Large steamers can carry her productions to New Orleans and bring back such articles as she does not

produce. At first a portion of the territory of Wisconsin, Iowa was recognized as a territory in 1838, and was admitted into the Union on the 28th of December, 1846. The area of the State is 33,809 square miles—the capital, Iowa City, is upon the Iowa River. Population in 1840, 41,112—in 1850, 192,814—in 1852, 234,984. Iowa contains 193 churches—71 of them occupied by the Methodist persuasion. There are two colleges, and nearly 1000 common schools, for the support of which there is an ample fund, with additional sources of income for the maintenance of school libraries. This speaks well for the future prosperity and intelligence of the State. The inhabitants of Iowa are industrious, active and well informed. The luxuries of civilization are fast replacing the log-cabins of the pioneers, and large towns stand upon the old hunting-grounds of the Dacotahs. Now a frontier State, another half century will find Iowa in the very heart of the Union. Its advance in population is almost unprecedented.



THE NEW YORK SAILOR.



WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

Our next sketch represents a New Hampshire farmer, surrounded by the implements of agriculture. The founders of the "Granite State," with commendable pride in a notable branch of their industry, selected a shipyard as an emblem for their heraldic shield. But most visitors hasten through her scanty seaboard, and the busy manufacturing interval, to view her imposing mountains, which rise piled upon each other until the summit of Mount Washington is 6000 feet above the level of the sea. In these highlands, as in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, or in Circassia, the spirit of Liberty has ever dwelt. The world cannot present a race of men more devoted to independence than the chivalrous sons of New Hampshire, who fought the Indian, the Frenchman and the Briton, in the old wars; and at a later day we find the same indomitable spirit when stout arms are wanted for the fray. New Hampshire was granted in 1622, under the name of "Laconia," but in 1629 it was rechristened "New Hampshire," after the English home of the grantee, John Mason. Below the quiet old mill in the picture, is shown one of the famous trout brooks of New Hampshire, which tempt many "potent and grave signors" from the enjoyments of city life. The area of New Hampshire is 9411 square miles, or 6,023,040 acres.

engaged in every "profession, occupation, or trade," numbering over two hundred.

The picture of a sailor with his quadrant is selected to typify the great commercial interests of the Empire State. New York comprises an area of 46,000 square miles, and extends from $40^{\circ} 30'$ to 45° north latitude, and from 72° to $79^{\circ} 50'$ west longitude. The surface of the State is furrowed by noble rivers, of which the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence are the principal. Its limits contain many lakes remarkable for their size and picturesque beauty. Besides the natural modes of inter-communication, railroads and canals have developed the resources of New York to the fullest extent. The population is 3,097,394, according to the last census, or more than one eighth of the total population of the United States. The total amount of the funds for educational purposes is \$5,591,878 64; the total indebtedness of the State is \$26,047,898 53; the revenue for the year ending September 30, 1854, was \$1,947,590 27; the expenditures during the same period being \$1,785,458 49. The State contains about 55 incorporated banks, and 197 banking associations. A very large portion of the State is well adapted to agricultural purposes, and from the range of its territory, a vast variety of

productions are obtained from the soil, while the unrivalled facilities for reaching markets enable the producers to realize large remunerations from their capital and labor. The commercial facilities of New York make her the leading State of the Union, the city of New York being the greatest centre of commerce in the Union. The Hudson River was discovered by an English navigator named Henry Hudson, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, in 1609. In 1613, the Dutch formed their first settlements. In 1664, Charles II. granted this region to his brother, the Duke of York, in whose honor the name of the chief city was changed from New Amsterdam to New York. Several battles of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812, were fought within its borders, and no section of the Union has been more distinguished for gallantry and devotion to the country.

A group of "Western Emigrants," sturdy young men on their way to the promised land, forms the subject of another of our engravings, and illustrates the migratory character of the restless and stirring Yankees. The "Western Indian," with his spear, shield and war-plume, is the representative of a race fast flying and fading before the march of civilization. The fierce character of the western Indian is best illustrated by a sketch of the Black Hawk war, an event of no very remote date: In the spring of 1832, the Winnebagoes, Sacs, and Foxes, inhabiting the northwestern frontier, on the Upper Mississippi, commenced a warfare, by which many settlements were broken up and destroyed, and many of the defenceless inhabitants were killed. The war appears to have been occasioned by driving the Indians from the lands on the eastern side of the Mississippi. These lands had been sold to the United States in 1830, by Keokuk, at that time principal chief of the Sacs. A part of the tribe were dissatisfied with the treaty, which conveyed away the territory on which their village was situated, at the point of land formed by the confluence of Rock River with the Mississippi. This party, headed by a chief named Black Hawk, was determined not to remove. Difficulties having arisen, General Atkinson, about the first of April, 1832, set out for the Upper Mississippi, at the head of the Sixth Regiment United States Infantry. On his approach, Black Hawk and his party abandoned their camp on the Mississippi and ascended Rock River. Black Hawk, with a small party, having put to rout a party of 270 men under Major Stillman, created a great alarm in this region. Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, ordered

out 2000 militia, to drive the hostile Indians from that State. By the beginning of June, there were so many troops spread over the Indian country, that Black Hawk found but few opportunities to murder the inhabitants on the frontiers. And although there were about 3000 men in arms to combat 500 Indians, yet Congress ordered 600 mounted Rangers to be raised for the defence of the frontiers. General Scott was ordered from the seaboard with nine companies of artillery, and their cannon were to be drawn from the coast; nine companies of infantry were ordered from the lakes, and two companies from Baton Rouge, to put an end to the war. Such was the promptness with which these orders were executed, that all except one of the six companies of artillery ordered from Fort Monroe, on the Chesapeake, arrived in 18 days at Chicago, Illinois, 1800 miles distant in the interior of the country. This detachment was attacked on the route by the cholera, and the whole of them were rendered unfit to take the field before they arrived at the scene of action. Several companies were broken up. Of a corps of 208 men under Colonel Twiggs, but 9 were left alive. Black Hawk, instead of crossing the country to escape beyond the Mississippi, as was expected, descended the Wisconsin to escape in that direction; by which means General Dodge came upon his trail and commenced a vigorous pursuit. On the 2d of



THE WESTERN INDIAN.



A PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINER.

August, a force of about 1600 men, under General Atkinson, crossed over to the north side of the Wisconsin, and by a forced march came up with the main body of Indians, and after a conflict of upward of three hours, succeeded in putting a finishing stroke to the war. About 150 of them were killed. Black Hawk managed to make his escape; but soon after, with a small party, he went to the Winnebagoe village at Prairie du Chien, and told the chief he desired to give himself up to the whites, and let them kill him if they wished to do so. The squaws at this place made him a dress of white deer-skins, preparatory to his departure for Prairie du Chien, to which it appears he went voluntarily with those who went out after him. Black Hawk and the Prophet were delivered by two Winnebagoes to General Street, at Prairie du Chien, on the 27th of August. The following are extracts from the speech of Black Hawk, which is said to have been delivered when he surrendered himself to

the agent at this place
 "You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors.... The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk into dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire! It was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws, and papooses, against white men, who came year after year to cheat them and take away their lands.... An Indian who is bad as the white man, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves.... The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die.... We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied; he will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and command him.... He can do no more. His sun is setting and will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk." On the 22d of April, 1833, Black Hawk, his son, and the Prophet,

with seven other captives, arrived in Washington, and the next day they had a long interview with President Jackson. The first words (it is said) with which he accosted the president, were: "I am a man and you are another." Accompanied by a conductor, they visited various places, where they attracted great attention, and were conducted back to their country by way of New York.

A Pennsylvania coal miner closes our series of sketches. The Pennsylvania mines were first worked during the war with England, when the supplies from there were cut off, but comparatively little was effected until canals and railroads afforded easy transportation. When the last census was taken, 11,753 persons were directly engaged in mining, and many thousand more are engaged in transporting the many millions of tons annually exported. No other State raises as much wheat in proportion to her population, and nowhere else can be found a happier people.

[ORIGINAL.]

DEAD.

BY VERONA MARTIN.

It is dark in our home, to-day, sweet wife,
The sunshine will not fall;
The shadows lie gray on the dismal hearth,
The roses droop on the wall.

The bird is mute in his cage, sweet wife,
He has no heart to sing;
All day he sits with his bright head drooped
'Neath the shade of his silken wing.

The dog moans low by the gate, dear wife,
Scenting the clover sweet,
That has known the touch of a baby-hand,
And the fall of baby feet.

Silent and cold in his cradle-bed
Our little baby lies,
With never a flush on his marble cheek,
Or light in his winsome eyes.

Though you sing all day your lullabies
Close to his baby ears,
By never a clap of his dimpled hands
Will he tell you that he hears.

We may go to our room, to-night, sweet wife:
He will not break our rest;
You will not feel his soft, warm lips
Close to your bosom pressed.

Come near—O, near to my side, sweet wife,
Your voice is choked with tears;
And your form is bending low, as if
Under the weight of years.

We cannot see through the clouds, sweet wife:
They tell of a golden track;
But if we followed it out, 't would be
To bring our darling back.

It is dark in our home, to-day, sweet wife;
Death's feet have the threshold pressed;
And the coward sunshine steals away,
Afraid of our holy guest.

[ORIGINAL.]

LA FORREST ROCHELLE:

—OR,—

THE DOOMED AND REDEEMED.

BY MRS. M. F. MINOT.

"Ay! it is a dreary spot! A fit place wherein to end a life whose last hope has been forever crushed!" And the wretched man gazed silently, for a time, on the gloomy scene to which the moonlight, glimmering through the gray canopy of clouds, gave a ghastly, phantom-like aspect.

A more desolate spot could not have been found on the New England coast. Beetling crags

frowned all around, and in the gloom below, the waters of the Atlantic chanted their solemn symphonies. Again his voice broke the stillness.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "guiltless of crime, I was yet doomed as a convict! And when again I went forth among my fellow-men, resolved to live down the stigma attached to my fair fame—to gain my livelihood in any honest way, however humble—I was met by the cold look of estrangement—the bitter taunt—the heartless sneer—till at last I felt that State Prison was branded on my forehead in characters of living fire; that, O God! the sole thing left for me was to die—ay, to die—curses! curses on those who wrought my ruin! And accursed be that community which, in lieu of extending a helping hand to one who has suffered the penalty of the law, thrusts him back—back—till he sinks in the fathomless abyss of despair!" And smiling grimly, he drew forth a weapon.

Just then, the moon, as if to deprecate the deed, burst forth in her pale glory, and at the same moment a strong hand seized the knife and hurled it among the rocks.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the stranger. "Your weapon is better disposed of there than here, I'm thinking, young man!" And he laid his hand on La Forrest Rochelle's broad chest. "Faith! it's a lucky chance that led me up these cliffs to-night, and I think I shall convince you, before long, that life is still worth the having, in spite of the grandiloquence to which I have just been a listener. If they won't let you get an honest living, why, you have a right to choose from the means that still remain."

And the specious villain continued in a strain of sophistry, of which he was eminently a master, till La Forrest, rendered incapable of dispassionate reasoning by the reckless despair which had maddened his brain, fell into the snare thus artfully set for him.

"Now I will learn if all is right yonder," said the stranger—who had revealed himself as Robert Duval, chief of the protective council. And he pointed to a precipitous island looming above the more distant waters; then, lighting a torch, he placed it, and a brilliant reflector, within a rude niche near by. A moment later, he extinguished it, upon which there appeared a similar signal from the island. This was done three times, after which, Robert Duval bade La Forrest follow him, and to observe the while a profound silence. On reaching the sands, he placed his hand to his mouth—sounding a note which vibrated softly and musically on the still air. Immediately a boat, propelled by six oarsmen, darted from beneath a jutting rock, and a mo-

ment later it was skimming with them, birdlike, over the surface of the waters.

On reaching the island, they steered into a fissure which had cleft the frowning precipice from base to summit; and after following, for awhile, its tortuous course, they entered a large cavern, where heavy projections cast deep, dark shadows, in strange contrast with the brilliant light streaming from a costly chandelier, which revealed in clear outlines stalwart forms grouped here and there. At a signal from their leader, they gathered about him.

"Comrades," said he, glancing at La Forrest, "this gentleman has recently received a degree from the same institution at which we graduated, and he wishes to become a member of our protective council. Let us at once to the altar to administer the vows!" And he led the way to a part of the cavern which was partially divided from the rest by the jutting rock that was upon either side.

A cloth of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, covered the altar and fell in heavy folds on to the soft carpet. Waxen tapers were burning in heavy candelabra of silver, placed at either end and against the wall. In a broad, gilded frame, hung the painted device of the protective council—an eye gazing from an azure field—and beneath it the following motto: "Eternal vigilance—Secrecy—Fidelity."

The deep tones of the chief now broke the profound stillness, and La Forrest, in whose soul nature had implanted the purest and loftiest emotions, in the recklessness of despair became a sworn member of a band of outlaws.

Several days had passed, during which the self-styled protective council remained inactive in their den; but now an expedition was on foot, the nature of which was known only to the chief. A large portion of the band had been sent, two and three together, to the metropolis, more than a hundred miles distant, whither their chief was to follow them on the morrow, and strict orders had been given that they should communicate, neither by word nor sign, with any save those with whom they had left head-quarters.

La Forrest and McDonald his comrade were at the theatre.

"By Jove, Revere!" exclaimed the latter, addressing La Forrest by the name bestowed at his initiation; "I thought I had seen handsome women, but yonder is an angel! Look! it is she with the golden hair."

But the eyes of La Forrest had been for some time riveted on that matchless countenance, so sad in its gentle beauty, and his face had grown pallid, while beadlike drops gathered on his

brow; but his absorbed companion had not yet observed his agitation.

"Say, did you ever see her equal?" he resumed, now turning to La Forrest.

"Do not follow me," said the latter. And he arose and left the house. "O God, forgive—forgive me!" he murmured, as he passed down the remote street leading to his lodgings. "Ah, Gertrude! Gertrude! you have saved me this night! Saved me from myself!"

An hour later, his comrade joined him.

"Well, old fellow, bear up—bear up!" said he, placing his hand familiarly on La Forrest's shoulder. "I pity you, from my soul I do, for I see clear through it; and she is an angel. But then it's of no use for such as you and me to—"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted La Forrest; "do not talk this way, or you will drive me mad—ay, mad!"

"Ha, ha!" was the reply; "well, you are a strange one. But you'll forget it, I'll bet, in the excitement of to-morrow. There's nothing like our adventurous life for drowning unwelcome thoughts, I tell you."

"And upon such a life of crime I have, thank God, been this night forever prevented from entering."

"What!" was the surprised rejoinder; "do you know that *death* is the penalty for desertion? that though you fled to the world's end, our captain's vengeance would overtake you at last? And by my troth, I shouldn't blame him!"

"I do know it," responded La Forrest, "but the frenzy that tortured my brain is over, and I am myself again. Far from fleeing, I shall tell Robert Duval of my resolve. I do not fear death, and so help me God, I will die an honest man."

At this moment there was a rap at the door, which La Forrest unlocked, admitting John Rennard, a member of the band.

"Our chief has had a fall among the cliffs," said the man, "and it is feared he can't survive. He bids you return immediately to head-quarters."

"You go with us?" said McDonald, significantly, to La Forrest.

"I do," was the calm reply.

The following night, the whole band was assembled in the cave. The glance of their dying chief passed from one to another, till at last it rested on the noble countenance of La Forrest, which was so unlike the stern, heartless faces about him. A moisture gathered in his eyes, and as La Forrest took his extended hand, he murmured the last word that passed his lips—"forgive." A few hours later, the robber chief was borne out in the darkness and buried deep

in the soil of the island, with not even a mound to mark his last resting-place.

In spite of the express command which the deceased had given, that La Forrest should be allowed to dissolve his connection with the band, the latter was bound hand and foot, to await the doom which it was expected the new chief, whom they were about to elect, would pronounce. But dissensions were among them; and from fierce words, they were coming to fiercer blows, when one proposed a dissolution and division of spoils. After some demur, this was acceded to; and a few days later, all had gone, leaving La Forrest, by common consent, to his fate.

A clock, which they had chanced to leave behind, had just struck, vibrating solemnly in the hush of the rayless gloom.

"Another hour has passed," murmured La Forrest. "The pangs of this death are indeed terrible; but God be praised, it is not now my own act that will usher me uncalled into his presence!"

Just then, Ben, familiarly known as Old Spitfire, who had been employed as cook by the outlaws, entered the cave. He bore a flaming torch in his hand, and as he advanced in its lurid light, he looked like some wizard coming to the practice of his unholy spells. A tattered cloak was drawn closely about his bent form, falling nearly to his feet; and from beneath his faded cloth cap flowed long, thin, gray locks—blending with the white beard that descended nearly to his waist. His face was furrowed with many a wrinkle, and he drew near La Forrest with strange grimaces, which rendered his repulsive visage still more hideous.

"I've come to save you," said he. "Ha, no wonder you look bothered! but the reason I shook my fist in your face and said it served you right, was to blind them that hated you, because you couldn't be bad like them. O, my heart turned right over when I first saw you come into this den, and says I to myself, 'it's no place for him, and I'll get him out o' this!—for you see you had been kind to me.'"

"Kind to you?" exclaimed La Forrest, in amazement.

"Yes," replied the man; "you don't remember it, but I do. The like o' me don't forget when we have a kindness done. You was younger then, for it is eight years since; but you have the same beautiful look, that'll never leave you if you live to a hundred. It was on the crossing in the city that I had fell, and you was close by, and you wa'n't afraid of my dirty rags, but picked me up and asked so kindly if I was hurt, and seemed really pleased that I wa'n't;

and then you put a dollar in my hand when you went away." And tears flowed over the sunken cheeks of the outlaw, grown gray in his sins, as he threw aside the manacles he had been unloosing. "Now you must eat something, and move about a little before we go," he added.

"I've got one of our own boats, you see," the old man said, as they emerged from the cavern; "they sent all the others down coast to sell, but thought they'd leave this in its old hiding place on the main shore, in case we should any of us need it, you know, for we'd be sure of being safe here;" and he looked back at the cave. "Now," he continued, as they entered the boat, "you may take the oars and I'll steer; for I know the way so well I'd not miss it with my eyes shut." And a moment later, they were gliding silently on in the dim starlight.

On reaching the shore, the old man secured the boat in its hiding-place, and then led the way to a deserted fisherman's hut some distance up the coast, where they spent the remainder of the night. At day-dawn, they were moving slowly from the shore.

"Ben," said La Forrest, "you'll think of what I have said?".

"Yes," replied the old man; "but it goes terribly against the grain when one gets as old as I am. I'll try it, though—I'll try to live a right life, for you are the only one that's touched the soft place in my heart for many and many a long year. And now let me have my say"—and he pointed to the sun just rising in sublime beauty from the solemn waters—"just so sure as you're standing in the blessed sunlight once more, just so sure you'll be brought out of your troubles and be happy. Ah, you needn't shake your head, for it'll be! Old Ben's say always comes true."

La Forrest did not reply, and a moment after, with a silent grasp of the hand, they parted.

Three days later, La Forrest was moving up an avenue leading to a cottage near the banks of the Mystic.

"Yes," he said, "I must see her once more."

As he approached the house, soul-stirring music and glad voices fell on his ear, and brilliant light streamed through the open windows. He stood in the shadow, amid roses which filled the air with their grateful fragrance—those rose-trees Gertrude and himself had planted. His eye was soon fixed on a graceful form gliding hither and thither among the gay assemblage. Her delicate white robe floated about her like a cloud-wreath; roses were twined in her golden hair, and a cluster of rose-buds was in her girdle. A smile wreathed her lips, but there was sadness in it, as

well as in the depths of her soft blue eye. Suddenly she vanished ; and with strained gaze and hands pressed against his throbbing brow, La Forrest awaited her re-appearance. In his eagerness, he had unconsciously stepped into the full glare of the light from within. A faint cry of surprise—a gentle pressure on his arm arrested his attention. It was Gertrude. She had approached him noiselessly over the soft turf.

"La Forrest—La Forrest," she murmured, in tones of reproach, "why have you staid from me, when you knew that my love was still unchanged? But we will not talk here—we shall be observed. Let us go to our old haunt." And with arms intertwined, they withdrew a short distance to a seat beneath two stately elms on the banks of the river.

La Forrest broke the silence. "Gertrude," said he, "when I came forth again into the world, I found that mine was a life-long doom—that there was no escape from the abyss of infamy into which I had been thrust; and in spite of the blessed assurance you had written me, I could not seek you—honor and my love for you alike forbade it. Though guiltless, it was my duty to bear this ignominy alone—ah, Gertrude, no words can portray the maddening torture that racked my brain! In the frenzy of my despair, I moved on for days, I knew not, cared not whither, till one night I found myself amid a scene that was a fit symbol of my own wrecked hopes; and as I stood among those frowning crags, and listened to the moaning waters below, I resolved to end at once a life which having become aimless, was valueless." And he continued in a burst of impassioned eloquence, telling how he had been arrested in the suicidal act, and of all which followed, till now that he had come to take a last look, merely, for on the morrow he should leave forever his native land.

"And when I came," said Gertrude, "to inhale for a time a purer air, I beheld you, who were constantly in my thoughts. Ah, La Forrest," she added, solemnly, "it was the hand of God bringing me to you, in spite of yourself—for now, in your sore distress, you have a stronger claim than ever on my sympathy, my love! The tie which bound us has been strengthened by your wrongs, and I will leave all, and go with you even to the ends of the earth. What care we for the scoffs and jeers of the world? We can turn to God with a clear conscience, and La Forrest, we shall be happy—ay, happy!"

"God help me!" groaned La Forrest. "Gertrude, this temptation is almost beyond my strength—but I must, I will resist it. You, the pure, the beautiful, shall never bear the name or

share the doom of one branded as a criminal. I should be lost to all manhood, could I permit such a sacrifice. Gertrude—we must part." He clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a long, long kiss on her fair brow—then in broken accents, he murmured: "Gertrude—farewell—farewell forever!"

She listened till the last sound of his footsteps had died away. Not a sigh, not a moan escaped her; and she remained for a time motionless as the statues gleaming, here and there, in the dim starlight. Finally she rose, and returning to the house, mingled again with her guests. The increased pallor of her brow, the tremulous sadness of her tones, were the sole indications of what was passing within.

The large assemblage had dispersed, and the family were now alone. Her mother passed her arm affectionately around Gertrude. Her father looked at her with an expression of mingled pride and sadness, and her brother with one of reproach.

"Gertrude," said her father, "I wish I could see you like your former self."

A mournful shake of the head was her sole reply; for she dared not tell of what had just passed—of the keener agony which was rankling in the depths of her heart. The mention of La Forrest Rochelle had been long forbidden in the family circle; for they all believed him guilty, and regarded as a weakness the pertinacity with which Gertrude cherished her love for him.

The next day, Gertrude Beaumont was seized with fever, and again and again did the hearts of those about her writhe in anguish, as in her wild delirium she repeated these words—"farewell—farewell forever."

Four men were moving, with leisurely pace, along a narrow street in the city of Boston. On reaching a dreary-looking, time-worn building, whose closed shutters gave it the appearance of being unoccupied, they paused and looked cautiously around; then passing down the alley beside it, they entered a yard in its rear, and one of them removing a brick in the wall, placed his mouth to the speaking-tube which it had concealed, and whispered the following word—"Presto!" A moment after, the door opened noiselessly and the party crept silently in, groping their way along the dark entry and up a narrow flight of stairs, at the top of which was a door that sprang back at a touch, admitting them into a dimly-lighted room. Here, muffled sounds fell on the ear, and passing on, they entered the large apartment from which they proceeded. Brilliant lights flooded the room with radiance.

The walls were hung with purple and gold damask, to cover the uncomely cotton with which they had been lined, so that no sound might attract the notice of those without; and from amid their gorgeous folds the large, old-fashioned fireplace, which had been left open for ventilation, yawned in strange contrast. Heaps of silver and gold glittered on the tables that stood here and there, and the faces of those gathered about them, some flushed with success, some haggard with disappointment, showed human nature in one of its darkest aspects—for this was a gaming-house of the most desperate class.

"Come," said one of the party, after they had sauntered about for a time, "let us go to number three." The speaker was one of the proprietors of the house, and number three was his private room. "I'll tell you what, boys," said he, with a coarse laugh, as they entered it, "there's nothing for us to do just now, and I'm going to treat you to a hot supper, in consideration of the services you, Bob and Dick, have already rendered this establishment, and for the fair promise that you hold out for the future, friend Jack." And he patted the latter familiarly on the shoulder. "Hot oysters and the so forths!" said he to a negro who at a signal had made his appearance; "and mind you give 'em to us in shape."

Supper was over, and the four were now seated in a lounging attitude, smoking their cigars. Again a coarse laugh burst from the lips of Joe, as he exclaimed:

"Faith, Dick, I've something rich to tell you—strange I haven't thought of it before—I saw La Forrest Rochelle this morning. I should hardly have known him. He would answer for one purpose finely—a scarecrow for a farmer. Ha, ha, ha!"

The other joined in Joe's mirth, as he replied:

"And I suppose you stuffed him well, telling how you never believed him guilty, and all that?"

"Faith I did," was the answer, "and it was as good as a play to see the gratitude sparkling in his eyes. Ha, I reckon they'd have sparkled another way, could he have known it was I who played that neat little trick upon him!"

"Which I suggested and helped you in," rejoined Dick. "Come, old fellow, give me my share of the credit."

"Well, what's all this about?" said he whom Joe had addressed as friend Jack, with a sly twinkle of his eye. "Do let a fellow share your fun!"

"Why, you see Rochelle and I used to be in the same employ," said Joe, "only he was confidential clerk, with a high salary, while my lim-

ited income was quite inadequate to my expensive habits. Ha, ha—there's high sounding lingo for you! Well, I finally got into a fix that made it necessary for me to raise a few thousands, somehow; so I set my wits to work, the result of which was that, with Dick's help, I forged a check on my employers, and he employed some one to draw the amount. Not long after, I overheard a conversation between two of the firm, for I was on the watch, and found they had discovered their loss, and were coming down on the whole of us like a thunderbolt. I shook in my shoes then, I tell you, and should at once have made tracks for foreign parts but for my friend Dick, here—"

"Yes," interposed the latter, "I happened to meet him, just then, and he had sense enough to see that flight would be the same as confessing his guilt, and that the telegraph would be sure to nab him; so we concocted a plan, on the spur of the moment, and an hour or so afterward, I entered the store, pretending to be a tradesman from a town where Rochelle had been recently transacting business for the firm, and commenced an examination of the goods, as though I had some pretty heavy purchases to make. 'You've got some high bucks for clerks here, if young Rochelle yonder is a fair specimen,' said I, carelessly, to the senior partner, who, attracted by my large demands, was showing me round. I had chosen the time well, for we were in a remote corner of the store, at a good distance from all listeners. This was a shock, I tell you! He started as though he had received a charge from an electric battery. 'You must be mistaken in the person, sir,' said he; 'he is our head clerk, and a steadier, more trustworthy man could not be found.' 'He's a sly one, then,' I replied, 'for I've seen him too often, when he's come to our town on business trips for you, to be mistaken. Why, when last there, three days since, he was pretty high, I tell you, and more flush than ever with his money, for the old man had died, he said, and left him a few thousands.' This staggered him, and he didn't say anything for as much as a minute, while I went on looking at the goods. And when he did speak, I'd got him on the track and he was going it like sixty; and soon after, I vamoosed—for somehow, we couldn't seem to make a trade of it."

A burst of laughter from the four followed this last declaration, and then Joe interposed.

"Well, Dick, I'll finish the story," said he. And turning to the other two, he continued: "You must know that I, in the meantime, knowing the officers were on his track, had managed to put a hundred-dollar bill, together with some

blank checks and two that had been filled out, one being a fac-simile of that presented at the bank, into one of Rochelle's bureau-drawers, for I was a fellow-boarder of his. And, as good luck would have it, they nabbed him just as he had discovered them, and his appearance, of course, served only to confirm his guilt. Ha, ha"—and he re-filled his glass from the decanter standing near—"that was about the cutest thing you and I ever did, Dick!"

"Zounds!" said Jack, rising abruptly, "it rouses one to hear you two talk, and I've just been thinking I can manage to get those fellows, I was telling you of, here this very night."

"If you bring us one good fat pigeon to pluck, I'll give you a month's pay," said Joe, eagerly; "for prime game has been mighty scarce, lately."

"Here's my hand upon it," replied Jack; "I'll be back in less than two hours, and bring more than one with me." And shortly after, the policeman, for such he was, entered the office of the chief of police.

"Well, Billingsby, how do you get on?" said the latter.

"I wormed my way into their confidence till they engaged me to-night as decoy, and took me into their stronghold," was the reply. "A worse set of villains never preyed upon a community." And with an eye flashing with indignation, he told how the two, under the influence of the wine they had drank, had revealed the infamous plot of which La Forrest Rochelle had been the victim.

Several hours later, the band of ruffians were lodged in jail, to await their trial. The next day, the papers contained an account of the affair, and gave a particular statement of the revelations in regard to La Forrest Rochelle, closing with the following paragraph:

"It will probably be some time before Mr. Rochelle will know of this fortunate disclosure, as he was among the passengers who sailed, yesterday, in the ship *Ariel* for *Buenos Ayres*."

When Mr. Beaumont's eye fell upon this announcement, his heart smote him, for he had been among the sternest in his condemnation of La Forrest. And two weeks later, when Gertrude's delirium had left her, it was her father's voice that murmured in her ear the glad tidings which were to disperse the death-shadows gathering about her.

Months had passed, and a large throng had gathered in the church to witness the nuptials of La Forrest and Gertrude. When they turned from the altar, the hearts of those assembled came forth in greeting, for all had been touched

by their heavy trials, and rejoiced in their present happiness.

As they alighted at the door of the paternal mansion, a strange figure stood in the clear sunlight. It was old Ben, neatly dressed in a suit of black. He advanced, his wrinkled face radiant with joy.

"I didn't hear you'd got back till to-day," said he, taking La Forrest's extended hand, "and I've walked five miles to see you. Ah, you see I was right! You've come out of your troubles, and it's brighter than ever. And I've done what I promised. I've got a little place where I raise flowers and earn more than I need, and it's all through you, sir!" And his voice grew tremulous, as turning to Gertrude, he continued: "Ah, lady, he's worthy of you, and there'll always be a prayer for you both in old Ben's heart!" He then handed her a cluster of bridal-roses, saying: "I made bold to bring these, if you'll accept them."

Gertrude, deeply moved, expressed her thanks. And among the congratulations and gifts La Forrest and she received on this occasion, none were afterward recurred to with such emotion, as this old man's blessing and his simple offering of flowers.

REASONING OF A DOG.

Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and shows the sense, and I am strongly inclined to add, reason of the Newfoundland dog: A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.—*Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs*.

CAUGHT.

A lady had a magnificent cat. Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, ordered her manservant to kill it, as it alarmed her canary. The lady sent mousetraps to all her friends, and when two or three hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to the cruel neighbor, who eagerly opened what she hoped was some elegant present, when out jumped the mice, to her great horror, and filled her house. At the bottom of the box she found a paper directed to her, from her neighbor, saying, "Madam, as you killed my cat, I take the liberty of sending you my mice."—*Boston Journal*.

TO MY LADY-LOVE.
Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness.—KEATS.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAID OF BREGENZ:
—OR THE—
STATUE OF THREE CENTURIES.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

WHERE the "blue heart" of Lake Constance sleeps calm and serene in its azure depths, there came three hundred years ago to the little Swiss village on its banks, a young and interesting girl from Bregenz, on the Austrian frontier. She was evidently poor; for she sought work in a farmer's employ, and stated her willingness to perform any kind of labor which her strength would permit her to engage in.

She became an inmate of the house of Paul Hentzner, a farmer and goatherd; and made herself so eminently useful in every way, that the family would not hear of her ever leaving them. Alternately she carded and spun, tended goats, or sung sweet and tender ballads to the children of the household, who loved the sweet Bertha dearer than even their own mother.

Not alone did she attend to the domestic concerns. She had other occupations, dearer and far more pleasant. She tended the little garden, carried the children to school, to the house of an old woman, more than half a mile distant, and in the twilight she sang sweet ballads to them by the fireside. No one was so good to the little people as Bertha. She it was who walked with them, in the first dewy light of early morning by the lake side, or drew them on the little sledge upon its frozen edge, in the wintry noons.

Outwardly, the young girl seemed content with this; and her life and mission was apparently fulfilled in the serene round of duties that presented itself to her performance. But inwardly a fire was burning in her heart, almost as intensely as in that of the heroic maiden of Orleans; and in the hush of her little bedroom, where she lay watching the stars that beamed over Lake Constance, and thought of the dear home she had left, lying just beyond it, all soft and sweet and holy emotions became mingled with a burning desire to do something for that home which should make it grand and glorious.

High dreams and wild were these for the humble little maiden of the Tyrol; but they were born of the enthusiasm of her own soul, and of the record, even then of a hundred years old, of the heroic young standard-bearer at Rheims; and who shall say that those visions were not prophetic of the future?

Year lapsed away after year, and the girl grew

in strength and beauty. The dwellers on the banks of Lake Constance—simple, quiet, straightforward people—most of them peasants—saw this beauty in the young goat-tender, but could not tell whence came its mystic influence upon their hearts. Other eyes—young, gay and laughing eyes—were as bright, as deeply blue, and shadowed by lashes as long and dark as hers; but none wore that mysterious beauty that beamed in those of Bertha. But this soul-light in hers! in that lay the mystic meaning which they could not fathom.

Bertha had sung little Fergus and Louise to sleep one evening, with a more warlike ballad than was her wont. She was even startled when she thought of the strange words she was carolling over the soft white eyelids and bright red cheeks of the innocent babes; and changed her tune suddenly into a low, sweet lullaby, that seemed far more appropriate to the occasion; but ever and anon, when they stirred in their light slumbers she would involuntarily break out anew with

"Brave Leopold led on the ranks,
And Victory claimed him as her own."

The apartment was adjoining that of the family, and she could distinctly hear every noise that was made in the latter. Dame Hentzner had gone out to have a bit of gossip with a neighbor, and there had been no one in the cottage for half an hour, save Bertha and the children. She had just succeeded in lulling them into that "peaceful sleep which only childhood knows," when she heard Paul enter with a subdued step, the outer apartment, followed by two or three men, whose voices she knew. There was no egress for her save through this outer room; and she concluded to stay there by the window and watch the soft starlight through a chink in the folds of the curtain which effectually darkened the room. Paul opened the door, but she knew she was not visible and did not speak; and he closed it again, unconscious that any one was there.

For a long time she gazed upward upon the starry fields. Their stillness and beauty penetrated deep into her mind, and she forgot for awhile that any human being was near her. The stars alone seemed to bend towards her, and she almost fancied that she heard mysterious hymnings from their sparkling depths. High and lofty imaginings had then place in the simple maiden's guileless heart, and it would almost seem that the angels themselves talked with her that night, in the dim, low room, with the two

children—"God's possible angels,"—lying near her.

Such exaltation of spirit, however, cannot last long; and Bertha was startled back into human feeling again, by hearing the word Bregenz. This is the little frontier town lying at the eastern extremity of Lake Constance, between the Swiss and Bavarian territories. It is a romantic little place, although stripped of some of its ancient romance by the introduction of cotton manufactures, and that of the frames of wooden houses for the Alpine districts of Switzerland, besides vast quantities of vine poles, for the vineyards on the lakes. But nothing can exceed its local situation, for beauty and picturesqueness, as it hangs over Lake Constance, as if it were gazing into its fair and peaceful depths, as human eyes love to gaze there.

She did not realize where the word was uttered. It seemed spoken to her soul, more than to her human ear. She had opened the window, for the little room seemed close and warm, and the girl panted for air, long before the bright influences of the stars had taken possession of her.

Just as she heard the word, a soft touch upon the arm that lay outside the window, startled her almost into a cry. She hushed down the half-uttered scream, into a low sobbing, suppressed breathing, like that which comes to our ear from a heavy sleeper. Something white stood beside the window, and for a moment she believed that some spirit was near her. It was but for an instant. She saw immediately that the object was only the pretty white horse which Paul Hentzner valued most of all his possessions, scarcely excepting either wife or children; leastwise, he bestowed upon him far more care and thought. None of the Swiss in that region could exhibit an animal comparable with White Olgerd. He had been sent as a present to Paul, from the choicest of the Ukraine breed—a remembrancer of a time long ago, when the goatherd had taken home a wounded huntsman, and restored him to life and health.

White Olgerd was swift of limb as the wild steed that carried Mazeppa; but as gentle as swift. He would pace around the little paddock all day, nibbling the sweet, though scanty grass, or feed daintily from the hands of Bertha and the children as quietly as did their goats; yet if but a bird stooped to drink at the lake and flapped its broad wings as it rose upward, White Olgerd's silky ears were strained back, and he would gallop off as if a hundred whips were held above him.

Bertha patted the head that now rested on the window sill, and drew a few crumbs from her

apron pocket, to feed him with; almost forgetting the dream in which she thought she had been revelling, of her native Bregenz; when the same word came again to her ear. This time she was awakened sufficiently to distinguish that it came straight from the room beyond; and that it was now mingled with indistinct murmurs of some great deed that was to be accomplished. It filled her with strange fears. She recalled words and detached sentences that she had heard for several days among the peasants, but which she had only considered mere pass words of jesting import, and had paid no attention to them; and she now remembered, too, that under pretence of amusement, Paul and one or two of his neighbors had spent several hours a day in practising at the sword exercise.

All these things rushed into her mind at once, forming a distinct picture, to which the finishing touch was given by the impression made on her at the sound of a low, cautious voice, saying a few words, in which she distinguished—"Bregenz—midnight—surprise."

She crept to the door that separated the two rooms. Paul and two or three of his associates were within the range of her vision, but she felt, rather than saw, that the room was nearly full. The faces she saw wore a determined fierceness, and the hands of the confederates seemed to be grasping each other, as if in token of a league.

"Bregenz—midnight—surprise! Bregenz shall be ours!" was the hushed yet audible sound that reached her now.

A prayer—fervent, but unspoken save in the depths of that brave, heroic heart, rose to heaven at that moment. "O, God! save Bregenz!" Another voice that seemed to come from the shining stars, uttered audibly to her soul, "Go forth and save Bregenz!"

She sprang to the ground from the low window, and White Olgerd came to her side. She led him noiselessly to the little shed where his simple trappings hung, and saddled and bridled him hastily. He walked as gently as a child over the turf that lay behind the house, until Bertha stopped him at a rock that had answered the purpose of a horse-block. There she mounted him, and touching him lightly on the neck, he bounded off at the signal at his utmost speed. Mile after mile, over stone, morass and brier—on the very edge of precipices from which, not the rider's eye, but the animal's instinct kept them, past rushing streams and dark ravines and gloomy dells, with the wild prayer lingering on her lips, "O, God, bring me to Bregenz!" the maiden guided the spirited steed. Bravely did White Olgerd do her bidding. She paused a

moment to let the gallant steed take breath, and then in that pause, she heard the loud rushing of the Rhine. The horse drew in a long—long breath, and gave out a grateful neigh. She dared not let him kiss the silver brook that ran coldly beside the road, although White Olgerd heard it and paused; but his dripping sides forbade her to allow the dangerous luxury, and she spurred on the obedient creature to new speed.

Eleven chimes from the tower of the old cathedral! Press on, gallant steed! The heights of Bregenz rise in the distance. Nay, plunge into the stream! Thou carriest a brave and noble heart as ever beat in woman! No longer the simple maiden, who but yesterday tended goats and sung lullabies to children—but a gallant, heroic, dauntless woman, bent on the noblest errand. No warlike chief that rides triumphant over the battle-field; ever deserved better of his country than the simple Maid of the Tyrol.

“O, God! bring me to Bregenz!” And with that heartfelt aspiration on her lips, the brave white steed winds up the pathway. The moon has risen now, and Bregenz lies bathed in her light, the roofs catching and reflecting her beams. The sentinel at the old stone gateway calls out, and Bertha, panting and almost breathless, bids him ring out the chimes from the tower on the hill. Even while its deep, clangling sound falls on the sleeper’s ear, White Olgerd is bearing her rider on through the streets of Bregenz, while she calls upon all to arouse and prepare for defence.

Twelve o’clock! Midnight! and Bregenz is safe! Saved by the maid and her charger. White Olgerd lies that night in state; his tired limbs bathed with costly oil, and rubbed by the hands of one that never condescended before to any but princely service.

And Bertha puts off the travel stained robes—the peasant suit—and puts on fine linen fit for royal forms, and sleeps on eider down, instead of last night’s couch of rushes. And so indeed she ought!

The Bregenz women sit spinning in the warm sunshine that rests lovingly on the peaceful heights. Over Lake Constance there hangs a silvery mist like a robe of dazzling tissue, through which the sun is pouring his softened and subdued radiance. Night comes on, and they leave off their work, but sit and gaze upon the old stone gateway in the west, where, in full relief against the lingering clouds of sunset, stands the monument of a grateful people—the MAID AND CHARGER, in enduring stone. Every time

the warden passes by, he cries the passing hour. At eleven, he calls out the name of BERTHA. Three hundred years ago this deed was done, and they still keep the memory of the heroic maid green.

They who are given to the mystic speculations of the age, affirm that Joan of Arc finds her spiritual partner in the world beyond the stars, in the spirit of him whom she died to benefit. All that can be said of the union is, that if such a mean spirited, ungrateful being as Charles VII. could win such a bride on earth or in heaven, the maid must be less forgiving than she was heroic.

Bertha waited not for death to bring her a bridal day. Nor did she wed with plebeian blood. An Austrian prince acknowledged her nobility—that nobility of which nature had stamped the patent—and the fair children to whom she gave birth, were descended from a long line of unblemished ancestry—a line in which all the men are brave and all the women beautiful. Yet when questioned of their highest boast, it would ever be—not of their princely descent, but of the higher rank of the descendants of the immortal Maid of Bregenz.

A PLEASANT COMPANION.

Once or twice I asked the gaoler for a little warm water to wash myself. This he told me would be nonsense; for nothing could save me from the executioner’s hands, and as they were dirty, it was no use to clean myself. I was much shocked, one day, on going into the gaoler’s room, where we used sometimes to go when we wanted anything. He was sitting at the table with a very handsome, smart young man, drinking wine; the gaoler told me to sit down and drink a glass, too. I did not dare to refuse. The young man then said, “Well, I must be off,” and looked at his watch. The gaoler replied, “No, your work will not begin till 12 o’clock.” I looked at the man, and the gaoler said to me, “You must make friends with this citizen; it is young Sampson, the executioner, and perhaps it may fall to his lot to behead you.” I felt quite sick, especially when he took hold of my throat, saying, “It will soon be off your neck, it is so long and small. If I am to despatch you, it will be nothing but a squeeze.”—*Grace Dalrymple Elliott’s Journal during the French Revolution.*

RESIGNATION.

But that tall castle height must fall,
The mountain where the golden sun has hid,
The rocks where lonely eagles sullen rest,
The peaceful vale with orient honors clad,
The boundaries of the raging billows’ crest,
The burning stars in their supernal vault,
Must render up their native majesty
When the shrill trumpet of the angel sounds:
But the soft notes of Resignation’s voice
Shall join the choir of heaven’s great palaces,
And rest for aye in holy presence there.

SHAKSPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

GEORGIE'S HEART LESSON.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Do not encourage the attentions of that clod-hopper, Joseph, after you get home, Georgie. Remember Mr. Aubrey."

"Please don't, auntie!"

"Pshaw, child! what is the use of blushing so about it? There, there, don't answer. Send Charlotte home at the end of the week, and be sure that you plan so as to spend a fortnight with us in July. Mr. Aubrey—but you are blushing again. Lottie must look out for you. Good-by."

"Good-by, Aunt Harwood, good-by!" and in a moment more, the elegant carriage in which were seated Charlotte Harwood and Georgie Willard was rolling swiftly down the street, en route for the eastern railway station.

"I wish you'd tell something, Cousin Lottie. I wanted to ask you yesterday, but was afraid you'd laugh at me," said Georgie, leaning back in the carriage, and half-covering her shy face with her gloved hand.

"Well, what is it? About Mr. Aubrey? I'm sure of it, or you'd never color at such a rate. Tell me."

"Will you answer me truly, honestly?"

"Yes. With my hand raised, I promise."

"Well—well—am I very plain-looking?"

"O, you conceited thing, to be fishing about for a compliment, in such an artful way! Look into the mirror opposite, and tell me what you see. You shake your head—you are too modest. Let me rid you of the trouble. A pair of clear, sparkling, blue eyes; long, drooping lashes; straight nose; sweet, tempting rosebud of a mouth; prettily curved chin, pleasant, womanly forehead, with waves of brown hair smoothed back from either side of it; fresh, blooming complexion, lily and rose, right from the hillside, a simple, yet strangely bewitching expression of mouth; and all this framed in one of the most exquisite of hats! Really, Miss Willard, you have little to complain of in the way of looks. Now be honest. Haven't you always been called the prettiest girl in Elton? Doesn't honest Joseph Burgess think you the brightest pink of all the pinks of perfection? Eh? doesn't he?"

Georgie hung her head and twisted the fingers of her left hand kid glove. Her cheeks were like two full blown roses before Charlotte's questioning gaze.

"I'm answered, dear; don't trouble yourself. But it's so queer that you should have been engaged before seeing anything of the world, and to him, too! I don't think uncle and aunt Willard did rightly by you!"

"But Joseph is good, Charlotte, as good as he can be."

"O, I don't doubt that at all; but you don't want one of these country mopes for a husband; you with your face and figure, and pretty ways. Nonsense!"

"But father and mother think the world of him."

"No doubt of it; but Mr. Aubrey, Georgie! What of him?"

"You needn't answer me this time, either; nature writes out your heart on your face. But we're close at the depot; the train will start in five minutes; yes, just five minutes by my watch. We must be expeditious."

Five minutes of bustle and confusion, and Georgie and Charlotte were comfortably seated in the car for Elton, and going at a flying rate over the iron road. Before they left the depot Charlotte had met with a gentleman friend who was going the same route, and who, after gallantly waiting upon the ladies into the car, had seated himself behind them, and commenced an animated conversation with Charlotte, leaving Georgie to her own thoughts and reflections. Poor Georgie! her unsophisticated little heart was harboring a warfare that it had never known before. Better for her had she never left her quiet, plain home at Elton, she thought, as she looked sorrowfully out upon the changes of landscape, past which she was so rapidly borne; better that she had never tasted the new life of elegance, ease and pleasure, than she should carry back to her home a discontented, bitter spirit. Ever since she was a little girl she had loved Joseph Burgess, and in return he had loved her; and since she had grown to be a woman and he a man, their hopes and loves had gone out into one perfect hope and one perfect love, and each had centered their happiness on the other. Sometime Joseph's pretty cottage home, where he had lived always with his widowed mother, was to be shared by Georgie. This for a long time had been the greatest joy of the young girl's life, and one in which her parents and the widowed mother of Joseph had fully sympathized. But now Georgie didn't like to think of Joseph, and the time when she should be his wife. To be sure his home was well enough, and Joseph was good, very good—he'd make some woman happy; but he would soon settle down into a moping old farmer, sun-burnt and ugly-looking, and if

she married him, there would be nothing for her to do but settle down in the same way, never to look beyond her chimney corner. But Mr. Aubrey—Georgie bent her head upon her hand when she thought of him, lest some one should read what she was sure must be stamped upon her face. Mr. Aubrey was so polished and refined, and said such pleasant things to her, and waited upon her in such a gentlemanly manner, whenever he escorted her; and Mr. Aubrey cared for her. She was sure of that. He had said the same, in a pretty, delicate way, the very night before, when she told him she was going home. And he held her hand tenderly and wouldn't let her go from his side until she had promised to go with the Harwoods to R—, in July.

And then, too, what an elegant home Mr. Aubrey had! His wife would never wear her life out attending to household drudgeries; she would live like a lady always, and be young, and gay, and beautiful, while Joseph Burgess's wife would grow pale, careworn and old.

And so Georgie went on with her strange thoughts, until the afternoon waned, and the conductor called out through the cars, "Elton." Then she hoped that Joseph wouldn't be at the depot to meet her, and when she stepped out of the cars she looked eagerly about for him, and then drew a long sigh of relief that he was nowhere to be seen.

That evening, after she had listened restlessly to her mother's long account of Joseph's loneliness during her absence, and how much he had longed for her return, she saw him coming briskly across the field in the clear moonlight. She wouldn't see him that night, she said to herself; she was sure she and Charlotte were both too tired, and would be quite excusable for going to their room; and taking her cousin's hand in hers, she ran hurriedly up stairs, and went about making preparations for retiring. Just as her head pressed the pillow, Mrs. Willard came up stairs, saying that Joseph was below, and that just as soon as he heard of her return he had hurried over to see her.

"But won't he excuse me from seeing him tonight, mother, I am so tired?"

"Bless me, child, you in bed, and Charlotte, too! You've been spry about it, it seems to me. But it's too bad, Joseph will be so disappointed! Can't you get up just for a few moments, Georgie, just to see him? He's too thoughtful to keep you long."

"But, mother, I'm tired. I'll see him to-morrow. Tell him so, please."

"It's too bad! but I'll have to tell him about

it, I suppose." And Mrs. Willard went with a slow step from the room.

"You did that admirably, dear; for my life's sake I couldn't imagine what possessed you. Won't I have fun telling Frank Aubrey of that manoeuvre, when I get home?" exclaimed Charlotte, as Mrs. Willard descended the stairs.

"Don't mention it, please, Lottie. Indeed I was tired—I am tired, truly."

"O, yes, dear, I haven't a doubt of it. I'm wearied to death, yet if I were in the city I hardly think I should leave the parlors for as much as four hours to come. Would you?"

"Don't ask me such questions, please. Let me go to sleep. Don't talk to me."

"I won't tease you, Georgie. I know you are tired. Good night."

But sleep did not come as easily to Georgie as she had anticipated; and two hours later, when her mother tip-toed into the chamber, bearing in her hand a bouquet of fresh roses, she was tossing uneasily upon her pillow.

"He brought them for you," whispered Mrs. Willard, glancing at the sleeping Charlotte. "These are the first blossoms—the very first; he has been afraid that you wouldn't be here in season to get them. Aren't they fragrant? Dear me! he was so disappointed at not seeing you. He went away real down-hearted. I told him to come again in the morning; but he said he couldn't—he was going away somewhere, and wouldn't be back till afternoon. But he'll be here in the evening. Shall I leave these flowers here?"

"No, mother, carry them down stairs, please. I'll see them in the morning," was the reply. "I'm so wicked that I can't bear them near me," she added, to herself, as her mother turned away.

The following day was a dreary one to Georgie. She could not look the future in the face, as she had always been accustomed to do. In her heart there was a still, small voice, telling her steadily of the right way; but she would not listen to its tones. She hushed them, drowned them in the perpetual, clamoring prophecies of her proud ambition.

In the afternoon, she walked out with her cousin through the village. The air was fresh, and clear, and sweet. The green of June was upon everything—hill, field and tree; stretching away out from the little cluster of houses that comprised Elton village, and breaking here and there at the feet of a strip of woodland, and then going on again till it was lost against the blue sky that pressed down upon the hill-top.

Charlotte was delighted, and praised untiringly what she saw, but Georgie was silent. The trees,

and fields, and flowers were beautiful, but not for her ; and she looked anxiously up and down the street, fearing something, she could hardly tell what.

As they came to a sudden turn in the road, she saw Joseph Burgess but a few rods from them, leaning over a pair of bars, talking with a neighbor. For a moment Georgie did not know what she was doing ; for she saw by the quick look of pleasure that spread over the young man's face, that the meeting would be to him a joyful one. Turning her head quickly away, she led her cousin to the opposite side of the road, and called her attention to a beautiful tree that stood out in an open field—a very monarch. Then she went on gaily chatting on a variety of subjects, while her face flushed, and her voice trembled with excitement.

There was a great swelling of tears in her throat, a heavy pain in her heart, as she walked homeward. She would have given anything to blot out from her memory the unworthy part she had been playing—to have had the last hour to live over again. But it was too late, and from the seeds of her own sowing, she must reap her harvest. How could she ever look her father and mother in the face again, after what she had done ? She could not conceal it from them ; every movement, look and action upon her part would betray her. And then Joseph would not come in the evening, as they had expected. Indeed she did not believe he would ever come again at all, after such treatment ! He would wait, at least until she went to him ; until she explained the meaning of her conduct. That she could never do, and so it was all over between Joseph and her.

And Joseph ! At first when Georgie turned away from him, he thought it was a playful freak of hers, and started laughingly forward a step or two. But the confused manner, steadily averted head, and hurried tones of the young girl, struck coldly and painfully against his heart ; and for a moment he stood doubting his own senses, as the wretched truth stole over him. And then he remembered that his friend was observing him, and feigning a composure he did not feel, he proceeded to ask some questions on the subject they had been discussing.

" She's ashamed of me," he said, bitterly to himself, as he walked moodily towards home. " My clothes are working clothes, and she was with her prim, finely-dressed city cousin. She saw me, I am sure of that, for I caught her eye one little moment. But I'm as proud as she is. I would die rather than put myself in her way again. And last night she didn't want to see

me, and to think I was such a dolt as not to know it, and to leave the flowers for her ! Her head has been turned by those city fops, and she's ashamed of me ; but I'll not break my heart for her—no, no ! " And all the time Joseph was saying this his heart was well nigh breaking.

That week passed away, and Charlotte returned home. And Joseph was not seen at Mr. Willard's. It was so strange, they thought, and all were full of wonder about it but Georgie, she was silent. When another week went away, and the third began, good Mrs. Willard went down to see Widow Burges, and learn what the trouble was. But the widow didn't know anything about it. She only knew that Joseph stayed at home every evening, and applied himself closely to his Greek and Latin, and that he was sad and down-hearted. But he would never own that anything troubled him. He said he was quite well, but he didn't feel like anything but study.

For a while Mrs. Willard thought that Georgie had done something to offend him, and was almost angry at her for it ; but in the course of a few weeks, in going to Georgie's chest, she found the roses that Joseph had given her, carefully dried and laid away ; and from that time she was silent, believing Georgie was the wronged one.

When August came there had been no change, and Georgie was allowed to go to R—, and meet the Harwoods. She was so sad and sorrowful that Mrs. Willard had not the heart to keep her at home, as her better judgment told her to do. She thought the journey would do her good, and so to R— she went, and of course, there met Frank Aubrey again. She was paler and thinner than when he last saw her, he said, and he must take care of her while she remained there. And care for her he did. If she went to walk of a morning, or to ride of an evening, or to sail at any time, he was by her side, until people looked upon it as a settled thing, that Mr. Aubrey, of all others, was the dearest to pretty Miss Willard. And Georgie was thankful and happy, in believing that he loved her. She did not allow herself to think much of Joseph now, and when Charlotte teased her about him, her replies were brief and evasive. She wrote home to her mother of Mr. Aubrey ; his wealth, position, and very explicitly of his attentions to her, and in every letter assured her that she was happy, so that good Mrs. Willard began to grow contented once more, about her, and compute in her heart, which, though a kind one, was not altogether unworldly, the interest of having a wealthy, influential son-in-law. After awhile she dropped sly hints of Georgie's affairs to the neighbors, so that they would reach

Joseph, who, she was certain, in some way, had misused her child.

But one night Georgie's pleasant dreams were rudely broken. It was but a few days before the Harwood party was to break up, and, at best, she was sad and dispirited. Nearly all the fashionables at the R. House, among which was Mrs. Harwood and her daughter, were off to a "hop" at a neighboring hotel. But Georgie had declined going, and late in the evening went down to the almost deserted parlors, and seated herself in a window that overlooked the gardens, drawing the curtains about her, so that she would not be seen by any who should pass by.

"And so you are not with the Harwoods tonight, Aubrey?" some one remarked, so near the window that Georgie started with surprise.

"No, I have allowed myself this evening for a vacation, a sort of schoolboy's holiday."

"But Miss Willard, how could you leave her for an evening? She will be lost without you for a gallant."

"I presume so. But one can't always sacrifice self for the happiness of others. In plain, words, Bob, the country is a fine place for a week or two, but for always—ugh! its very greenness grows to be a bore!"

"What! you don't mean to say you are not serious there?"

"Ha, ha! quite as serious as I have been a hundred times before in my life. Miss Willard is pleasant enough, and all that, you know, and what's best, can't understand what a flirtation means, her very innocence of such a thing makes it the more refreshing."

"But doesn't she care for you?"

"O, yes! would be my wife if I'd ask her, no doubt, but that I shall never do. A few days and the affair will take on a finale. She has a country lover that she'll go back to, I dare say."

Georgie did not wait to hear more, but stole away from the window, unobserved, and sought her room. Her eyes were open at last. It was all as plain as the clear daylight to her. She was thankful that she had heard Aubrey speak out his mind. It had saved her from making a fool of herself. Shame, mortification and anger strove together in her heart, till at last pride went down and silenced them, and Georgie stood up from that moment like a brave, true woman, doubly strong and thrice armed, that she had thus had the reading of a selfish, worldly heart, at her own expense.

For the few remaining days that the Harwoods were at R—, Aubrey was constantly by Georgie's side. He was not contented to have her from him a moment. There was something

in the easy dignity of her manner that he could not comprehend; something entirely new in the nonchalant way with which she met him. She did not listen silently and blushingly to his graceful, well-paid compliments, but replied to them, piquantly and with a true spirit. In spite of himself he was charmed, and at the close of the three days he urged the Harwoods so earnestly to remain a week longer that they consented. That week wore away, and he had not been able to solve the strangely puzzling ways of Georgie, and the night before her departure, forgetting himself, he went down on his knees before her, and offered the unsophisticated country girl his heart, hand and fortune.

"Why, Mr. Aubrey, really you surprise me!" said Georgie, in a musical tone. "I hope you are not in earnest. Confess, honestly, that this is a little play of yours!"

"I was never more in earnest in my life!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Your very innocence is refreshing! Can't you understand the meaning of a little flirtation better than this?"

"What do you mean, have you not been serious with me?"

"I have been quite as serious before in my life, Mr. Aubrey. The city is pleasant enough for a week or two, but always—ugh! its very polish and beauty grows to be a bore. I shall certainly go back to my country lover in preference to accepting your kind offer. Good-night." And Georgie left the conceited Frank Aubrey writhing in his own trap.

The next day she was at Elton once more. The fever and unrest that had been upon her for a few months was entirely gone, and quietly and contentedly she took up her simple, plain life again. But she was no longer glad, laughing and merry. She went silently about the house performing her accustomed duties; there was no song upon her lips; no wild, mischievous light in her blue eyes. With her own hands she had placed a screen between her heart and the blessed sunshine, and once there, she had not strength to put it away again, and so she must be contented with the shadows. She seldom saw Joseph now. Once or twice she had met him in the street, but he had turned his head resolutely from her; and once in church she had caught his deep, searching eyes fixed scrutinizingly upon her face, but she had turned away like a guilty culprit, nor dared look up again during service.

It reached her ears that Joseph was turning his thoughts in a new direction; that he was partial to one of Squire Wilbur's daughters, and that the old squire was greatly pleased with the

idea of having him for a son-in-law. She did not question the truth of this report. It seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that he should forget her, after she had acted so unworthily; and she tried to coax herself into believing that she was glad it was so, and that she should feel easier and freer for it.

Joseph had given Georgie a few little keepsakes, but they must all be returned to him now. The greatest trouble to Georgie was, how it could be done. It had been a long time since she had seen Widow Burgess, and she was afraid to go to her and place the little sealed package in her keeping. If Joseph had told his mother all, she must despise her, and for her part she did not think her to blame if she did. One afternoon Georgie grew brave, and resolved that she would not wait another day, but would carry, at once, Joseph's gifts back to him. With the package in her hand she started down the little path, that led across the field to the widow's house. Her heart beat wildly, and her cheeks were flushed as though a high fever was upon her.

She could not go into the house in such a state of excitement. She trembled so violently that it would be impossible for her to speak so that she could be understood. For a space the little thread of a path ran along by the side of a wide, deep brook, upon the sides of which grew hazel bushes and willows, rank and thick. Georgie could not stop in the open field to regain her breath, and so parting the bushes she went down to the brook's edge, where hundreds of times she had been with Joseph, in the spring for pussy willows, and in the late autumn for hazel nuts. She had not thought it possible that there could be any one there now, and when she stood face to face with Joseph, who was gathering nuts in his old place, her cheeks grew as scarlet as the autumn leaves that were hanging about her.

"Here—here are the things you gave me—I thought you'd want them," she stammered, reaching out the package to him.

With an unsteady hand Joseph took it from her, without looking into her face; and then as though suddenly roused, he dashed it angrily into the swift, flowing stream, saying as he did so, "That's all, Georgie Willard! You were kind to bring them to me. Perhaps you thought that sometime I should want to pawn them for bread. They pawn such things in the city, do they not?"

He looked frowningly into Georgie's face, as he asked this, but she stood silent before him, looking so white and pitiful that his heart smote him for his unkindness, and he said, in a softer

tone, "We may at least be common acquaintances, Georgie."

"No, no, not even that, Joseph, let us forget each other."

The young man's lip quivered with emotion, and he turned away with a brief, "Very well—well!"

He had stripped the crimson leaves from a slender maple twig as he stood there, and they lay scattered at Georgie's feet like little pools of blood. When he started from her side she stooped and picked one up and pressed it fervently to her lips again and again. But he could not go so, and he turned back again suddenly, stretching out his hand for a good-by clasp, and so saw Georgie with the leaf at her lips. There was pride in her heart yet. O, how at that moment she strove to conquer it. For a moment, as she cast the leaf from her, and saw Joseph gazing wonderingly at her, her hand hung like a leaden weight by her side; but at last the womanly love within her broke over the icy walls of pride and indifference, and she went to him and laid her hand in his.

"May we ever be more than friends, Georgie?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!"

"Just as we once were to each other, may we be!" he continued, wringing her hand.

"Yes, if you can only forgive me for my wickedness and cruelty, we may be happy again."

"I can forgive you—I do forgive you," was the rapidly spoken reply, as he drew her to him, and kissed away the tears that fell upon her cheeks.

"The past is dead, we will bury it, Georgie. The future is ours, and we will guard well its happiness!" And they did, reader.

THE GOOD WIFE.

She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water, and then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit herself. Surely, men contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fire-ball falls on their mast, it portends ill-luck, but if two come together they presage good success. Be sure in a family it bodeth most bad when two fire-balls, husband's and wife's anger, come both together.

—Thomas Fuller.

TIME AND DESTINY.

—The dim wheels
Of Destiny in their silence fly beyond
The compass of my sight. They roll, and roll,
And go their rounds; and as they roll, events
Grind into meaning. Such is Time—a sail
Turned by the breath of God, and standing on
The mountains of eternity. When things
Have their accomplishment, the breath will cease
The sail will stop, and then eternity
Will stand alone.—STARKY.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WASTED FOUNTAINS.*

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There are well springs in the desert
Of the weary way of life,
Where the fainting, heart-sick pilgrim
Turns aside to purge the strife,
Hate and anger, tears and sorrows,
With which all the world is rife.

How we love, beside these fountains—
Sheltered from the noonday glare,
Soothed by softly-flowing waters,
Nourished by the perfumed air—
To forget our vain delusions,
To dismiss our wasting care.

Ah, and there are other fountains,
Where no springing waters gush;
Down whose dry and pebbly channels
Now is heard no streamlet's rush:
Mute and voiceless, sadly silent,
Prisoned in perpetual hush.

We have passed them in our journey,
For their silence chills with fear;
Yet we seek with backward glances
For the groups which there appear:
Saddened, silent as these fountains,
For the home they seek is here!

Ever resting, ever sighing,
For the flitting dream of youth;
For the days of vanished pleasure;
For the holy hours of truth.
Ah, their lives are wasted fountains:
Joyous once, now void of ruth!

Blessed wells of peace and pleasure,
Flourish still along our path!
Dark Averna of destruction,
Curse us never with your wrath!
Ah, how blest his life, howernal,
Who the living waters hath!

* Suggested by a picture bearing this title.

[ORIGINAL.]

TRADING FOR MY AUNT POLLY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

My Aunt Polly is just one of the nicest women you ever saw. If you don't believe it, I do, so it doesn't make a particle of difference, you know. Aunt Polly is my father's sister—married very much against the wishes of her family—a robust young farmer in Monroe county, and went out there amid the wilds to live on a farm. Since then, Monroe county has been divided into thriving townships, and Redwood, the shire which held my Uncle John Gray's farm, is now a large and flourishing place—the county

seat, as well as the location of a fine seminary building.

My earliest recollections of happiness are coupled with Aunt Polly, and Gray's farm. I was sent there when quite a small girl, for the benefit of my health, which my fond mother fancied was somewhat precarious; and then beneath the wide outstretching sky, breathing the purest air of heaven, my first ideas of life and its enjoyment, sprang to birth.

What a glorious institution it is for city children to have country aunts and uncles! Sometimes, when I fancy the non-existence of such a state of things, I shudder with terrible apprehension, lest the wise men of coming centuries should blot out the country forever, build red brick stores on the summit of Mt. Washington, and fill up Lake Winnipisegoe for house lots. If any of my progeny should be fated to witness such acts of desecration, I trust that the blood of their ancestor flowing in their veins will hurl a malediction at the foul iconoclasts, which will wither them into mummies, in their dastardly shoes!

But to come back to the point. Two years ago, when I was just eighteen, I went to Redwood to pass the summer, and perchance a part of the autumn, with Aunt Polly. You may well believe that when the projected journey was first made known to me, I was wild with delight, thinking of the splendid "times" I'd have at the old place. I'd see the pigs, and chickens, and the snowy little lambs, the good-natured brown oxen, the sleek cows, Aunt Polly's old white horse—and my head for a half score of nights was a perfect agricultural fair ground.

How very slowly the lazy cars dragged me to my destination! I was half inclined to get out and walk, it seemed as if my longing feet could outstrip the tardy steam horse. At last we drew up at the depot; Aunt Polly was already there, waiting for me, with the white mare and the red wagon, and in a brief space I was sitting in her pretty parlor, chatting with Uncle John, and renewing my acquaintance with Bruno, the dog.

That old farmhouse was a model of what a rural abode should be. None of your square, methodical, two-story humbugs, painted white or yellow, and set down on a glaring sand bank, but a long, low, comfortable-looking building; its color a dark gray (like its owner's name); wide, shady piazzas ran the length of the front, and there was a back portico opening to the west, where I sat many a night with my cousins, and watched the young moon go down behind the far-away peak of Mt. Belknap. Great elm trees—blessed old patriarchs—spread their green

arms protectingly over the place, and the vines and rose-bushes, planted by my aunt's own hands, thrrove wonderfully in the fertile soil.

The time passed delightfully to me all that sweet, bright summer. What glorious romps we had in the June clover—Cousin Jim, Helen and I! Such scampering, and laughing, and climbing fences, and riding on the hay loads! It makes my eyes water to think of it.

Aunt Polly was a paragon hostess. She never rebuked us for our boisterousness, never screwed her pleasant face into a frown, when we ruined her best go-to-meeting cap, acting tableaux, with Bruno figuring as Mrs. Partington in Aunt Polly's head gear.

There were many highly refined and cultivated people at the Corner (Redwood village), who often came down to see us, and not least among them, I esteemed young Dr. Heathbridge, Esculapius of the place. This gentleman was handsome, talented, and agreeable; and to tell you the plain truth about it, I cared more for his good opinion than for that of any other person I had ever met. This is in private, you know.

One day towards the middle of September, my Aunt Polly said to me, at breakfast:

"Dear sakes, Lizzie, there is the sightest of work to do to-day! I've got to churn, and make a cheese, bake, wash the floors, and iron your uncle's Sunday shirt; and somebody has got to go up to the Corner to do some trading, and go to mill—we're clean out o' meal; I scraped the barrel this morning, and baked the last dust of it."

"Do let me go, aunt, I know I'll do nicely," said I, always on the alert for a ride.

"You, child! Why there's ten pound of butter, and six dozen of eggs, and some stocking yarn, and a bushel of sweet apples to trade off for molasses, indigo, sugar, pepper and ginger. You never'll be able to do it, Lizzie; you aint experienced enough in groceries."

"O, yes, indeed I am, aunt. I've gone shopping and marketing with mother many a time. I know I can do it. And it will be so nice, and so funny. Wont I talk through my nose, and 'beat down' the clerks? You'll let me go, wont you, aunt? Only don't tell Jim about it, if you do he'll insist on accompanying me to drive, and then he'll spoil all the fun."

Aunt Polly always indulged me in everything, and after a little reasoning on her part, and a great deal of arguing on mine, it was decided I should be gratified.

"Wear your dark calico gown, and my green sun-bonnet," said my aunt, as I left her to prepare for my ride. "They'll make you look more

countrified, and the storekeepers wön't be so likely to take the advantage of yo."

Ten o'clock saw me *en route* for the Corner, in the red wagon, and holding the blue reins attached to the frontispiece of old Whitey. The wagon was well loaded down with meal bags and produce, and my head was equally burdened by Aunt Polly's instructions, and her green sunbonnet. I ran over the directions for the hundredth time, for they had formed themselves into a *pot pourri* in the stew pan of my brain.

"Eggs one shilling a bushel—no, not a bushel, a dozen; butter twenty-five cents by the gallon; apples fifty cents a pound; indigo ten cents an ounce; stocking yarn ten cents a skein; molasses forty-two cents a peck; sugar eleven cents a quintal, and fish four cents a quart."

I couldn't really tell whether I'd got it all correct or not; I remembered the prices at any rate, if I hadn't got the measures just right. No doubt the storekeepers would set me right, for I recollect that they were all very polite to me when I had ridden into the village with my aunt.

So I went on, happy as could be, only I couldn't get old Whitey out of a walk. She was a grand horse to go when my aunt drove her, but somehow she didn't seem inclined to test her good qualities for my accommodation; she sawed from one side of the road to the other, called up before every house we came to, and stopped whenever we met any one upon the way. She persisted in going down a hill into a brook by the side of the path, to drink, and there I sat in the wagon a good half hour, waiting for her to get ready to haul my cargo and myself out of the water.

I had no whip, so I turned up to a fence, and alighting, managed to twist off a birch stick from a low tree, tearing my glove, and getting a scratch on my arm into the bargain. When I looked for my horse, I found that she had taken the bite in her teeth, and gone through a pair of bars into a field of grass, where she was leisurely feeding on the herbage, and dragging the wagon after as she progressed.

How I did manœuvre to get her out. I tried to coax her to wheel about, and walk into the road like a decent animal, but she was deaf to the voice of reason. Then I essayed to back her out, but she stood her ground like a forty-gun sloop of war. I flourished my stick at her to enforce my argument, and she paid about as much attention to me as she would have done to a mouse that had asked her to fight a duel. She didn't even gratify me by winking when I let the cudgel fall on her head with all the strength I was mistress of. How I did hate her! I sat

down on a rock and cried a little, hoping this would move her sympathy. No effect; but just then I saw a boy coming down the road. What blessed creatures boys are, sometimes!

I called out to him, and he came into the field with alacrity—boys are always ready to display their superiority over their elders—he laughed at me out of the corner of his eye, said he shouldn't have thought such an “old sheep” as Whitey would have got away from me; took the brute by the bridle in a self-conscious way, backed her out, helped me into the wagon, gave me the reins, and telling me not to let the mare get over the fence with me anywhere, went off whistling “Nancy Till.”

What a fine fellow the first whistler must have been! A benefactor of the boys—the patron saint of hen-peck husbands! Whistling is a refuge for a thousand ills, a safety-valve for anger, an escape-pipe for joy, the paradisiacal music for a cross baby, and the delight of the masculine part of creation! I hope sincerely, before long to see whistling schools established in all parts of the country, for the encouragement and propagation of this admirable science.

Once more in the road, I determined that Whitey should feel the weight of my vengeance, and so I laid on to her with the stick until my arm ached right merrily; but it worked no good on the mare. She never deigned to quicken her locomotion in the least from that lumbering trot, and I gave up the unequal struggle, and let her go her own gait.

We neared the village; people stared to see what made old Whitey go so slow, and many a curious pair of eyes peeped under my sun-bonnet, for a solution of the mystery. I was a little mortified with the progress of my team, and jerked the reins, and touched up with the stick; the old mare waxed wroth at this, turned shortly up a corner, and drew up directly before Dr. Heathbridge's office door! I applied the stick with a will, hoping to get the despicable creature away before I was recognized, but it was useless, she wouldn't budge a barley corn.

I was perspiring profusely, the stick was about used up, my arm likewise, and in the midst of it the door was flung open, and out came Dr. Heathbridge, equipped for a drive. He discovered my identity in a moment, and hastened to my side.

“Good morning, Miss Stanton; I hope I owe the pleasure of this visit to nothing serious? How are all the good friends at the farm?”

Dr. Heathbridge evidently imagined his professional services were required.

“All well at my uncle's, thank you—I—that

is, the horse wouldn't be put off from giving you a call. The honor of this visit is to be ascribed to her rather than to me, for you see I couldn't help it.”

The young gentleman laughed. He'd no business to do any such thing.

“So Whitey was more thoughtful of your friends than yourself, oh, Miss Lizzie? Well, I'm not disposed to quarrel with the cause, when the effect is the same. Pray allow me to drive you wherever you wish to go.”

“Thank you, I am here trading for Aunt Polly, and your company would decidedly spoil my bargains! If you will lead my steed into the street, I think I can manage her.”

“As you please.” And leading Whitey out to the middle of the road, the doctor made me a courteous bow, and disappeared.

I did really wish that Heathbridge should go with me, for by this time I had grown mortally afraid of my ill-mannered beast, but I couldn't bear the idea of having him see me sell butter and eggs, and bargain for molasses and indigo. This was all a prejudice, you know. One gets over such follies in time.

I stopped at Mr. Burke's store. The proprietor was a remarkably polite man—I had met him several times at the social gatherings in Redwood—and I had not the shadow of a doubt but that he would be as glad to see the country girl in a calico dress, as the city lady in her silk. I tied the horse to a hitching post, and entered the store. Mr. Burke stood behind the counter; he glanced down at my dress, half nodded in acknowledgement of my bow, and by a sign turned me over to his clerk, a sharp-nosed, gray-eyed man, with a pen over his ear.

“Good morning, ma'm, what shall I show you to-day?” said this individual, straightening his dickey and brushing the counter at the same time.

“Do you buy butter here?”

As I spoke, it was curious to see the change which flitted over his face. It was as if he drew himself immeasurably away from me, like the turtle in his fortress-like shell. I did not then understand that this was only one of the tricks of trade.

“Wal, ye-es, sometimes, if it is remarkably nice and pure—none of your strong, lardy stuff—it doesn't pay—can't sell it—spoils before it is disposed of! What did you say I should show you this morning?”

“I do not recollect that I said you should show me anything,” said I, dealing in facts, “I have some butter which I wish to sell, some eggs, stocking yarn, and apples,” I added, determined to make a clean breast of it.

"O, ah! you want goods in exchange for produce. The market for that kind of stuff is dull—extremely dull—stocking yarn is a drug! Perhaps you know that wool has fallen twenty per cent. within a month?"

"No, sir, I was not aware of it; I do not deal in wool." I was nettled by the man's manner—it was barely respectful.

"Eggs, you said? Well, we have taken eggs, but the weather is so hot now, I don't think it will hardly do to have any more on hand! Apples, too? They never were so plenty within my memory—have had to refuse no less than six different persons with 'em, this very morning!"

"Do you not wish to purchase my articles?" I was moving towards the door, as I spoke.

"Why, no, I didn't exactly say that. Bring in your butter, and let us see if it is fit for our purpose."

This was cool, asking a young lady to "lug" a ten-pound firkin, and two stout men standing by idle. It was my first experience in that kind of etiquette, but I wouldn't "back out." I brought in the jar, and opened it for the men's inspection. He tasted it, first on a fork, then on a knife varnished by frequent cuttings of tobacco, I judged from the effluvium.

"Ahem, well, tolerable, rather salt, and a little watery. Won't be likely to keep well. We'll give you ninepence a pound for it."

He looked up sharply to see how I liked the proposition.

"You can take it at twenty-five cents, or I carry it home," said I, resolved to stick to Aunt Polly's valuation.

"Twenty-five cents! Goodness, ma'am, you must be out of your senses! Twenty-five cents—why, I can buy oceans of it at a shilling."

"I'm entirely willing you should," said I, "but you can't have mine for that. Twenty-five cents, or it's no trade!" I was beginning to see a little into the manner of doing business by the firm.

"Why, ma'am, you'd ruin us at that rate! Impossible! I'll give you eighteen cents. It's too much, but I don't like to disoblige a lady."

He said this with a smile which was intended to raise him so high in the lady's estimation that she would be willing to forego six cents on a pound of butter for his sake. He miscalculated.

"No, sir, twenty-five!"

"I have told you we cannot pay it—eighteen is a large price."

I covered the firkin, and was taking it to the door.

"Stop, stop; we hate to turn away a customer. Can't we come to some understanding?"

Just for the sake of accommodating, I'll give you twenty cents."

"I refuse the offer. Twenty-five cents or nothing!"

"Hang it all, then, I'll give you your price, but at that valuation we can't pay you in money or sheeting."

"Thank you—I do not want either—so it is quite as well."

He weighed the butter carefully, and after putting away, said he guessed he'd try and trade with me for the rest of my articles. Then followed a close course of bargaining on the stocking yarn. He wondered if the skeins were full ones—if the knot contained threads enough; found fault with the texture of the wool, said the thread was slightly uneven—and picked more flaws with the unfortunate yarn than you could shake a stick at. Finally, he ended by purchasing, and giving me ten cents a skein. Then the eggs underwent the same "beating down" process, and were eventually received at one shilling a dozen; but the apples he refused to take at any price.

During all this time, the gentlemanly Mr. Burke sat on a flour barrel, with his feet on a cheese box, dividing his time between smoking a black pipe, and munching crackers.

I was determined to dispose of the apples, if possible, and I went about from store to store, inquiring for a market, but in vain—nobody wanted sweet apples. They were plenty as dirt—too insipid for pies—and the clerks peeped impudently under my sun-bonnet, and asked me if I lived in the place. One freckled-faced fellow offered me a slice of rusty pine-apple, and invited me to sit down and try something.

I returned again to Mr. Burke's, tired, hot and dusty; beginning to think that trading was not such a fine business after all. How Aunt Polly managed it so nicely I couldn't see. Confused in mind, I gave my orders for articles to the sharp-nosed man, a little incoherently, I fancy. I astonished him by ordering two bushels of molasses, a gallon of pepper, and as much sugar as commonly sold at a time!

He repeated my mistakes to Mr. Burke, and that worthy laughed, and called me a deuced fool under his breath. Didn't my self-esteem rise on that compliment?

After this *faux pas* I gave the clerk *carte blanche* to put up just as much of each commodity as he liked (sorry to use foreign words, but they just express my meaning). The result of this confidence on my part, was that he brought me in four dollars in debt to the firm of Burke & Company!

Unfortunately, I hadn't a single cent of money about me, and Sharpys refused to take my word of honor as surety for the payment. I was in a dilemma—such an one as has never befallen me since—and hardly knew what to do. Sharpys threw out insinuations reflecting somewhat on my honesty, and Mr. Burke said there was no trusting these country folks, they had no integrity.

I was about offering my diamond brooch—in pawn for the four dollars—when Dr. Heathbridge came from somewhere, and stepped between me and the sharp-nosed gentleman. One glance into his indignant face assured me that he had heard the whole of previous conversation. Without a word, he took out his pocket-book, and laid four dollars upon the showcase in front of the fuming "Company" of Mr. Blake's establishment.

"There, sir," said he, "is the petty amount of your ~~comptible~~ bill, and I haven't a doubt but you have swindled this young lady out of twice that sum. And permit me to tell you that your customer's sex should have protected her from the insulting language which I have just heard you use. Probably the daughter of Senator Stanton, of Concord, was not recognized in the plain garb she had chosen to assume, and the more shame for you that you should treat with insolence any woman, because she happens to wear a calico dress."

You should have seen the shame and mortification of Sharpys and Mr. Burke. Two whipped curs couldn't have worn more doleful countenances. Mr. Burke laid his pipe in a bunch of onions, and came forward with a smiling face, and a string of apologies, longer than the Atlantic cable.

Sharpys begged I wouldn't think of the bill—entreated Dr. Heathbridge to receive back the four dollars—and said if he had only known it was Mrs. Gray's niece, he shouldn't have dreamed of mentioning such a trifle. Magnanimous and benevolent Sharpys! How few there are in this sordid world of ours possessed of thy noble and chivalrous generosity!

Dr. Heathbridge led me out to the wagon, followed closely by Burke & Co., at a quick trot. Only fifteen minutes previously I had carried a four-gallon molasses keg out, and put it into the wagon, without receiving an offer of assistance from either of the gentleman, now Mr. Burke insisted on carrying the parcel of five sticks of linen tape which I had purchased. O, consistency!

Dr. Heathbridge pushed them both aside, and after placing me in the wagon, sprang in beside me and drove off amid the profuse bows and apologies of the discomfitted shop-keepers.

"Lizzie, may I drive home with you?" he asked, at length.

"Thank you, Dr. Heathbridge, your offer is kind, but I must decline it. You see I gave Aunt Polly to understand that I could manage without assistance, and if you go home with me, they'll all say I couldn't drive old Whitemy. Don't you see that your going will take at least one feather from my cap?"

"Ah, a little sensitive on that point—your drivership—are you? Well, as you please; but I must come up this evening to hear an account of your adventures. May I?"

"Do, by all means; I wish to discharge my obligation to you, pecuniary liabilities must be attended to, you know."

"And may I tell you how you can cancel all obligations, and make me immensely your debtor, Lizzie?"

Nonsense, reader, what's the use of relating our conversation? Dr. Heathbridge alighted at the corner of the street where his office was located, and I went on towards the farm. Whitemy's speed was good now; she evidently realized that she was on her way to "Home, sweet home." Nevertheless, I reposed no confidence in her apparently good intentions, but kept the reins tight lest she should take it into her head to transport me into somebody's cornfield. But she went on decently, and in due time we reached the farm in safety. In good spirits, I called to Aunt Polly to come out and witness my success.

"Well, I've sold everything for just the price you told me to get, everything but the apples, and those nobody wanted."

"Have you, child? Well, you've done well. But, lawful goodness, what's all this?" And in response to her astonished query, I followed her round to the back part of the wagon.

Shades of Jupiter! The molasses keg had turned over by the jolting of the wagon, the bang had fallen out, and the molasses—the whole four gallons of it—had run out all over the bottom of the wagon, soaking and impregnating the apples, spice and sugar in its saccharine baptism. In fact, it hung in amber streams to the cart, dripping to the ground, and the hem of my calico dress was stiffened with it. The indigo was nowhere to be found, and Aunt Polly concluded that it must have hopped out somewhere.

Uncle John said he should have thought that I had been the envy of all the young men, in such propinquity to a load of sweet 'lasses. I despise puns, and I told Uncle John so, but he only laughed, and said it was only because I didn't like to have the joke turned against me. I went into the house, almost ready to cry, but

Aunt Polly, perceiving the water in my eyes, put a stop to that proceeding.

"Never mind, Lizzie dear, the butter and eggs are gone, but there's enough more where they come from, and it aint no use to cry over spilt milk or molasses either. You've had your fun, and let the things go. Don't spile yer eyes a-crying, may be somebody'll come this evening."

Aunt Polly understood the art of comforting to a charm—a very desirable understanding, by the way. Cousin Jim laughed at me for letting Whitey go into the field, and remarked that that was always the way with girls—careless. But Jim was a good fellow, and I forgave him.

Somebody did come that evening, as Aunt Polly had prophesied—Dr. Heathbridge, of course—and he laughed at my adventures, and pronounced Burke & Co. a humbug. Aunt Polly said she'd set their ears up for 'em next time she went to the Corner. (Between you and me, reader—strictly in private—Mr. Burke's "Co.," Sharp, wrote me a proposal of partnership in the firm of marringe, but I was obliged to decline the honor, having promised to become Dr. Heathbridge's "Co.") Reader, come and see us when it is convenient, Alfred and I are always glad to receive our friends, particularly if they pronounce our six months' old baby the "loveliest, thweteest little shuger lump of thandy" in the world.

GETTING OUT OF CLOSE QUARTERS.

Governor D——, of Florida, was as celebrated for his waggy as for his executive qualities. Giving a crowd of gaping listeners an account of the strange things he had seen during his peregrinations through the far West, he said:

"Fact, gentlemen, the trees are so close together in Arkansas, that you may travel for days together without finding them more than three feet apart; and then the game! such vast numbers of buffaloes and bears and wild cats, but in all the world I never saw such deer!"

"What of the deer, Governor D——?" asked a squint-eyed descendant of Nimrod, who, to use his own expression, "d ruther hunt nor eat any time," and so he had.

"O, the biggest bouncing bucks you ever saw. Why, my dear sir, the woods are perfectly alive with them, charging about with great, branching horns full four feet apart.

"Well, but Governor D——, if the trees are only three feet apart, and the deer's horns four, I want you to tell me how they got through?"

"O, well, that's their look out, I have nothing to do with that."—Olive Branch.

EARTHLY LOVE.

The chain of earthly love is ever breaking,
And most dear friends are dearest when apart.
Thy presence, friend, is lead upon my heart:
Indeed, I love thee; yet, I know not how,
I'd love thee better, if thou 'dst leave me now

THE AIRS OF SPRING.

BY THOMAS CAREW.

Sweetly breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of the East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn and clears the sky;
Whose dishevelled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dressed,
The halycon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth and endless spring
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud;
If he blast what's fair or good;
If he scatter our choke flowers;
If he shake our halls or bowers;
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great ZEOLUS,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

[ORIGINAL.]

TONY WATSON'S TRIALS.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

By the right of adventure Tony Watson was a Don Quixote; by right of suffering he was a martyr, and by right of his own peculiar talents was—not a fool, but a genius, a genius of the first water, if I may so speak, since none excelled him.

At the period of which I write, he was laboring under the tantalizing impression that he should never arise to the perfect level of earthly happiness until he had taken to himself a wife. The thought had occurred to him many times before in his eventful life, but it had never carried so deep a conviction as now to his lonely heart. It was no youthful fancy that possessed him. No, not by any means. Tony Watson had battled with thirty-five years of life, bravely and well. Thirty-five he avowed, because his mother sat him out on the door-steps when he was but six months old and bade him shift for himself. And shift for himself he had in every way whatever; all the time trying, he said, to keep himself from shifting his mortal frame from life to death; his little attic for narrower quarters in the city tomb.

So it was that Tony, one bright, pleasant

morning in May, leaned himself up against a tree somewhere in the vicinity of the Frog-pond on Boston Common to reflect upon his overwhelming project of marrying. He made a queer picture there, his low, white hat, with a perceptible dent in the crown, setting upon the back of his head ; his hair falling straight over his forehead like a tangled black fringe, and his scanty beard arranged about his chin like a sparse line of soldiery. His hands were thrust deeply into his pockets, in such a manner, however, as to give his elbows an opportunity of pointing themselves upon either side of him, duly north and south, east and west as circumstances might require, after the manner of the points of a weather-vane.

His eyes, and the toes of his boots were turned skyward, as if imploring aid from the spheres. His eyes—and I do not register the fact from the love of pathos—were glistening with tears, while the end of his nose from frequent application of a blue gingham kerchief which he carried in the pocket of his velvet coat, was polished like a sword, and glistened like a coal of fire in the pleasant sunlight. The corners of his mouth, paying due heed to the troubled condition of their neighbors, were drawn down in such a pitiful manner as to suggest the possibility of their meeting somewhere in the vicinity of his chin, leaving his under lip an isolated island through the remainder of time.

While Tony stood, busy with the pathetic dreams of his manhood, his face growing every moment more pitiful in its expression, a merry-looking man of some twenty-four summers came stealthily up to his side and gave him a hearty slap upon the shoulder.

" Hallo, Tony, hallo, my boy ! what in the world has taken hold of you, this morning ? What's the matter, my friend ?" he asked.

" I'm troubled—troubled through every mansion of my soul. Every portion of this poor, earthly frame is shook with sorrow," he cried, earnestly, applying the blue gingham to his eyes and nose vigorously. I long for death ; I long to soar out of this cir'cler vale of weepin' and be at rest."

" O, no, Tony, not so bad as that. What's the matter ?"

" I'm all alone in this world. I haven't a friend nowhere. My mother started me off to look out for myself before I could walk. I never had no father, I never had no sister, nor no brother nor nothing. I'm a poor miser'ble creature. I wish I could lodge forever in the city tomb—I do."

" No, no, Tony, I wouldn't think of that. I'd

make some change in my life. I'd do something to cheer me up."

" What can I do ? Every way I travel mis-fortin' follers me. Nobody cares nothin' about me. O, I do wish I was sleepin' sweetly on the bosom of my father—that is if I ever had a father. O, dear, I'm all alone !"

Tony wiped his eyes again as he spoke, and then spread out his damp gingham upon his knee to dry.

" See there, see there !" he said, pointing to the fluttering handkerchief. " See how it stirs and flies up and down in the air. I used to be as light as that once, but somehow I've grown heavy lately. Trouble and weepin' has taken the flutter, and stir, and snap all out of my poor, sorrowin' body. O, I'm all alone !"

" I'll tell you what it is, Tony, you ought to be married. It's a capital thought ; you ought to have a wife, my old fellow—eh ?"

" Taint no use thinkin' o' that. Nobody don't want me," he answered, his face beginning to brighten a little. " I've thought of that myself, but taint no use."

" O, nonsense, nonsense, Tony, you don't think enough of yourself. You are blue, Tony, blue, I tell you."

" I'm miser'ble, that's what ails me. I'm in love, too, I aint 'shamed to say it ; but taint no use to be in love. Love don't do me no good."

" In love, Tony ? That's it ; that sounds like it. Who are you in love with ?"

" In love with a woman ; a creature of beauty and happiness, with eyes as blue as the shinin' sky, and a mouth as sweet as heaven. A woman, O, hurra for her !" And taking off his white hat he flourished it wildly in the air. " There's some comfort in thinkin' 'bout her," he added, settling back again against the tree and fetching a long sigh. " "Twont hurt nobody if I just think of her, you know."

" No, no, Tony ; but why don't you marry her ?"

" O, she wont let me—I'm 'fraid she wont. P'raps she would if I knew how to ask her, but I don't ; nobody never told me, so I can't."

" I'll tell you, Tony, I'll tell you !" cried the young man, laughing. " What's her name ?"

" Sara—Sara Barker."

" The deuce ! that's comical," he said, laughing aside to himself. " Tony Watson is no common rival." Then he added, for the benefit of the interested lover, " I'll help you, I'll help you !"

" Help me, if you'll only help me I'll be the greatest friend you ever owned. I'll be like a fortin' to you ; I'll serve you so long as a breath

stire this wretched body ; so long as I have the control of my stepping qualities, so long as I can toot my poor voice above a whisper, I'll be your friend ; so long—”

“ There, that will do, Tony, that will do. I shan't trust you if you make such promises. “ Now, you see, my good man, I know Sara Barker, and I'm just the one to lend you a helping hand.”

“ Know Sara Barker, do you ? O, aint she bootiful ? Aint she fair ? Aint her eyes like the shinin' stars that bootify the sky ? O, Sam'-well, Sam'-well, when she first looked on me, it was like as though a whole world full of little daggers were prickin' easy at my heart. But now they prick harder and harder, 'torturin' me from mornin' till night, and all night long when I try to rest in the dark o' my room. O, I'm tortured.”

“ Do you wish to visit the young lady, Tony ?”

“ More'n I wish to live, I desire to visit her ; more'n I wish for riches, I wish to visit her. But I'm 'feared to go ; I'm 'feared to speak to her ; I'm 'feared to tell her I love her. O, Sam'-well, if you'd only just tell her for me and stop my sufferin' !”

“ That never'll do, Tony, as my name is Samuel Warren, it wont. You must go to her yourself. Or, look you, I'll go to the lady first and prepare the way for you. I mean that I'll just hint to her, Tony, of what is coming. Tell her about you, you understand. I'll say that you are bashful a little ; tell her that you are slow of speech, sometimes. I'll make everything right.”

Tony looked long and wistfully into the roguish, laughing face of Samuel Warren, as if to draw all his secret thoughts into his eyes by his earnest glances. The world had not been too kind with Tony. He was ever on the lookout for treachery.

“ Go, then, Sam'-well Warren,” he cried, of a sudden, flinging his hat upon the ground, and twisting his nose once or twice with his handkerchief, “ go and tell her that I love her. Go and be a friend to poor Tony ; but if you aint a friend to him ; if you don't do right, I'll send your nose a wanderin' from your face the rest of your days ; I'll twist your eyes out of your head and set 'em into your ears ; I'll blast your head till it is bare ; I'll foller you till your miser'ble body pines away into dust, and worms dance over your old bones ! As I'm Tony Watson, I will !”

“ Never fear, Tony, never fear, I'll be true to you. I'll speak to the lady this very evening,” he said, starting away, while Tony commenced a queer round of antics to signify his joy.

“ Bless my body, poor Tony's in luck,” he said

to himself, hopping up and down upon the green turf. “ Tony's going to have a wife at last ; Tony wont be without nobody no longer. He'll be a 'spectable man ; a man of family. Tony didn't start off alone when he was six months old for nothin' ; poor old Tony's in luck. But I must watch that smooth Sam'-well ; I must watch him all day. I must know all the time where he takes breath.” And as he ceased speaking he struck out into a by-mall and walked steadily after Sam'-well Warren, who was walking rapidly to his shop in the southern part of the city.

True to his word Tony kept a close lookout for him all the long day, yet so cunningly did he manage that the young man did not mistrust that he was upon his track. During the forenoon he loitered in a by-alley, and when the dinner hour arrived he came stealthily out, following Samuel cautiously to his boarding place. Poor Tony ! there were more trials in store for him, before the troubled heart of his manhood should be at rest.

“ I believe you're quizzing me, Samuel.”

“ Upon my word, as a gentleman of honor, I am not.”

“ Why, I never saw the man ! He must be a queer specimen, if you describe him correctly. And what a romantic name, too—Tony ! Bless my stars ! I always felt as though some one was pining for me in secret.” And pretty Sara Barker sank back on the sofa, and laughed merrily. “ Tell me again what he said, it is so funny !”

“ Look out, pussy, how you betray such an interest in your new-found lover. I shall be jealous !”

The little lady blushed and pouted.

“ For shame, you ridiculous boy ! Jealous of such a creature as you have described ! I'll wager you only underrated his attractions, however, out of a spirit of malicious rivalry. Come, do tell it to me again !”

“ Well, then behold me—a second John Alden pleading the cause of another Miles Standish. A veritable scar-worn veteran is Tony. My dear, darling Sara—”

A little white hand was suddenly clapped over the speaker's mouth.

“ Please dispense with superfluities for the present. I would prefer that you should not use them until—until—”

“ Until what, my adorable little stammerer.”

“ Until you speak for yourself, 'John.'”

The young man laughed and helped himself to a sly kiss from Sara's rosy lips.

“ O, you ought to have heard him ! He says your eyes are blue as the shinin' sky ; that they

prick his heart like little daggers ; that he loves you and wants to marry you ! I wish I could give you some idea how he looked ! I'll try it."

Samuel Warren sprang up and put himself in an attitude very much like the one he had seen on Boston Common that morning—his elbows pointing due north and south ; his head settled despondingly on his chest ; his eyes rolled up pathetically ; his whole frame distorted with comic agony.

"O—O—o—o—ow !"

The exclamation was wrang from him by the administration of a series of blows about the head and ears, hearty enough to have stunned an elephant. He turned to behold Tony, the picture of indignant rage, standing beside him with uplifted fists and flashing eyes. An open window at the further end of the room showed in what manner he had made his ingress.

"O, you sneakin' villain ! O, you black-natured spy ! You human allidile and crocigator ! This is the way you 'tend to the interest of yer friends, is it ? Yer didn't know I was listening to yer perfidious language ; yer didn't think old Tony was bright enough for that. But he was ! He haint shifted for himself for nothin' all these years ! Take that, and that, and that," he exclaimed, bringing his raised fists down simultaneously together over Samuel's head. "I'll teach ye to abuse the confidence of a feller creetur ; to ridicule the misfortins of a lonely man ; to laff over the ruins of a bleedin', breakin' heart !"

He paused for breath, and then wheeled about to Sara, who sat staring at him in wonder not unmixed with merriment.

"An' who are you, marm, who sit there helpin' this treacherous reptile make sport of the sufferins of poor, delooded, deceived Tony ? Are ye a woman ? Have ye the gentle heart of yer lovely sex a thumpin' under them smiles ? No, marm, yer heart's as hard as a rock ; as cold as a lump of ice ; as onfeelin' as the nose of a Polar bear in a snowstorm. Yer haint no sympathy for nothin' nor nobody ! Yer wouldn't shed a tear if the whole mighty creation of nater should tumble into futurity ! Who are ye, I say ? By the right of an injured man, I repeat—who are ye ?"

"Miss Sara Barker, at your service, sir," replied the young lady addressed, with imperturbable gravity.

"Then by the hocus pocus, Jerusalem a mighty ! somebody's played a *rooze* on poor Tony Watson. Yer not the Sara of my affections ; the booteous creetur whose image is stamped like an indelible picter in this tortured bosom ! But there is one beneath this roof whom I love. O, she is an angel. I've seen her enter these very

doors ; I've laid in ambush to watch her in her incomin's and outgoin's, as the Scriptur says. Many's the time poor Tony has hidden in the back yard, and pacified his sorrowin' heart by takin' a peep at her lovely countenance, when it flittet like a picter past the winders ! Only yesterday he saw her with a tin lasses can on her bootiful arm, a trippin' in at the back door. It was then that his feelin's rose to a climax ! It was then that his burstin' heart overflowed with distress. 'Can that peerless maid ever be mine ?' he said to himself. He feared it was too much ! And then he confided his sorers to this Judy Scarlet ! then he trusted his destiny in Sam'well Warren's keepin' ! And this is the tarnin' point of fortin'. There is no longer any hope for him. His path never'll have any more roses in it. His firmament never'll have any more stars ; his—his—"

Tony broke down in a sob. At that moment a servant entered with lights. Tony looked at the baxom Bridget, and gave a yell of delight.

"It is she ! It is her ! It is the queen of my affections. See those cheeks, redder than the yellor hollyhocks ; them eyes, bluer than violets ; them snowy arms, them little feet a peepin' about under her dress ! O, booteous one, hear me ; hear yer poor Tony !" And he sprang forward and knelt with a grace like that of a dying ox, at the damsel's feet.

"I had never thought to speak to yer of the emotions that is consumin' my soul away to ashes. But yer presence inspires me. My tongue can't keep still. It's adoration will run out inter speech. O, speak to me, angel of my dreams ! For weeks I have hovered around yer way ! have yer never seen me a doin' it ? Have yer never felt in yer inmost soul somethin' a drawin' yer towards poor Tony. I love yer ! O, I love yer ! I want ter marry yer. Smile on me ; smile on poor Tony. He haint had nobody to smile on him since he was six months old."

Tony stopped and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. Samuel stood rubbing his head, Sara sat convulsed with mirth ; Bridget stared from one to the other, and then at Tony. The glance inspired him to a new burst of eloquence.

"I aint got no fortin' to offer ye. I'm a poor man. But I'll work for yer till my fingers haint got no flesh left on 'em. I'll cherish yer till I die. I'll lay my laurels at your feet. I'll make yer life a bootiful dream of joy. I'll anticipate yer every want ! If yer don't love me, I'll do something dreadful ! I'll drown ; I'll hang myself ; I'll sever my juggeler artery with a choppin' knife ; I wont live ! But O, if yer should

smile on me, if yer should bid poor Tony hope, if—if—if yer'll let me marry yer, and be a protector and a husband to yer, there aint nothing that I wont do to please yer. Heaven will leave the shining gates of Paradise and dwell in my bosom! My existence will have a new era!"

"Och, maun alive, don't yer see my mistress a laffin' as though her sides would split. Hould yer tongue, and come into the kitchen, while I bate the big words out of ye. Troth, and its taken me by surprise intirely."

The command was rather arbitrary, but Tony obeyed it with alacrity. There was hope in her words. The prospect of a beating was anything but pleasant, if we may judge from the manner in which Samuel Warren shook his head at the sound. But Tony had no fear. He followed his charmer courageously, and ten minutes later, they sat on the doorstep together eating a lunch of doughnuts and cheese from the same plate. Unconscious, innocent, ardent twain! They did not see the roguish faces of Sara and Samuel peering through the half-opened kitchen door upon them, nor hear the suppressed laughter which followed every tender advance of the eccentric Tony. He, bless his heart, has for three years been a "man of family." He married Bridget.

A GOLDEN MOTTO.

Horas non num:ro nisi serenas—"I count only the hours that are serene"—is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and time presents only a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles, and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-toffenting!

AN EXCELLENT LESSON.—One of the most sagacious and wealthy merchants was about to visit Europe, and setting his house in order before he left, closed a conversation with his son and heir as follows:—"Now, as a lasting lesson, look at these four notes"—and he put into his hands four notes-of-hand of \$25,000 each, making \$100,000, with his name on the back. "Those," said he, "are the price paid for endorsing for a friend. I weakly put my name on them, and had to pay them as you see. Whenever any one asks you to endorse, look at those before you reply."

[CONTINUED.]

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

BY REV. ST. C. BEMIS.

In a splendid sarcophagus of green Thessalian marble, Michael II. lay in the sepulchral chapel erected by Justinian, in the Church of the Holy Apostles. It was in the autumn of 829 that this emperor died, leaving the throne of Constantinople to Theophilus his son.

Marrid at an early stage of his greatness to Euphrosyne, daughter of Constantine VI., he had suffered a degree of obloquy which he could not avert, in consequence of this marriage. Euphrosyne had already become a nun, when Michael accidentally saw her, as she was returning from matins, across the court-yard adjoining both convent and chapel. From this time her image haunted him, night and day; and when, at length, he wielded the sceptre of state, his first act was to obtain absolution from the Patriarch of Constantinople, for the beautiful recluse to be transported from the quiet cloister to the throne.

There were those who dared murmur against this desecration, as they termed it; and the sovereign's life was embittered, and perhaps his death hastened, by the reports that often reached him of the disapproval of his subjects. Euphrosyne, however, made as exemplary an empress as she had been irreproachable as a vestal; and mourned her husband's death with as true a grief as if she had not been the bride of heaven. All her remaining affections centered in her son, who ascended the throne when her father died, in October, 829.

To please the fastidious taste that characterized the new emperor, and, perhaps, to guard him against the temptation of invading the sacred cloister for a wife, the empress assembled all the most beautiful and graceful among the maidens of Constantinople, to a *fest* in her own private apartments. Previous to their coming, she informed him of her object, and desired him to select a new empress from among the many fair and high-born maidens who would grace her levee on that evening.

Perhaps it was only a whim that prompted his quick answer; but he eventually carried it out, in a way that accorded with his quaint and quiet humor. Seizing an apple of pure gold from among the superb fruitage that formed the costly ornaments of his mother's cabinet, he said:

"Look, mother! I will openly present this apple to the maiden who most shall meet my approbation in your circle, this evening; and

that maiden, whoever she may be, shall share with me the throne of Constantinople."

The empress approved, and they separated, to meet again when she should be surrounded by the flower of beauty and grace in her own apartments.

The evening shades were deepening into darkness, when a young and very beautiful girl, dressed with fairy lightness and taste, stood before the massive steel mirror which gave back her flashing eyes and crimson cheeks almost as distinctly as do those of our own times. She was robed in a long, trailing garment of transparent silver tissue, looped up at one side with a knot of white flowers. The shoulders were partially bare, and the short sleeve was gathered up by a single spray of delicate lilies. Across the bosom, the robe was drawn into graceful folds, parting in the centre, and decorated with flowers. The hair was braided into a heavy knot, at the back of the head, and a wreath of tiny green leaves encircled the knot. Except the flowers, there was no decoration. All was in the strictest simplicity, but an air of indescribable elegance and refinement pervaded her whole appearance.

As she stepped from before the long mirror, she met the eyes of a young man, bearing a strong family resemblance to her, fixing themselves earnestly and admiringly upon her.

"You will go with me, Justus?" she asked, as he approached her.

"If it is your pleasure, Theodora. I am only too happy to attend you." He bent towards her and whispered: "If I could but know that I might hope for your presence always—"

"Hush, Justus! I think you must remember that the subject is forbidden as one likely to destroy the bonds of friendship between us."

"And is friendship all that I must hope for?"

"All! Methinks it is a great boon, the true and pure friendship which I have heard described. Besides, are you not my own relative?—nearer than any save a brother? Sisters' children we are, Justus." And she laid her white hand upon his arm with a sisterly freedom that disarmed him of all resentment towards her. "You will go?" she asked again.

"Yes, Theodora—and as a brother only, if that is all that you can desire me to be to you. But I shall make a sorry attendant."

The two passed out together, and just as they were about to enter the quaintly-decorated Greek chariot, another chariot, with wild, prancing horses, nearly run against them.

"That is Eikasia's carriage," said Theodora, when her momentary fright was over. "Did you observe what a beautiful thing it is?"

"I saw that it was built in the form of a sea-shell. Eikasia has taste as well as beauty."

"Yes—and O, Justus! how grandly beautiful she is—how full of glorious strength and majesty. Do you know that I shrink away into nothing beside Eikasia?—she seems to overshadow me with her commanding presence."

"And yet," said Justus, passionately, "one hair from that golden braid exceeds her charms."

"Nonsense! Do you think me so vain as to be caught by such rhapsodies, my good cousin? Keep your fine speeches for finer ladies than I."

When Justus and Theodora entered the great reception chamber of the empress, Eikasia was already there. She was dressed magnificently in a rich green robe, embroidered with gold stars. On her head she wore a brilliant coronet, composed of gold and emeralds. Her train was three yards in length, and was of white satin, bordered with gold stars on a green ground. A broad girdle, in which gold was curiously interwoven, confined her loose robe in folds around her waist, and a chain of emeralds drooped from her white throat, setting off its exquisite fairness. A pale, olive hue was faintly lighted up with a struggling crimson, but it was the eyes that lighted up the wondrous face—the deep, passionate eyes, whose glances seemed absolutely to burn with the fires of the spirit within. The long lashes that shaded them rested on the cheek; and the dark eyebrows were pencilled so evenly, that every hair lay in its own place, and seemed as if it could not be spared from the general effect.

Eikasia's hair was of that peculiar tint of purplish black that is at once so rare and so beautiful; and, unlike Theodora's, she wore it in long curls, that fell over her face, partially concealing the passionate look that sometimes welled out from the very soul, in moments of her intensest enthusiasm.

Won by that look—for she wore it now—a person, entering the room, walked slowly past the others who were standing in groups, or reclining on seats about the apartments, and stayed his footsteps only when he reached the spot where she was standing.

Addressing her in the grave and sententious tone adopted in the Greek fashion, he said—"Woman is the source of evil."

Her quick eye caught sight of the golden apple. She divined immediately the cause of this, and the use to which he was to apply it, and her dark eyes glistened with a proud, yet happy expression, as she quickly answered—"But woman is also the source of much good."

She turned aside to speak to Theodora, but

her words were bitter, and sarcastic now—for there was an air of sweetness and purity in Theodora's face, that contrasted with her own passionate nature. The emperor, who saw it too, was disenchanted in a moment. All her beauty faded from before his sight, and he turned away disenthralled.

What was it? Did her tones jar upon his nerves, or was he attracted to the other maiden, whose blushing cheek attested her modesty, and whose intelligent eyes proclaimed her intellectual? Who knows, save by what followed? The apple quivered in his hand. He advanced—stopped—went on, in Corporal Trim's own fashion, hundreds of years afterwards, and—placed the bright, shining, but most undigestible fruit known since Eden, in the hand of the fair Theodora!

Never before had such a blow fallen on the self-complacency of Eikasia. The words died on her lips, and the tears forced themselves into those large, black orbs that burned so brightly a few moments before. It was like the rain after the lightning. She had not counted upon this. When the emperor had entered, she looked proudly around, and the memory of that last glance in the great steel mirror was still vivid enough to assure her that she would bear off the palm of beauty. Now, the veil had fallen from her eyes, and she saw another preferred before her!

A few moments of that forced gaiety which disappointed pride puts on, at first, to hide the keen pangs that are crushing it, and then Eikasia was gone; and the party, following her lead, as usual, broke up. At the door, Justus stood ready with a mantle of fine wool, to guard Theodora from the night air. She was trembling all over with the strong excitement of the evening. Justus thought she was shivering, and he wrapped her up still closer. Could he have known that she was dead to him from that moment, the poor youth's constant heart would have bled deeply.

In the monastery of Santa Maria, Eikasia secluded herself from every eye save those of the good sisters and her confessor. She had felt the throb of ambition—she now wore the garb of humility. The brief day-dream had faded, but its going down had left none of those bright hues that the sun leaves at parting. Henceforth, life was painted for her in those sombre shades of gray that are too dull already to subside into any other tint. And while Eikasia composed and sung psalms, to cure the fever of a soul panting for the gift of love, the favored Theodora was preparing to ascend the throne beside him who,

had he not been emperor, would have equally shared her heart.

The Empress Euphrosyne, after her son's marriage, retired to a monastery to pass the remainder of her days in a spot which she regretted ever to have quitted. One farewell look at the sarcophagus of green marble, one sigh to the memory of Michael, and she was lost to the outer world.

Theodora accompanied the emperor on one of his visits to the neighboring convents. A nun, clad in the deepest black vestments, attracted her notice by the height and beauty of her figure. Her face was almost entirely concealed by the broad bands which she, more than the others, had drawn closely around it. But the full red lips, unfaded and blooming still, and guarding a row of pearls of unexampled beauty, brought to her memory the proud Eikasia, as she stood, waiting in the palace hall, for the distinction she was so sure would come to her.

Eikasia's eyes betrayed her emotion. The emperor spoke to her courteously, without remembering her, and the "last straw" was laid on the pride that had been her ruling passion. She answered him in a low murmur that sounded little like the tone that so jarred upon his nerves when, years ago, the golden apple seemed so nearly within her reach.

We struggle, like wounded birds, against the destiny that seems so cruel—yet how recklessly we fling away the golden fruit that might be ours! and somewhere away among dim cloisters in which we have hidden our grief, we sometimes catch a glimpse of our coveted prize in the hands of another! What wonder, then, if we beat the bars of the dreary cage in which we dwell!

BOOKS NOT IN PRESS.

"The Polisher of the Dun Cow," by the author of "The Scouring of the White Horse."

"Whity Brown," a poem by the author of "Bitter-Sweet."

"Many ways out of Wedlock," by the author of "Two ways to Wedlock."

"Eve Button," by the author of "Adam Beade."

"Before the Sun rose," by the author of "While it was Morning."

"The Live Notoriety," by the author of "The Dead Secret."

"Words to be Borrowed," by the editor of "Readings for Lent."

"The Column of Smoke," by the author of "The Pillar of Fire." (Decidedly a better story than the author's "Pirate of the Gulf," and "Dancing Feather.")

These unwritten volumes can be secured by enterprising publishers, if they will offer sufficient inducement to the authors to write them—*Providence Press.*

[ORIGINAL.]

NORTHFIELD.

BY NELLIE WILBROD.

How nobly now thy beauties stand confessed,
Calm village of New England, the loveliest and best;
Thy peaceful valley, and thy shady street,
Lure the tired traveller to a cool retreat.

Here Ceres walks the plain, and waves her wand,
And youth and age obey her sage command;
Go forth, and scatter with unsparing hand
The seed of industry throughout the land.

Then may your labors with success be crowned,
And peace and plenty may your board surround;
And joys that spring from innocence and love,
Smile on you here, and raise your thoughts above.

No sickening vapors rise to blight life's joy;
No fierce sirocco, with its dread alloy;
But hygiean blessings crown each happy brow,
And at the goddess' shrine we hopeful bow.

The expansive meadows, decked in varied green,
Attract the admiring gaze—with blessings teem;
And floweret, tree and shrub, in beauty rare,
In wild profusion grow, and tempt the florist's care.

Here, too, in quiet majesty a river winds its way,
While here and there a bonny bark upon its waters play;
Its pebbly borders, and its wood-crowned banks,
Echo with music and with schoolboy pranks.

Here wave unrivaled, mid the gorgeous bloom
Of odorous blossoms which the air perfume,
The venerable elms which deck the shade—
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

We praise the Power* which graced this rural scene,
Whose taste suggested what inspired my theme;
Oft may the wind-rocked branches gently wave
O'er hearts as true, as courteous, and as brave.

* Thomas Power, Esq., of Boston, who projected and assisted in setting out the beautiful elms that adorn the street—also the founder of our "Social Library."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GRISSETTE.

BY CARL CRAYON.

MARIE sat singing cheerily in her little attic, while her busy fingers glibly plied the needle. Marie was always merry and joyous, working constantly at her embroidery, and chirping continually while she labored, happy as a cricket, careless and free as a bird, industrious and frugal as ever grisette was known to be, and enjoying as much of life as it was possible for a pretty girl of Paris to realize upon two francs six sous per diem, which she earned with her own tiny hands.

Marie never knew who she was, and none appeared to know more of her (in the *quartier* where she dwelt) than she knew of herself! The

concierge of the old *maison* where she lived had no occasion to call upon Marie for the weekly rental of her narrow apartment, for she was one of his promptest tenants, and her stipend was always forthcoming the hour it became due. The diet of the pretty grisette was very simple, her health excellent, she was constantly employed, and time wore away with her most happily.

Jean Marpleu had taken a deep interest in Marie, and though the sweet girl had been his tenant for several years, he had never asked her for her rent—because, as I have stated, he had had no occasion to do so. The morning it fell due, it was always paid; and as often as the money came into the old man's hands, he passed into his little private room quietly, and depositing the silver coin in a small japanned box by itself, he would secure the treasure in his safe, and smile, good-naturedly, as he said to himself—"so much more added to Marie's fortune."

Now the pretty grisette knew nothing at all of this. She only knew that old Marpleu was always pleasant and kind to her, and she knew that he was exceedingly civil to his "pet of tenants," whenever she met him, and that he contrived to put himself in her way very often, when she came and went, at the old *maison*. But Marie chirped, and sang, and laughed. She came and went, and believed that old Marpleu was thus civil to her because he knew she was a good tenant.

One afternoon, the old man met a well-dressed youth of two-and-twenty coming out of the house, as he returned to his domicil. He was a stranger to Marpleu, and, though it was not an uncommon occurrence to meet visitors at the ancient *maison* (where lodged his score of tenants), yet the appearance of this individual struck him, and he watched his retreating footsteps with more than ordinary interest.

The youth was a foreigner, plainly. His dress and gait, his manner and *tout ensemble*, showed him to be no Parisian, at all events. Marpleu was a keen observer of men and events. He looked after the youth, as he went out, and said, mentally: "Who is this? What does he want? Happily he seeks lodgings." But Marpleu really did *not* think so, at all!

He went into his own room, at the rear of the first floor, and having seated himself at the window—still thinking of the youthful stranger whom he had thus met—his eye suddenly encountered the form of that young gentleman, outside, beyond the house. There would have been nothing remarkable in this fact, simply—because the street led into the Rue d' Antoine, a

principal thoroughfare, whither the youth was bound. But, at the moment Marpleu saw him the second time, the stranger was gazing up at the dormer window of the old attic of his house; and Marpleu very distinctly observed that he kissed his hand to somebody in that direction—which interesting process as plainly had been responded to, in kind, for the young man smiled, raised his easor and disappeared, evidently in most excellent spirits !

"So I thought," mutmured Marpleu to himself. "She has found her affinity. He has not been here long. Marie has met him but recently, and he will follow up the acquaintance. I will see to it."

Now, Monsieur Jean Marpleu had no particular claim upon Marie's attention, seemingly, more than another obliging civil concierge could have. So far as she was personally concerned, she only knew him as her landlord, to whom for three years and more she had promptly paid her weekly rent. What right had he to "see to it" that she became acquainted with this or that young gentleman, whom she might fancy? or, why should he "see to it" that she did, or did not accept the attentions and civilities of anybody with whom she was pleased?

Marie was a poor but pretty grisette, earning her living with her own hands, humming her way through the world, without a care for the morrow, always the same gentle, loving creature flitting along upon the top-wave of moderately-earned ease and pleasure, owing nothing, and owning but little more—healthy, industrious, happy and hopeful.

What had Jean Marpleu in common with the fate or fortune or conduct of this pretty grisette? Or, why should he trouble himself about his coquettish tenant—in *Paris*, at any rate—so long as she paid him her rent, and was under no obligation to the old concierge, in any way? We shall see, anon.

As I have said already, Marie seemed to be unknown to any one. She was a waif, an estray, a foundling. But she had been cared for until she was old enough to earn her own living, and then she found her way to *Paris*—from the interior—where she subsequently lived and thrived, as young girls readily do there, upon a small pittance, carefully inanaged.

Jean Marpleu was an old bachelot. When Marie came to pay her first week's rent, she offered him a Napoleon to exchange for her. Now this gold coin had been curiously "nicked," and it had passed through Marpleu's hands but a few days previously, in another direction—he having paid it, with others, to a relative. Mar-

pleu recognized it, and was surprised; and he followed the matter out, by great inquiry, until he ascertained that Marie was actually his own dissolute brother's natural daughter!

But Marpleu said nothing about the secret he possessed. Marie paid her rent, he kept an eye on her continually, he came to love her like a father, and he saved every franc he could lay by (after becoming conversant with her history) for a dowry, which he resolved to bestow on her, if she married agreeably to his wishes. But Marie knew nought of his good intentions. And so, had any one hinted to her that old Marpleu was in any wise solicitous upon her account, Marie would naturally have laughed outright, and would instantly have asked—"why, what has he to do with *me*?"

The young gentleman spoken of was a student of medicine—the only son of a wealthy English lady, who had recently come to *Paris* with him, to complete the youth's education at the Institute. He met with Marie casually at one of the public gardens, and became enamored of her. From the day of their first meeting, Marie became at once reserved and quiet—then sad and communicative. She worked harder than ever, earned more money, but did not sing and chatter and coquette as formerly. Marpleu observed all this, and he watched the daily coming and going of the young stranger, who frequently visited the quarters of his pretty tenant.

Some four or five months afterwards, the hitherto healthy and happy grisette suddenly took sick, and for three days old Marpleu did not see her. Her rent became due, and, for the first time, Marie did not make her appearance to pay it. The old concierge was curious, for he could not account for it. Had she disappeared, entirely? He became uneasy. He went up to her door, and listened. Could she have fled? There was no song, no movement, no sound within the little attic-room which had hitherto, for many a month, throughout the long days, been made merry and joyous with the cheerful hum of his busy tenant, as she plied the needle, and chanted over her never-ceasing work! Should he go in? Was the door fastened? He knelt, and peered into the small key-hole. The key was upon the inside. What could have happened?

Marpleu was about to knock, and thus relieve his anxiety in some measure, when he heard footsteps near him, and turning about, he confronted the young student of medicine, who anxiously inquired, "How is she to-day, monsieur?"

"How? who?" said Marpleu, quickly.

"Marie," rejoined the student. "She has been very ill for three days past, monsieur."

"Ill?" exclaimed Marpleu. "I did not know it."

"Why should you?" said the student. "On reflection, I do not know why *you* should care about it. Still, she is your tenant—"

"Yes, yes, monsieur," responded Marpleu, earnestly. "Tell me, I pray you, if she is very sick, I—I did not see her for several days. Her rent was due—"

"Yes, and she has not paid it, I presume. Take this," continued the student, handing him a louis d'or, "and do not disturb her. Your rent shall be paid promptly. But do not make her uncomfortable."

"No—no!" rejoined Marpleu, warmly, thrusting the coin back upon the stranger. "You do not know Jean Marpleu, young man! Let me see her—you are her friend—her physician—her lover, mayhap. Come! we will go in together. I did not know of this! She needs care, assistance, a nurse—ah, *mon Dieu!* Why did I not think that she might be ill?"

The student opened the door softly, and entered the low attic, which was neatly but plainly furnished, followed by the old concierge, who was deeply troubled, evidently, by this sudden discovery.

Marie was sleeping soundly, and at her bedside there sat a nurse, whom the young man had sent in on the previous day to attend upon his fevered and prostrate patient. So quietly had all this occurred, that old Marpleu had learned nothing of it previously to this moment; and he felt greatly relieved to know that everything was being done, that kindness, skill and affection could perform for the only creature on earth he had ever loved. Without uttering a word, old Marpleu looked upon Marie's paling cheek, and pressing his hand to his head, he crept softly out of the room.

The student felt the pulse of the fair girl, and shook his head. "She is very ill," he murmured. "To-night, I will call in further medical assistance; in the meantime, admit no visitors, Jeannette," he added, to the nurse. "She must be kept perfectly quiet, remember." He was about to move away, as Marie opened her eye, and in a faint voice, said:

"Ah, monsieur, you are very kind! You will not desert me? When I am better able—if I recover—I will thank you—thank you—"

The student pressed her hand. Then he stooped forward, and bent over the prostrate form of the gentle girl, and imprinted a kiss—then another—softly upon her clear white forehead, as he said, in a gentle tone:

"Ah, Marie, you are very dear to me, and you

must be quiet, at present. You are ill—very ill. Be patient. I will constantly attend you. No more, now!" Again he kissed her, and as she sank into a soft slumber once more, he silently departed, enjoining upon the nurse to admit no visitors.

The wretched fever increased. Maria soon became delirious. The attendance of the best medical men in Paris was had, by order of both Marpleu and her stranger friend. She was carefully removed to the lower story, and everything that care and friendship and love could do for her was most assiduously bestowed upon the poor but beautiful grisette, for weeks—while she lay at the very door of death!

Henry Walton, her aristocratic lover, was constantly beside her. He gave up his studies, entirely, and with an honorable devotedness, omitted nothing that could conduce to her probable comfort and relief, amidst her fearful and perilous prostration.

When Maria, one lovely day, for the first time came to consciousness, gazed about the room, and asked, "where am I?" a thrill of joy, indeed, agitated the trembling heart of her lover, as he took her hand in his own, and answered: "Safe, dearest Marie—safe! Surrounded by those who love you!"

And Marpleu, too, was very happy. He had learned, during Marie's sickness, that the young stranger, though far above the poor grisette in social station, was a man of solid worth and soundest honor; and he had ample proof that his affection for Marie was both pure and strong, and as ardent as his manly nature.

"I cannot tell you her history, young man," said Marpleu to him, after her final recovery. "You tell me, as you have told her, that you love her. I am glad of it. You cannot doubt the purity of her affection for you, I know—and she will make you a devoted, faithful, excellent wife. She has no fortune; but, on the day of your union with her, I will give her a dowry of twenty thousand francs, as a small token of the estimation which I entertain of our charming Marie."

"Thank you, monsieur," said Henry, earnestly. And, within a twelvemonth, the poor grisette, more beautiful than ever, became the honored wife of Henry Walton, M. D., of Gloucestershire, England.

LOVE.

O, the soft commerce! O, the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart,
Which, broken, break them: and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.
And is it then to live? when such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies.—YOUNG.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing no more! Thy heart is crossed
By some dire thing;
Sing no more! Thy lute has lost
Its one sweet string.
The music of the heart and lute
Are mute—are mute!

Laugh no more! The earth hath taught
A false, fond strain;
Laugh no more! Thy soul hath caught
The grave's first stain.
The pleasures of the world are known,
And flown—and flown!

Weep no more! The fiercest pains
Were love, were pride;
Weep no more! The world's strong chains
Are cast aside.
And all the war of life must cease,
In peace—in peace!

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY BILLINGS'S WHEEL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

MORE than one hundred and fifty years ago, there stood on Long-acre Street, in Boston, a long, brick building devoted to the sole purpose of educating young ladies. It may not be believed—this plain statement of a fact, but it is, nevertheless, quite true.

Long-acre Street was that part of Tremont Street that lies between Winter and School; and the building itself most probably stood nearly where is now Hamilton Place. Its walls sheltered no professors; there were no diplomas; and no language was spoken there save that which glides so full and glib over a Yankee tongue. No vexed question of woman's rights or woman's wrongs, was ever, in all probability, mooted beneath its roof; and it is certain that neither harp nor piano ever woke up the sleeping echoes of the Long-acre school.

It was a school of spinning, my dear ladies! and young girls took their little foot wheels out upon the Common opposite, and made better music than half that is now drawn out of groaning instruments that become instruments of torture to a sensitive ear.

This was no "school of design for women," but simply a place where the manufacture of linen thread might be learned, in preparation for weaving it into those strong and almost imperishable fabrics unknown at the present day.

In this "school for spinning" as it was called,

the daughters of some of the best families in Boston were learners; and it was not dreamed of as a disgrace when Mary Billings, the child of one of the leading men, took her seat, one day, beside the prettiest little wheel that was ever brought into the establishment.

With that peculiar grace with which she touched everything, she fastened the flowing head of flax to the distaff, wet her pretty fingers in the tiny cup of water beside her, and, under the directions of a pleasant-looking old lady in a blue checked apron and striped gown, she took her first lesson.

She succeeded admirably on the onset. Some who had been there several weeks, had no better work than she on that day, and good Mrs. Brooks felt proud of her pupil. The old lady watched her as she sat, day after day, pulling out the flax, her long, curly brown hair escaping from the confinement prescribed by Puritan delicacy; her ripe, rosy mouth sending forth rich volumes of song, heard high and distinct above all the hum and clatter of the spinning wheels, and her little foot with its quaint, buckled shoe, pressed lightly on the foot board. She thought surely that no such beautiful creature ever existed as this laughing, light-hearted little maiden, in whose beauty she rejoiced, as she would in that of a pleasant landscape or a garden of flowers.

Close beside Mary, was a bashful, blushing, little creature, whose threads became perpetually entangled and broken. It was not long before Mary had entwined herself completely around the child's heart, by the cheerful aid which she was soon able to give her. One fine day, leave was given to take the wheels out upon the Common; and Mary and little Alice carried theirs under what in these days we call the Great Elm. It was a lovely sight, those two beautiful girls, sitting side by side under the shade of the trees, with the sweet little "Silver Lake" in front, and the cattle browsing peacefully upon the green grass beyond, or lying in groups around the vast field.

Neither of them was born in America. Mary's English home was on the banks of the Devon, and Alice had opened her blue eyes in full sight of the Scottish heather. But the few days that had seen them plying their busy little wheels together, had made them feel of one country, as indeed they were by adoption.

Mr. Billings, the father of Mary, was a strongly practical man. He was wealthy in the acceptation of those times. He owned tracts of land in Boston, that would bring him eight millions, at the least, at the present time; and he lived in a good, substantial house, not far from where the

Hancock mansion is nestled among its taller neighbors. But rich as he was, and owning several slaves, as was the custom for people of his class, he thought it right for Mary to learn all kinds of useful employment suited to her sex.

With Alice it was different. Her father was a poor but honest Scotchman, with a large family, of which Alice was the eldest. He lived in one of the numerous "ten-footers," as they were called, a few of which are still scattered around the more obscure localities of our city. Not now with large, open yards, and cheerful prospect before them, but pent up in narrow and unwholesome courts and alleys. It was a matter of stern necessity that Alice should learn to work. Mrs. Duncan, a delicate, feeble woman, with several small children, would have been glad of her help at home, but she struggled on without her, for the sake of her learning an employment which might, one day, contribute to the comfort of the family.

On this day Mary drew all these things from the little sly Alice; and as a favored and indulged child, she drew her own plans for doing good to Alice, and finding a source of delight to herself. That night, after proudly showing her father the progress she had made in spinning, he asked her what she wanted for her reward.

"What I fear you will not be willing to give me, father," was her reply.

Mr. Billings looked round with the satisfied air of a man who knows it is in his power to grant any reasonable request, and bade her ask freely.

"Then, father, I ask you to adopt Alice Duncan, as your daughter."

Her father looked surprised, and Mary went on.

"I went home with her to-day. There was a baby of six months old, twins of two years, and three children older. Everything was clean, but very poor. Alice's mother is not strong-looking, though able to do the family's work without her help; and Alice is anxious, I know, to relieve her father of the burden of maintaining her. That is why she is learning to spin. Now, father, you are able to maintain two daughters, and you have but one. I do so long for a sister!"

"But would it be right to lift Alice so much above her own family? For you know, my child, that I wish to educate you faithfully, and to keep you in good standing."

"But, father, I will teach Alice all that I know, so that she will be capable of teaching her brothers and sisters."

"Are you sure that it would benefit them?"

"Very sure! and now, dear father, don't let

us moralize any longer, but act. One word will settle it all. May I have Alice? Yes or no?"

"If they can spare her, yes."

"Thank you! May I tell her so? And will you go to her father about it?"

Mr. Billings could not resist the pleadings of his child, when she was leaning over him with her soft curls, from which the string had escaped, floating over his cheek. He kissed her tenderly, and said, "I have long thought that your life was too lonely, since your blessed mother was taken from us. Take this little Alice, if you wish, and may the good Father bless you both."

It was not the fashion for the stern Puritans to give way to the feelings of tenderness, but there was a mine of sympathy in the heart of Faithful Billings, and sometimes it overflowed and reached the lips.

Little Alice Duncan was installed the next week as his daughter, with the promise of seeing her father's family as often as she pleased; for it was no part of his scheme to alienate her from her own friends.

At that period, there was little education for the females in the colonies; but as far as was practical, the two girls were well taught. They read, wrote, sewed and spun; and these, with English History and the common rules of arithmetic, were all that comprised the learning of the Puritans, except what related to household matters. In these last, every young woman was expected to be skilled; and it was deemed no derogation from the highest rank, to be found engaged in the kitchen.

Lightly, then, and happily enough passed the lives of these two young creatures, although restrained in most things by Puritan strictness of deportment. Meantime the spinning went on, and its proceeds were religiously devoted to the benefit of the family of Mr. Duncan, thereby giving the young spinners a motive to increased diligence.

Under the broad elm that stood before Mr. Billings's door, they were seated on one beautiful afternoon in June, with the tiny wheels emulating each other in swiftness of revolutions. The girls were engaged in eager and animated conversation with Mr. Billings, who brought home the news of a ship having arrived from England, by which he expected many letters, and perhaps friends also. They were interrupted by the approach of a stranger, who, having apparently just asked the direction of a little child in the street, was walking straight up to the house. The group under the tree caught his eye, and he stood a moment as if entranced by the sight.

He was a tall, handsome young man, although

somewhat disfigured in appearance by the puritanical cut of his garments, and the shortness of his hair, which seemed to have been recently cropped. After ascertaining that it was Mr. Billings whom he addressed, he handed that gentleman a letter, which proved to be one of introduction from a friend of the latter, in London. It recommended the bearer, Sedley Claremont, to his politeness and attention, stating him to be of high birth and education, and one who would do honor to any house in the colony, in which he might take up his abode. It was sufficient that the young man had received Mr. Fairfield's approval, to ensure him a welcome reception with Mr. Billings, who despatched the girls to order supper for the guest, and the best bedroom to be prepared. In short, Sedley Claremont became a permanent fixture in the house, and it resulted in an attachment to Mary Billings, which promised happiness to both,

While Mary's heart was open to this new influence, it did not diminish her love for Alice Duncan. When Sedley painted the charms of a home in England, she had no other thought than that Alice should share that home with her; and the two girls painted bright pictures of the future.

We will pass over the days of wooing, which were as brilliant and happy as those in the experience of any of you who have gone through with that blissful period. It had been decided, quite recently, that Alice should not go back with Claremont, but should remain to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Billings, when they should visit Mary next year.

As the day approached, Mary was grieved and disturbed by Sedley's apparent low spirits. Something, she knew not what, had clouded the happiness which had seemed so perfect. He grew pale and haggard; and, although his manner was kind and tender, it seemed mingled with a pity for which she could not account, when directed towards herself. What indeed had she to be pitied for? Blessed, as she fancied, above all others, life had seemed to her hopes like a long, long summer day, in which there was no cloud, no shadow. But an inexplicable cloud, an unexpected shadow, seemed closing around her, all the more fearful because unknown.

It came upon her like a flash. Not by any seeking for there was a week in which she had been folding her hands in prayer—not to unfold the mystery—but for grace to bear it when it should unfold itself! And it was all revealed in a single look of Sedley's and an answering one of Alice Duncan's. There was no need of explanation. The first look told her that she had lost her place in Sedley's heart; the second told her

how fully it could be replaced by another. Almost any other woman than Mary, would have probed such feelings to the quick; but Mary was of that class, small as it is, who let matters take their course without *talking* of them.

There was a strong revulsion of feeling—strong enough at first to shake her to the very soul—but when that was past, she nerved herself up to a certain point. To meet either of them again, she felt was impossible; but she wrote to Sedley, telling him what she knew. She did not say in what way the knowledge came, but it was too true for him to controvert or even to question her. When he received the letter through the hands of her mother, Mary and her father were on their way to the hills of New Hampshire, to visit a brother of Mr. Billings.

Poor little Alice! Trembling and feeling guilty, although she had never for a moment listened to Sedley's remorseful but earnest appeals to her heart, she believed herself a miserable, ungrateful creature, unworthy of Mary's confidence or love. But it was not so. She had never wronged Mary in word or thought. She had fled from Sedley's presence whenever he had spoken to her of his declining love for Mary; not because she did not love him, for she was fast coming to that point, but from her affection for Mary. She was not less miserable when Mary resigned him to her. He brought her the letter, written in Mary's fair Italian hand, every word and letter as precise as if the writer's brain were cool, and her hand steady. Sedley pointed it out to her, this apparent indifference, and Alice was almost convinced.

Mr. Billings returned without Mary. He loved Alice too well to blame her, even before she told him how little she had done to encourage him. And the calm, sturdy Puritan, though half despising a man who knew his own mind so little, was inwardly glad that Mary's penetration had discovered it before marriage.

The marriage was fixed on when Alice became convinced that Mary wished it; but of the two, Alice was the most joyful. In the wilds of New Hampshire, Mary found a heart more stable than that upon which she had leaned before; one whose name was afterwards immortalized by noble deeds, and has descended, unstained, to those who now bear it.

When Sedley and his bride, both half repentant, and wholly remorseful, arrived in England, Mary and her noble husband had been married several weeks, and occupied the dear old home in Queen Street with her father and mother. And Mary's little wheel is still kept as an heir-loom in the family.

[ORIGINAL.]

CONVALESCENCE.

BY M. T. CALDER.

In my chamber's calm and stillness,
From the busy world aloof,
Sweet companions come with illness—
Sunny streaks in darkest woof.

Though my limbs grow listless, weary;
Languid, too, my pillow'd head;
And the hours wear long and dreary,
Blessings still are round my bed.

Earnest thoughts come sweeping o'er me,
And my solitude delight,
Which, with earthly cares before me,
Scarcey could be read aright.

Point they forth the path of duty,
From this silent chamber shown,
Far more plainly in its beauty,
Than in health was ever known.

And they picture forth the brightness
That is shining o'er my way,
Asking if my soul, in whiteness,
Aught for mercies can repay.

Then my heart with deepest thrilling,
Upward turns to love divine,
That from the great throne is willing
To have care for life like mine;

That looks down to soothe my anguish,
If in aught I meet with strife;
Sendeth strength whene'er I languish,
Giveth back my soul to life.

[ORIGINAL.]

A PECULIARLY PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

THE subscriber never knew, or heard talk of a finer night than the twenty-third of—no matter what month, in—never mind what year. Those of my readers who were at that time on Canton River, will doubtless recollect a large ship that lay moored at Whampoa Reach. It is unnecessary to mention her name, the singularity of her build being sufficient to recall her to the minds of all who saw her; her bows being placed in the extreme forward part of the vessel, and the stern very far aft, while, by a strange freak of the builder, her keel had been placed so low down as to be wholly beneath the surface of the water, and therefore entirely out of sight.

As I have before intimated, it was a lovely night. The full moon was sailing in cloudless

glory up the heavens; her silvery light streaming in a long line of dazzling splendor far down the smooth surface of the noble river. Here and there the misty outlines of spars and rigging towered high above the huge, motionless hull that supported them. A gentle breeze sang musically aloft among the thousand threads of running gear. The busy current softly babbled and muttered as it rippled under the bow and hurried along the vessel's side, while from afar a wild sea song in a full chorus of manly voices, softened by the distance, came swelling over the water, high and clear at intervals, and then dying away in melodious murmurs that blended with the current and the breeze. It was a night for waking dreams, and for lovers, and such cattle.

With a view to "taking it easy," I seated myself upon the taffrail, and watched through half-closed eyes the swiftly-gliding boats that occasionally passed in the distance, their dripping oars blazing in the moonbeams. Presently the captain ceased his monotonous tramping up and down the quarter deck, and came and leaned over the rail by my side. For a long while he stood gazing silently and abstractedly far down the river, apparently buried in profound thought. At length he abruptly remarked:

"A fine night, Mr. Peppermint."

"That's so," I replied, "makes a fellow think of home, and the gal, and moonlight walks, and the rest of it."

"Yes, precisely," he muttered, "makes me think of blood, and murder, and robbery."

A short snort on my part did duty for a laugh at such a singular idea.

"Do you think, Mr. Peppermint," he asked, after a protracted interval, during which he had stood silently gazing into the stream beneath until I had nearly fallen asleep, "do you think that under any circumstances, a man would be justified in using for his own benefit money that came to him by means of a murder and a robbery?"

"Well, really," I returned, somewhat at a loss as to what he was driving at, "the fact is, I never lost much sleep thinking of that particular subject, but I'll take the matter into consideration, and if anything especial occurs to me I'll be sure to mention it."

"Well, I have thought of it often and long."

"Not that you happen to be personally interested?" I inquired, jokingly.

"You have said it," he muttered.

"Eh—what?" I exclaimed, and then immediately dried up; for it was no part of my duty to be the keeper of the captain's conscience or secrets; and so long as he did not interfere with

my business as the first officer of the ship, it made not a bit of difference to me whether he was a robber, or murderer, or Satan himself.

"Eighteen years ago to-night was exactly such a night as this," remarked the captain, and then abruptly paused, as though he had forgotten what he was talking about, or was unconscious that he had spoken at all. As he looked steadfastly into my face, however, though with vacant eyes that had no speculation in them, I felt called upon to say something striking and original, and therefore remarked: "Sho!"

"The ship Medora was all loaded and ready to sail on the morrow," he resumed, and then paused again abstractedly. To fill up the hiatus I observed:

"You don't say so!"

"Yes."

"O!"

"She lay just precisely where we do."

Another pause.

"The most remarkable thing I ever heard of in my life," said I, with a yawn.

"What is?" he asked, brightening up, and apparently recovering his presence of mind.

"O, bless you, anything you like. I'm not at all particular; suit yourself."

The captain grinned, and proceeded with his story.

"On board the Medora was a young fellow by the name of Jack Brown, who was upon his first voyage, and rather innocent, or green, as you may say, in the ways and wickedness of the world, and of sailors. It was, as I have said, just such a night as this, and Jack, feeling desirous of visiting some friends on board a ship further down the river, applied to the captain for liberty, and being refused, went sulkily forward and stood leaning over the rail, just as we are doing now. Presently a couple of men who had shipped the day before for the return passage, and were strangers to all on board, came up out of the forecastle, and after conversing together for a few minutes, in a low tone, approached and accosted him:

"'Hullo, shipmate, what ye sulkin' about, like a dog with a sore head? Come, it's the last night in port, and we're homeward bound to-morrow, so get your cheerful tacks aboard and take a cruise down the river for an hour or so.'

"'I should like to go well enough,' replied Jack, 'but I've just asked the captain for liberty, and he refused.'

"'Wal, now, may grog be my pizen ef ye don't talk fer all the world as if we were a lot of good little boys that mustn't be naughty. Who in thunder keers what the cap'n sez? We're in

for a lark, we are, and if you're of the right stripe, and have got pluck enough to take a hand in a sharp game, where there's something to be made, you can come along, otherwise you may stay where you are, and be hanged.'

"As Jack had a good share of spunk, and didn't like to have that fact doubted, he at once consented to be of the party, though not having the slightest idea where they proposed to go, or what to do; that it was in pursuit of fun of some sort being enough for him. Watching an opportunity when no one observed them, the three men slipped over the bow, and into a boat that was made fast to the martingale guy; and casting off the painter, drifted silently away with the current. When clear of the ship they took to the oars and pulled rapidly down through the fleet of vessels that crowded the river, toward the lower end of Whampoa Reach.

"'So far all goes well, and if luck holds till morning, we needn't call Satan our uncle,' said one of the strange sailors, who went by the name of Crossbones, taking a big black bottle from his pocket and passing it to Jack, after having sucked it a good bit himself.

"'Go in, shipmate,' he said, 'drink hearty, and to our success, for we're goin' to do up just about the brownest little job that ever was smelt on this river.'

"Although Jack was not much accustomed to drinking strong fuddle, he couldn't well refuse to swallow a trifle less than a pint of almost pure alcohol, because it wouldn't, he thought, appear manly, and it might lower him in the estimation of his companions; a horrible misfortune for an honest young fellow. The fiery liquor no sooner descended into Jack's stomach, then it forthwith ascended into Jack's head, making him as bold as brass, and ready for anything; and in the fullness of his heart he confided to his new friends the fact that:

"'Gorram it, he was in for any sort of a lark that might be flying; either a frolic, a fight, or a footrace, by gorry.'

"'That's yer sort, my hearty; I thought we'd find you game; and we don't want any but game boys about to-night.'

"'Game!' echoed Jack. 'I'll bet I'm game, and you'll find me so, see'f ye don't.'

"Although the boat had by this time passed the town and all the vessels anchored in the Reach, they still continued to pull with the stream.

"'Where are we going to, any way?' asked Jack, rather surprised at their passing all the usual places of resort.

"'Dry up,' rejoined Crossbones, pointing to-

ward a ship anchored in the distance ; ' that's the craft we're bound to ; so keep your tongue between your teeth, for we must make it a surprise party or none at all.'

" Carefully muffling the oars with their handkerchiefs, that their play in the rollocks might not attract attention, they pulled cautiously toward the vessel. There was no one visible upon her deck, and but a single light on board, which streamed from the stern windows of the cabin.

" ' Reckon they don't stand anchor watch aboard that boat,' said Jack.

" ' Hush up, you bloody Arab,' whispered Crossbones, with an impatient gesture ; ' not another loud word out of ye, or you'll spoil the whole thing. That's the craft we deserted from. They keep their watches fast enough, I promise ye, but the lookout appears to be asleep.'

" ' O, that's the craft, is it ?' said Jack ; ' want to get your chest and traps out of her I suppose ?'

" ' Better than that, a precious sight,' returned his companion, significantly.

" At this moment a man on board the vessel mounted from the deck to the to'gallant forecastle, and having looked about for a few minutes, seated himself upon the pall-bit head.

" ' That's the lookout,' whispered Crossbones, ' the watches are set, and we'd best go in at once.'

" The oars were unshipped and the boat allowed to drift with the tide down toward the vessel until directly beneath her stern, when it was made fast by the painter to one of the rudder chains. At a distance of some twelve or fifteen feet above them were the open windows of the cabin, with the deadlights raised and hooked up.

" ' Now, then, Jack,' said Crossbones, when he had succeeded in grappling the boat-hook upon the ledge of one of the windows, ' you're the lightest, just shin up and look in at the window. Be careful and don't make any more noise than you can help, for there may be somebody stirring inside.'

" Jack, who was as agile as a cat, went up the slender staff of the boat-hook hand over hand, and putting his head in at the window, took a comprehensive survey of the interior.

" ' Well,' said both his companions, in a breath, as he slid down to the boat again, ' what did you see ?'

" ' It is a large trunk cabin,' returned Jack, in a whisper, ' with a table in the centre, on which a lamp is burning ; close to the transom is a small open hatch leading down into the run ; on both sides of the cabin are state-rooms ; the doors of three of them are open ; two on the

port side and one on the starboard, and apparently somebody asleep in each of them.'

" ' Fortune favors the brave, and that's us,' chuckled the two sailors, in great spirits, ' are you sure they were asleep ?'

" ' Well, they snored like it, anyhow.'

" ' Go on, then,' said Crossbones, preparing to climb the stick, ' I reckon we can do the job without waking them.'

" All three ascended, one after another, and entering through the windows, stood together upon the cabin floor, and listened for a moment to the loud and regular breathing of the occupants of the state-rooms, which gave assurance that they slept.

" ' Which is the captain's room ?' asked Crossbones, in a whisper.

" ' That,' returned his comrade, pointing toward the starboard state-room.

" ' All right—stand by and keep your eyes peeled, and we'll soon have the goose cooked in style,' and drawing a long sheath-knife from his belt, he advanced stealthily, on tiptoe.

" In the uppermost of the two berths which the room contained, a man lay asleep. Crossbones continued to advance till he stood directly over him, with his knife almost touching the sleeper's throat ; then cautiously inserting his hand beneath the pillow, he drew forth a small package, enclosed in a water-tight envelope, which he reached out toward Jack, who stood nearest him. Jack had supposed that their only object in coming on board the ship was to get possession of their own personal property, which they had forfeited by desertion, but their operations began to have an uncomfortable appearance of felony, and he hesitated.

" ' Take it, you bloody sneak—what are you waiting for ?' asked Crossbones, in a fierce whisper, and with a threatening gesture with his knife.

" Badly frightened, and scarcely knowing what he did, Jack took the package and slipped it into the bosom of his frock.

" ' Don't forget the bag of yaller boys under the bottom bunk,' whispered the other of the two pirates, ' the documents won't be any good to us without them.'

" ' Ay, ay, never fear ; I'm going the whole and undivided pork this lick, anyhow,' said Crossbones, again entering the state-rooms and stooping to search beneath the lower berth.

" As he drew forth what appeared to be a bag of coin, there was a slight movement on the part of the sleeping man. Startled at this, he rose hurriedly to his feet, the bag striking heavily against the side of the berth, producing consid-

erable noise. The sleeper sprang up in his bed, grasped a pistol and pointed it at the head of the intruder.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Only me," returned Crossbones, knocking aside the pistol with one hand, while with the other he plunged his long knife deep into the throat of the half-awakened man.

"Murder," shrieked the victim, and fell back in his bed covered with blood.

"Hook it, boys, the game's played out," said Crossbones, clutching the gold and diving through the cabin window after his comrade, who had already effected his retreat, leaving Jack, paralyzed with horror, standing in the middle of the cabin floor, incapable of moving, or even thinking.

"At the very instant of their disappearance, the two mates rushed from their state-rooms, pistol in hand. Crash—bang! went a double report close to his head, and a couple of bullets whistled harmlessly by him and buried themselves in the sides of the cabin. With the instinct of self-preservation, Jack stepped back, his foot slipped, and he fell through the little open hatch by the transom, which was instantly closed upon him.

"Recovering from the momentary effects of his fall, Jack found himself lying upon some loose sails in the vessel's run, while by the little light that streamed down through the openings of the fore, main and *mizzen* hatches, he saw that the between decks were about half filled with bales of matting and other goods, strewn about in considerable confusion. On the main deck he could hear the voices of the mates shouting to the men, the noise of the men hurrying up from the forecastle; could hear the order to signalize the neighboring ships for assistance, and to close all the hatches until all were armed and systematic measures taken to capture the assassin. As the hatches were closed and fastened down upon him, excluding every particle of light, and hope as well, Jack's heart died within him, and he sank down in despair. How great and awful a change had come upon him. One short half hour before he was free and happy, and homeward bound. Now he was a hunted murderer; for who would believe that he stole away from his ship, against express orders, to be present at the commission of such a deed, and yet be innocent? Nay, he was more than a hunted murderer—he was already caught—he was already caged—he was even shut in his tomb—for would not these exasperated men make a pretext for taking summary vengeance, and slaying him where he lay? He felt that

they would; felt also that it would even be better to compel them by resistance to do so, than to be dragged home to his native land in chains to perish by the hangman's hand. And yet it was horrible to die so like a wild beast in his den.

"Was there no chance for escape? No, it was folly to dream of escape. Above and around him were solid walls of oaken timbers, from which there was no exit but by the hatches, and about them armed men were clamoring for his blood. Already he could hear the boats thump against the vessel's side as they arrived from adjoining ships, and their crews clambering upon deck, and mingling their voices with the angry uproar over his head.

"Suddenly he started to his feet, and a thrill of hope ran through his frame. There was a possibility, a faint and remote possibility, that there might be another mode of exit from his wooden prison than by the hatches. He reflected that some American ships take to China as part of their cargo, timbers for small spars; and that, for convenience of loading and unloading them, a small port was cut in the bow close to the water line. Now if this ship should be—of the ships of all nations that trade to China—an American, and if she had brought out spars, and if her spars were not yet unloaded, so that the port was not already calked in, and if the port should be accidentally left open for the night—that is, if it had even been uncalked at all—then he might by a miracle slip out of it without attracting the attention of the hundreds on deck, and in the boats about the ship.

"That all the chances should combine to favor his escape was almost absurd to hope, but it was possible nevertheless. But how was he to get from the after port of the between decks where he was, to the extreme opposite end of the lower hold? None of the lower deck hatches might be open, and while the darkness of chaos reigned around him, a chaos of confusedly jumbled bales and boxes obstructed the path he had to traverse. The card of a dozen matches he luckily happened to have in his pocket might indeed give him a momentary glimpse of his whereabouts when bewildered—and without these he could not have moved a step—but even with their aid much time would be lost, and every instant was of incalculable value. Lighting one of them and taking the bearings of his position, he darted forward with all his speed. But the match burned to an end and another had to be lighted before he reached the *mizzen* hatch. It was closed. On he pressed again, his store of matches diminishing with fearful rapidity. As

he clambered over the bales and boxes to the main hatch he could hear the men upon deck snapping caps and loading their pistols, while others who were already prepared were calling out that it was time to commence the search. The main hatch, too, was closed and battened down, and hope fainted. There was but one more chance; the fore hatch. He reached it. It was open. With trembling fingers he lighted the last match but one and held it down the opening. Did his eyes deceive him? No, those long black columns were spars; springing down upon them he looked toward the bow, hoping, and yet scarcely daring to hope to see the light streaming in at the open port. All was dark. Groping his way forward by the spars, which running fore and aft could not lead him amiss, he came directly to the port hole. The port was not fastened with a cross-beam and strap, as he had feared it would be, but merely jammed in from the outside and held by the force with which its edges hugged the sides of the opening.

"At first he pushed it gently, fearing its fall might attract attention. It did not move. He pushed it harder—harder still—he kicked at it with his feet—he shouldered it till his bones cracked—he dashed his head against it in his rage—he howled at it in his despair—it was rock.

"Like a flash of light the recollection came to him of the broken yard arm of a small spar he had stumbled over near the fore hatch. With that for a battering ram and the passage would be open for him. Groping his way back in breathless haste, he clambered up to the lower deck and lighted his last match. It burned dimly at first and he could only see, lying close by the hatch, a large round bale of matting and a loose studding sail. Could it be that he had mistaken the place where he had seen it? No, the match burned brighter, there it was a little way off. He sprang toward it—grasped it. Too late, they were already lifting the hatches above. He had barely time to throw himself down beside the deep combings of the hatch, pull the loose sail over him, and roll the soft bale of matting up against the combings so that he lay in the angle formed by the two, before they were pouring down each of the three hatches in scores, with lanterns, cutlasses, and fire-arms.

"Cut him down—shoot him at sight," shouted many voices.

"No, no," interposed as many others, "don't kill him unless you are forced to; let's give him his just due, and string him up at the fore yard arm."

"Jack shuddered and clung closer to the combings of the hatch as his pursuers stepped

upon and passed over the very bale beneath which he lay. In a few minutes they had gone over every part of the between decks and lower hold, and their fury increased with every instant of delayed vengeance. At first each man searched and worked separately, and therefore to little purpose, but when it became evident that the fugitive had taken advantage of the interval that had been afforded him to effectually secrete himself, a consultation was held and it was decided to commence at the extreme after part of the lower deck and move every package and pile of goods until he should be found, or it should appear that he was not in that part of the vessel. Although from the immense quantity of merchandize piled upon the whole length of the deck, this would be a labor of many hours, the men went to the work with ferocious energy.

"Like the commandant of a besieged fortress, Jack despondingly and helplessly watched and waited the steady and relentless approaches of the enemy, as they trekked and mined toward his frail defences, and he could calculate almost to a minute the time when the assault would be given and the sword do its work.

"Two weary hours had elapsed and the search had reached midway between the mizzen and main hatches, when the captains of two neighboring ships, who had patrolled the forward part of the lower deck while their crews labored further aft, came and seated themselves upon the bale that formed Jack's defence.

"Curious how the villain could stow himself away so cleverly," remarked one of them.

"Don't think so," returned the other, punching his sharp pointed cutlass down between the bale and the combings of the hatch with light, quick stabs, as a man would unconsciously punch the earth with his cane.

"It was Jack's leg that the point of the weapon encountered, and could he have moved but a single inch it would have saved him the most acute pain, but that inch would have been fatal.

"Why not?" asked the first speaker.

"Because I don't think he's on this deck at all, but that he's got down under the spars in the hold, close to the kelson, and it will take a week steady work to unload them all."

"I wouldn't do that," said the other, motioning for him to stop his sword exercise, "that's matting you're jabbing your cheese knife into, and you won't do it any good."

"O, is it," he returned, "I didn't think what I was doing," and he gave two or three caressing little kicks upon the wounded surface as though to repair the damage. "Don't feel much like matting, though," he continued, pressing his foot

carefully down and moving it from side to side. 'Be hanged if it is matting—let's see what it is,' and he stooped to raise the sail cloth.

"Just at that instant there came a great cry from abaft the main mast.

"Here he is—here he is—we've got him. I saw him move in behind that big pile of bales by the water tank—snake him out—down with the bales.'

"At this the two men sprang from their seats and hurried aft; for the first time leaving the forward part of the ship unguarded, and without a lantern. Quick as thought Jack rolled aside the bale, disengaged himself from the sail and climbed the stanchion ladder. Cautiously raising his head above the hatch he saw a number of ship's officers deliberately pacing the quarter deck. They were too far aft, however, to see or interfere with his design, which was to get over the bow and into the water, when the chances would be greatly in his favor. But a single glance in the opposite direction served to dispel the hope that was rising within him. There, within three feet of him, seated upon a coil of rigging, was a man with a pair of pistols in his belt and a cutlass in his hand, evidently stationed there to guard the hatch. The sudden revelation of feeling almost caused Jack to loose his grasp upon the stanchion and tumble back into the hold. His first impulse was to make a dash for the side and spring overboard. But an instant's reflection showed him the folly of such a course, a hundred bullets would pierce his body before he could gain half a dozen strokes. But why did not the guard perceive him? they were face to face and close together. He looked closer; the man's eyes were shut, and he breathed heavily—he had fallen asleep upon his post. Not a moment was to be lost; he cautiously raised one foot above the combings of the hatch, then the other, and then stood upright upon deck. As he did so the guard opened his eyes, sprang to his feet, grasped his cutlass firmly in his hand, and faced him. Jack gave himself up for lost, but the next instant an inspiration came to him. Advancing directly upon the man, he said in a low but savage tone:

"You infernal scoundrel, you've been asleep on your watch."

"I haven't," returned the man doggedly and with a suspicious glance.

"You lie, you bloody sojer; don't talk to me, I've been watching you this half hour. A hundred men might have passed you and you not know it."

"You aint none of my officers," said the not yet thoroughly awakened man, half defiantly and

half frightened into a sailor's customary respect for his superiors. 'I don't allow everybody to talk to me in that fashion.'

"Silence, you insolent whelp," said Jack, drawing back his fist as though to strike, 'give me any of your lip and I'll beat your brains out. I'll teach you who's officer and who aint, when you go to sleep on your watch. Now 'tend to your duty; if I catch you so much as sitting down I'll murder you, dy'e hear?'

"Yes, sir," he returned, thoroughly cowed.

Jack turned away upon the port side of the galley just in time to escape meeting one of the officers who walked forward from the quarter deck upon the opposite side, to ascertain what the talking was about, and who inquired:

"Who was that talking with you?"

"Some second mate, I guess, sir, by the way he talked; he talked big enough to be Queen Anne."

"What did he talk about?"

"O, only the murder, sir," replied the man, who had his own excellent reason for not telling the truth.

"Very well, keep a sharp look out that no one comes up that you don't know."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the man, making an ostentatious display of his vigilance by staring pertinaciously down the hatch as the officer walked slowly away.

The coast was clear, Jack darted across the forecastle, slid down the cable to the water, and drifted swiftly away with the current. Fortunately the tide, which was with them when they came down, had by this time shifted and was setting strongly back toward Whampoa Reach, so that a swim of three miles or so was but a trifl to a person accustomed to the water, and in little more than an hour Jack was under the bows of his own vessel. No one was awake on board, and his absence had not been noticed. There was some wonderment in the morning as to what had become of the two strange sailors, but Jack kept his own counsel.

Jack's vessel got under weigh at daylight, and as she passed down the river abreast of the ship where he had passed such a dismal night, her decks were seen to be crowded with men, and many boats coming and going.

"Hullo, what's up?" hailed Jack's captain.

"Murder—cap'n killed," was the reply.

"Got the chap that did it?"

"He's aboard somewhere; we're just battening down the hatches so as to smother him out with sulphur."

"All right, hope he'll like the smell on't. And the ship passed on down the river to the sea."

[ORIGINAL.]

ALLAN PERCY.

BY STEEL PARK.

It was summer when we parted,
And the July roses hung
From the cottage-roof in clusters,
Which the balmy zephyr swung;
While the vine-leaves sighed and fluttered
Very softly overhead,
Till a cloud of floating incense
From each dewy cup was shed.

It was evening, and the glory
Of the sunset's parting dye
Melted into glowing crimson
As it faded from the sky.
Long we tarried at the casement,
Till the moonbeams, still and white,
Crept downward through the blossoms,
In shining waves of light.

Then I loved thee, Allan Percy,
And I treasured every vow,
Keeping sacred all the kisses
Lightly pressed on lip and brow!
O, I never dreamed that falsehood,
Nor a lurking breath of guile,
Could for one brief moment linger
'Neath so sweet a beaming smile!

How should I—false Allan Percy,
As I listened to you there,
My own heart so young and trusting—
Know your vows were light as air?
Thus we parted—and forever!
But I waited for you long,
When the air was summer-laden,
Flushed with beauty, rich with song.

I have waited, Allan Percy,
Such a weary, weary while,
That my eyes are heavy weeping,
And my lips forget to smile.
Golden summer, purple autumn,
They are each alike to me,
Bringing only mournful shadows
Of my lost, lost love and thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

MARRYING A COUNT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"MARRY her? no, not for worlds! There was a time when I might have done so, but never now!"

"You know, I presume, the circumstances under which she appeared before the public—that such a life is repugnant to her. Her father failed and suddenly died; her mother was—"

"Yes, yes, I know;" repeated his companion impatiently. "Let us go from here. I tell you it was inexcusable in her. There were enough

ways in which she might have earned an honorable living but this!"

"Don't say it is dishonorable for a woman to use her glorious gifts in a public manner; imprudent, it may be, as some think of women, but—"

"Yes, I say it again. One cannot be in such a situation and preserve inviolate the beautiful purity that makes women but little lower than the angels. Miss O'Neil has forfeited my respect—"

Just then came so clear, heavenly, musical a strain, that the fault-finder paused involuntarily to hear, suspending his judgment for a moment. At the close, a magnificent bouquet, amid whose bright colors could be seen the flashing links of some costly gift, either bracelet or necklace, fell at her feet. The man who had just spoken in severe tones ground his teeth together at this sight, and his eyes turned towards one of the boxes, where sat a young man, exceedingly fragile in appearance, but pre-eminently handsome.

A title and great beauty hardly compensated for a permanent deformity. The young count was deformed in one of his limbs—he was lame. He was the soul of honor, and had been tenderly brought up by one of the best and noblest of mothers, and, in a few words—he loved the sweet American singer, whose beautiful strains, and pale, intellectual face, had charmed all the lookers-on in Venice.

It was in this fair city that Florence O'Neill had sojourned for some months past. The beginning of her career as a singer had dated only the year previous, when discouraged and heart-sick she knew not which way to turn in order to support her invalid mother.

There had been death in the house, preceded by a harsher sorrow to him who was now in the grave; failure—disgrace! There had been a red flag in the window; thoughtless crowds to see the rich furniture sacrificed; loud laughter in the once happy home. Then had come removal, sickness, the pall, the tomb.

For a time, teaching and sewing provided the resources with which they maintained themselves, but the health of Florence began to fail. Too constant application was ruinous both to her nerves and her mind.

One day she dressed herself plainly, took a roll of music in her hand and composedly wended her way to one of the masters of sweet sounds. The professor was at home, seated in a magnificent saloon in which he received callers. He arose, as Florence threw aside her veil, charmed with her sweet face.

"I want you to hear me sing; I want you to pass judgment on my voice," was all she said.

The professor smiled, twirled his admirable whiskers, bowed with faultless grace, and led the way to his grand piano. He was doubtless amused with her *naviète*, and prepared to see murder done to music. How was he enchanted, when, smoothing out a difficult aria, she ran through the prelude with light fingers, her gloves still on, and then, in sweet, entrancing clearness, a most musical volume of sound rolled out.

"Upon my sacred honor, you astonish me, madame," he said, forgetting to twirl his whiskers. "You need but little instruction. But you had a motive for calling on me."

"Yes, sir," said Florence, as calmly as she had played and sang. "My father is dead, my mother is sick, my sisters are younger than myself and want educating. In a word—can I supply the place that death has left vacant?"

"You have a glorious voice, but what is that without friends, interest?" He stood and mused a moment, then going towards a pile of music he selected several gems, and sitting himself down to the piano, wished her to sing them.

She triumphed.

"Admirable, most admirable, young miss. Will you put yourself under my training for one month?"

"Gladly, sir; what are your terms?"

"You shall know at the end of that time. They will be reasonable, I assure you."

"My first trial to-night, mother; how do I look!"

"O, Florence! so beautiful!" cried Kate, a girl of fifteen. "It seems like old times to see you dressed in that manner."

"I might show you an empty purse," said Florence, gravely.

"O, you'll fill it before long. I predict for you a splendid fortune. Mother and I were talking about it to-day, and although she laughed at my wild notions, they pleased her. I said you would travel with her and with me—we could leave sis with Aunt Mary, you know. You are to go to Europe; a count is to fall in love with you; and what a lady you will be!"

"Did you forget Willis, Kitty?" asked Florence, blushing a little.

"You know I never liked him!" exclaimed Kate. "The great, haughty thing, with his black eyes looking a body through. I do believe when he comes home and finds our circumstances so much changed, he won't speak to one of us."

"You are harsh, Kitty," said Florence, dream-

ily, smiling to herself as though her thoughts were far away; "you were his favorite, you know." And she arranged to her satisfaction a pendant of pearls that a friend had insisted she should wear.

"His favorite! he never liked me; and I don't know but his *love* would be all a pretence, any way; he—"

"Kitty!" exclaimed Florence, with a stern voice and manner.

"Well, you may think so or not; I tell you," said little Kate, her face very much flushed, "I tell you he won't presume to notice you when he hears that you sing in public."

"Do you believe that of him?" asked Florence, turning again to her younger sister, in whose judgment she had great confidence.

"I do, sis, just that."

Florence sighed, the very implied doubt made her sigh, though she could not believe it of him. He had won her young, pure heart, and she had chosen to believe him all that mortal man could be—all that was noblest and best.

"Well," she said, slowly, "it may be so, and perhaps if he were here to counsel me—"

"I'm glad he isn't," said Kitty, half-pettishly. "I always wanted you to sing in public, when you used to call forth so much admiration in papa's parlors. 'She is so self-possessed,' I thought, 'and the tones come so naturally, as if she could not help singing if she would!' It might have been vain and foolish, but that's the way I felt."

"Thank you, my dear sister. I have in you one ardent friend and admirer at least. If I succeed in winning the golden opinions of—"

"That count!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Nonsense, Kitty, I wouldn't look at a count."

"Nor I either, unless he was better than most men, of course. The title won't make a bit of difference to you, but it will make an immense one to our friends, and some of them have treated us so shabbily that I long to take them down."

"A poor motive, Kitty."

"Can't help it—hark! the carriage. I am ready, are you? There will be—there must be a crowd! Such bills, such beautiful notices! Come."

Together the sisters entered the carriage and were whirled to the music hall.

"A triumph!"

So said Professor Wells, as he entered the ante-room a moment after the weary artiste had left the platform.

"O, do you think so? Thank you!" replied

the young girl, taking courage from the shining eyes and brilliant smile of her friend.

"Ad-mi-ra-ble!" cried the professor again, smiting his hands together. "Several friends of mine wish the honor of an introduction," he added; "may they come?"

"Certainly," said Florence, after a little hesitation. She was somewhat confused by the novelty of her situation.

They came in a crowd. Distinguished amateurs, judges of music, editors, dabblers, lawyers, everything. Florence did well. She called up her self-command, and not in vain. Everybody was enchanted with her.

A week later Professor Wells, who never before had seen the woman he could love, proposed to Florence. He loved now, it was evident, as few men do love. It pained the heart of the noble girl to refuse such a man, but her love was not in her own keeping: another held the key of her heart. She told him so, and he was generous.

"I never thought I should behold such glory!" cried Kate, bounding into the room where sat her mother and sister. It was a pretty, tasteful apartment, furnished with hangings of a pale rose-color. "Come and look at the western sky; such gold and amber!"

"Can't just now, Kitty dear," said Florence. "My head dress did not suit me and I have taken it to pieces. I will come with you in a few moments."

Kate bounded out on the Venetian balcony, then back again, all smiles and excitement.

"O, Flory, guess, guess who I've seen just now?"

Florence paused from her work; her fingers trembled—she gazed askingly in the face of her sister.

"Frank Willis! he came in a beautiful gondola and got out at the hotel. I didn't see his face, but it was he."

"Silly girl," said Florence, taking up her work again.

"I tell you it was he; I felt it was to my very fingers' ends."

"Kitty, my love!" said her mother, astonished.

"Yes I did—felt his coldness, his egotism, his intensely selfish haughtiness, as if I had been a magnet."

"Does he know that I am here? Has he followed me?" thought Florence. "You should not talk in that way of any person, dear sister," she said, a loud, noting Kitty's flushed cheeks.

"I tell you I can't help it: I don't like Frank Willis, and never did. Well, thank heaven, we're rich now; almost as rich as we were before father failed, are we not, Flory?"

"Yes, dear."

"O, what a fine thing to have so charming a voice! Your bark is in your throat, sis, isn't it. Well, Mr. Frank Willis shan't have the pleasure of cutting me, I can tell him. Just the first opportunity I get, I am going to pass by him as grandly—so—and not a bow nor a word will I give his lordship. O, Flory, I forgot to tell you; that bouquet, Clarinda says, came from Count Orwell, she says he is a beautiful poet, and his pleasure grounds are magni-ficent. How I should like to see them! Do you suppose he will ever invite us there?"

"Maybe;" said Florence, listlessly.

"Maybe—you're mighty quiet about it. I would give the world to go!"

"Wait till you have it to give;" said Florence, smilingly.

That night Frank Willis heard the new prima donna, and when spoken to in regard to his previous intimacy in her family, he had declared with the indignant tone and manner of one who feels himself in some way wronged, that once he should have felt honored by Miss O'Neil's regard, but that now he would not marry her for worlds.

Florence saw him, and he little knew, as the wonderful tones thrilled even his proud heart, that never before had she sang in such angelic strains; that the great efforts put forth were in consequence of his presence.

With palpitating heart she entered the anteroom during the first intermission. She felt certain that he would hasten there, to greet her. A door opened, she started nervously; it was the supremely handsome Count Orwell. Florence was disappointed; her demeanor constrained, although she thanked him for his magnificent gift. The count was very polite, very sad. His manner was most delicate.

"The signorina is not ill, I hope," he said, anxiously, when the silence grew awkward.

"I—I beg pardon, I am not myself, to-night—at least, I do not feel as well as usual."

"The signorina never sang more superbly," returned the count.

She raised her eyes, and let them fall again in confusion. The expression of that beautiful face was that of adoration. Hitherto she had looked upon him as a friend—she could do so no longer. Her heart beat tumultuously, but with surprise, not passion. She had no time, however, to analyse her feelings; the orchestra struck up; the count led her to the door. He did not presume—he did not even press her hand. Florence was conscious of a thrill of pity as she felt

the uneven motion of his gait, but she was forced to admire him.

She looked round for Frank Willis; he was not there—had not even paid her the compliment of listening to the close. Her cheek burned, her lip curled. The result was that she sang gloriously. Her pride came to aid her, though her lip quivered more than once with strong feeling. She had loved Frank Willis.

"I told you so!" cried little Kitty, radiant in blue silk and pearls; "I knew how it would be with that Frank Willis. I overheard him say—"

"Don't! don't!" cried Florence, in tones of anguish.

"Why, Flory! what have I done? You are faint; you exerted yourself too much this evening!"

She had flown to the side of her sister. Florence sat, her rich attire gleaming in the subdued light, her hands clasped to her face. Tears were streaming through her fingers; her frame shook with sobs.

"Sister, sister, *did* you love him?" Kitty knelt at her sister's feet, her arms were laid caressingly around her.

"Never mind, Kitty; don't ask me any questions, dear." And Florence wiped her streaming eyes, kissed her sister a good-night, and quietly prepared for rest. Not so Kitty; for more than an hour she paced the floor, hot resentment in her heart against the man who had thus unfeelingly slighted, if not insulted them. More than once, as she passed the table at which her sister had sat, her eye fell on a delicately tinted note which her sister had left there. She wondered if it was from Willis, and going nearer, scanned the superscription.

"I am sure," she said, to herself, "that is Count Orwell's handwriting. I wish he would love her, and she would love him. O, what a grand match it would be! I should glory in it, for as a man he is mentally, if not morally superior to Frank Willis, and it would be a triumph to wed such a man."

The next evening Florence appeared serene and gentle as ever, at a party given by the American consul. She was talking with the wife of a celebrated author, when the latter smiled, bowed and beckoned, saying, "Come here, I want to introduce you."

Frank Willis came forward, and with much grace was presented to the sweet singer. "A countrywoman of yours," added the lady.

Florence smiled quietly. Frank Willis lost his usual composure, as he replied that they had met before, and striving to place himself at ease, he offered his arm to Florence for a promenade.

Their conversation was very brief, but on her part spirited. She began again to dazzle the man; his heart failed him; he dared not recall the past—his pride battled with his tenderness; he cast sly glances about him.

"Perhaps you would prefer not to promenade longer, with an opera-singer," said Florence, sarcasm veiling her voice. "I should wish to be seated."

He led her to a chair, agitated, trembling from head to foot. Never had she appeared so charming, so irresistible; he felt that he had acted ungenerously, meanly, and consternation painted his features when he saw Florence in intimate conversation with Count Orwell.

"A match, they say," said a friend, pointing them out.

"Nonsense;" muttered Willis, to himself, "what a fool I am making of myself! And yet I know I could carry off the palm, for if ever woman loved man, she loved me."

He watched the count narrowly. Jealousy crept into his heart. "She is mine!" he said to himself, fiercely; "she shall be mine. Fool, dolt that I was, to act as I have acted! I might have known that with her superior character, she never would have become common."

The old love had come back, asserting its power pre-eminently. That night there was an offer made, of heart, hand and fortune to Florence O'Neil. The young girl smiled sadly, as looking Frank Willis in the face, she referred her decision to the following evening.

"Did you see Frank Willis?" was Kitty's first question.

"Yes, he is coming here to-night."

"I dare say; when he finds you popular; noticed by great men; admired for your goodness and dignity, as well as your voice, he can condescend to call. Well, all I can say is, I shall be very happy to—be out of his way."

She was out of his way; Florence received him alone. He hoped his ungentlemanly behaviour had been forgotten or overlooked, and renewed his proposals.

"Here is my answer," said Florence, with dignity, taking a folded paper from the table; it is the copy of a note I sent Count Orwell this afternoon."

He read it with blanched cheeks. His fingers trembled convulsively.

"You forget," he said, and his words were scarcely audible, "our former relations; you forget—"

"I do not forget your slighting behaviour towards me, when you first arrived here, Mr. Willis," said Florence, coldly. "I had a right to ex-

pect civility, or at least recognition. However, the past is gone forever. What I have done, I have done understandingly. My hand is pledged to a worthy and a noble man, noble not in title alone, but in every sense of the word. Go and forget me, as I shall forget you. Good-night, Mr. Willis."

Thoroughly humbled and crest-fallen, yet jealous and angry, Frank Willis left the room, cursing himself, Florence, the world and his fate. Early the next morning, he hurried from the city, ashamed to look again upon the faces of any he might meet.

"Mother, the prophecy is fulfilled;" exclaimed Kitty, when she heard the news, "and I'm going to have a countess for my sister. Wont they be astonished?" They were astonished.

THE PRINCE AND THE BARBER.

A great many years ago, or somewhere thereabouts, when the people of this country were at loggerheads with England, and warlike feeling was turned up to the highest notch against the British, by some means or other, it so fell out that the Prince of Wales (afterwards William the Fourth, it is probable), being in the English fleet off New York, thought he would step ashore, take a tramp around, *incog.* of course, and see what was going on. The prince was a "high lark," fond of fun and fashions, and finally found himself in Boston, where he would have been a glorious "spec" for some one, had they known and nabbed his royal highness. The prince stepped into a barber shop—a building yet extant upon Hanover Street, although the *dramatis personae* have all made their exit—to get shaved, just like other metropolitans. The barber was out, but his buxom and prepossessing wife was on hand, and took off his royal highness's beard in as ready a manner as could any barber or valet in town. The operation over, the jocular prince gave the woman a guinea, and as she was about to hand over the change, he laughingly said :

"O, keep it, woman, keep it all, by-the-laws! it's worth twenty guineas to be shaved by a lass, and such a pretty one, too!" and throwing his arms about the neck of the barber-ess, his royal highness vouchsafed her a most natural and comely kiss! The woman of course blushed and resisted, and looked very awkward and wrathful.

"O, never mind that, my pretty shaver," said the royal customer, "and when your husband returns, tell him you've been kissed by the Prince of Wales!"

But the embryo king, upon facing the door to make his exit was met by the barber himself, who, hearing what the prince said, raised his plebeian foot, and gave his retreating highness a most formidable kick, exclaiming :

"Yes, sir, and now when you get home again, please to say that you were decently kicked by a Boston barber!"—*Saturday Courier.*

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Either sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal.—TENNYSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

DELAMERE POND.

BY CARRIE CLARKE.

"HELEN! Helen! look at yonder city dandy, trying to climb the roof of your rustic summer-house! There—see! he has broken the honeysuckle, as I knew he would—the awkward, stupid creature!"

And Flora Armitage threw herself down upon the grass, in convulsive laughter at the vain attempts of the youth to extricate himself from the trailing vines and clinging woodbine, into which he had unwittingly made his descent from the tree which he had climbed. In coming down, he had momentarily mistaken the flat roof of the summer-house for terra firma, and the consequence was a general smash-up of the frail edifice.

Helen did not laugh. She pitied his embarrassment, and strove to re-assure him; while Flora, apparently delighted at the mishap, continued to shout and clap her hands in long-protracted ecstacies. All this while, Horace Kent was trying to free himself from his position, in which he at length succeeded.

Sweet—pure—gentle and beautiful! I should exhaust all epithets of praise, if I would describe the loveliness of face and figure, of mind and temper, that were concentrated in Helen Delamere. I loved her from the moment that I saw her slip some money, unperceived, as she thought, into the hands of a blind beggar who did not ask for alms, but whose calamity made her weep like a child.

Helen's father, Colonel John Delamere, was a patriot of the old school. Devoted to the service of his country, he braved the fatigues of war, to preserve her rights and avenge her wrongs. He retired, at the proclamation of the welcome peace of 1815, to a little farm left him by his father, and strove to forget the din and turmoil of arms in the repose and serenity of his country life.

Delamere Farm was a romantic and beautiful place. A river ran by its boundaries, and groves of trees, and fertile fields, and deep woods and high mountains, were all features belonging to itself. Helen was his only daughter. His wife had long since joined the habitation of the dead, and this child supplied the place of all others in his heart. For her, he gained wealth. On her, was lavished every advantage that it could procure. For her, he passed thoughtful days and wakeful nights.

The child grew in beauty, until she was seven-

teen. Clear brown eyes, soft chestnut hair, and a complexion which the sun and wind in vain tried to spoil, were hers. But most of all, her gifts was the sweet, sunny temper that was proof against all that could touch the outer circle in which her pure spirit lay enshrined.

Flora Armitage was a school friend, passing the summer at Delamere Farm, as she had formerly passed her vacations there—that is, in perfect freedom as one of the family, at liberty to come and go at her own sweet will. She was a perfect contrast to her young hostess. Wild and untaught, with a strong will and high, ungovernable temper, and a mad, reckless gaiety, she was ever getting into some embarrassment which she thought her friends were bound to extricate her from.

The visit of young Horace Kent to Delamere Farm awakened all the wild spirits which had become somewhat calmed by a quiet residence of two or three weeks with Helen and her father. Horace did not like the dark, handsome brunette, who made light of everything serious. He could not bear to have the books and music he had loved jeered at by her as sentimental nonsense—nor that Helen's favorite songs should receive the same ridicule; for Horace Kent had not been three days under Colonel Delamere's roof, without dearly loving his beautiful daughter. He had often seen her before, for the colonel was his guardian ever since he was eight years old; but absence, and her rapid shooting up into womanhood, had served to render him somewhat shy and sensitive in her presence, especially when Flora's ringing laugh greeted everything he uttered.

There was one spot upon the colonel's domain which seemed to attract the young people more than any other. This was the banks of a large pond, where overhanging willows made sufficient shade to rest there, even at noon, and whose waters afforded them delightful sails in summer and fine skating in winter. They came hither one bright summer morning, when Flora was in her gayest mood, and Horace launched the tiny boat in which they would sometimes sail for hours over the beautiful pond. Flora persisted in standing up, whenever it suited her, thereby endangering the safety of the party. Horace in vain assured her that it was wrong; she laughed at his fears.

The morning so bright and beautiful, changed in its aspect. Heavy clouds arose in the west, and everything betokened either a thunder storm or a heavy gale. Horace endeavored to manage the boat, but in vain. A flaw of wind capsized the frail vessel, and all three were embosomed in

the waters. Horace regained his self-possession almost instantly. He could swim well, and believed that he could save both his companions; but Flora clung to him so convulsively, that she hindered him from holding properly to either.

Helen was fast sinking before his eyes, and he was held so tightly, that he could not reach her! In that fearful hour, all the love that had so long been pent up within his own bosom, found expression. He called her by the most endearing names—strode frantically to reach her, and tried to bear Flora on towards her; but in vain.

All at once, when he had lost sight of her in his strong efforts to be free, he had looked into Flora's face, and was struck with its deeply passionate expression. Could it be that she was thus holding him from Helen by design? It was a terrible thought, and he turned quickly away, fearful that he might be tempted to cast her away from him altogether.

But when he looked for Helen, she was nowhere to be seen. Had the cruel waters indeed closed over her? For a moment, he ceased to make any effort to save himself or the helpless burden that still clung to him. Despair seemed all at once to settle darkly around him. No movement in the water betrayed that Helen was struggling there. She must have gone down without a word or struggle.

This state lasted but an instant. The next, he was bearing Flora towards the bank, and soon saw her, panting and exhausted, beneath the willows. The storm came on with blinding and pitiless rain; and the whole surface of the pond was broken into wild, billowy swells, such as seldom disturbed its quiet calm. Horace shuddered, when he thought what lay beneath.

It was of no avail to stay there. Dripping with wet, he raised Flora to her feet and drew her to the nearest fisherman's cottage. Two or three of these hardy sons of toil had fixed their abode on the outskirts of Colonel Delamere's farm, and when not employed in their regular avocation on the sea, they found a scanty support in trout-fishing and alternate labor on the farm. These people had been special objects of Helen's care and forethought, and they repaid her by a reverence that amounted almost to worship. Their children were clothed and taught by her, and when any of their families were sick, it was her hand that prepared medicine and nourishment.

When Horace entered John Maxwell's cottage, he gave way to his feelings in a burst of sorrow that seemed to threaten his very senses. Mrs. Maxwell, whose love of Helen was unbounded, comprehended at once what it meant.

"O, sir! Mr. Kent! where have you left the poor young lady who went down the hill with you? May the Lord grant that she has not come to harm!"

A quick, convulsive motion towards Flora, in token that she must take care of her, was all that Horace could make. Mrs. Maxwell went on:

"I was tellin' John, this mornin', that she was too good to live, and John said he hoped that Miss Helen would live as long as he did, and when there warn't any sich angel on the airth, then he'd like to go too."

While rubbing Flora, she broke out again:

"Where John himself is, I don't know for sartin. He went out in a little shell of a boat, this mornin', and he aint been at home since. If I didn't know what a master sailor he is, I should be scared enough, I tell you."

She had called this out to Horace from an inner room, in which she was helping Flora change her wet garments for others that were coarse, but clean and whole; and then wrapping her in a warm blanket, she laid her in the bed. Horace hastily threw on some dry clothes, and was out of the house and looking wildly around the pond, with no definite plan in view, before they missed him from the house.

No one was in sight. The gray waters looked chill and dismal, and the plashing sound seemed like the requiem above Helen's form. Horace shuddered at the thought, yet he had not life enough left within him to seek for aid. Once, indeed, had he felt able to move from the rock on which he had thrown himself, he would have precipitated himself into the depths which he believed was her grave; but a merciful hand seemed to hold him back.

He remained there, until he became totally insensible—the chill atmosphere of rain and fog having nearly paralyzed him. He was roused by John Maxwell's voice.

"Sir! Mr. Kent! she has opened her eyes, and is calling for you."

Horace did not comprehend even this simple sentence, and he asked what was the matter.

"The young lady, sir, bid me come for you."

"O, God! to leave my Helen here!" murmured the unhappy youth. But better feelings prevailed, and he leaned on John's arm, saying that he would go to poor Flora.

"Is Miss Delamere's name Flora, sir?" said John—a question unheard by his companion, whose thoughts were with the scene of the evening before, when Helen had owned that she loved him.

Blind, deaf and dumb, Horace staggered on; and not until John's arm was thrown around

him, and he was drawn within the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire, did full consciousness return to him. Then he dimly saw a form, which he thought was Flora's, lying on the floor. The pale face was lifted to his own, and the white arms were reaching towards him; but no sound issued from the lips. He closed his eyes and groaned in bitterness of spirit; and overcome by his emotions, he fell upon the floor beside the prostrate figure, around whom Mrs. Maxwell was busying herself with more than a mother's tenderness.

"There, let me take you up now, Miss Delamere, darling, and put you in the bed with the other young lady! Here is poor Mr. Kent needs me more than you do."

What sounds were those that reached the dull ear fast lapsing into unconscious deafness again? Had a trumpet sounded, it could not have roused him more effectually than the simple words—"Miss Delamere."

With a glad cry, he pressed the pale beauty to his heart, and held her there as if no power should ever part them again. She opened her languid eyes, fixed them tenderly on his face, and, like a tired child, she rested her cheek upon his shoulder and slept. By this time, her father had arrived, with everything in the carriage which could make a comfortable bed for the two exhausted girls. They were placed within it, and driven slowly home.

Mr. Delamere lingered a moment to thank John Maxwell, in a voice that was husky with joyful emotion. It was he who had taken the fast drowning girl from the water, and swam with her to a point of land not far distant from that where Horace and Flora had landed, and had then carried her home in his arms. He had called to them in vain. The wind and rain drowned the sound of his voice.

"O, Helen!" exclaimed Flora, the next morning, "how much I should have preferred to have been saved by John Maxwell, than by a mere city youth, of my own standing in life. It seems so romantic!"

"O, Flora! will not even drowning tame you?" asked Helen, looking up from the soft where her father had condemned her to lie all day.

Flora executed a waltz about the room; but Helen could see that she was deeply moved, only that she would not give way to it.

In the autumn, there was a happy wedding at Delamere Farm, and Flora was bridesmaid. Very beautiful were both the fair girls, although neither had quite recovered the healthful glow which they had once worn. It was a happy ending to a scene so near to death.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAIDEN OF ILDEFONSO.

BY REV. WILLARD CHASE.

THE princely apartments of Saint Ildefonso were thrown open to an admiring company of noble guests—the very elite of Madrid. All that money could buy, was crowded into this royal palace; and she who was its presiding genius—the priestess of the temple of taste—was flitting hither and thither, the soul, the nerve, the reigning spirit that controlled them all with a queenly nod.

Elizabeth of Parma, widow of Philip of Spain, to whom was given the magnificent residence of Saint Ildefonso, and a yearly pension of two hundred thousand ducats and a yearly income of seventy thousand piastres additional, was this genius—this priestess—and well did she fill the part. She assembled in this temple, nightly, hundreds of worshippers at the shrine of intellect and genius—herself the truest and most earnest. Hither, too, she brought those who possessed these attributes, but to whom Fortune had been more niggardly than Nature; and these she made equal, for the time, with those of rank and wealth.

On this special occasion, Elizabeth of Parma surpassed herself. From thousands who frequented the palace, she chose the most distinguished. There were crown officers, and royal princes, and beauties whose slightest nod would bring the highest to their feet. There were poets and orators, and men whose deeds at arms would shame the old Castilian nobles. There were proud and haughty cavaliers, and high-born ladies and gallant youths.

There was a stir and bustle at entering, which did not readily subside; but when Elizabeth stood under the great chandelier, from whence she might be seen through the entire chain of apartments, and placed her finger on her lip to enforce silence, every murmur, every rustle of a silk dress, was hushed, and the vast crowd stood motionless as statues. They were not unrewarded—for, from a vaulted chamber opposite, came the sweetest sounds that ever greeted the ears of the amazed and delighted audience.

Soft and low, the strain began—a wild and mournful murmur, like the wail of a mother over her dead infant, the voice quivering and lingering over those intensely sweet but melancholy notes, almost breaking the hearts of the listeners; then rising into a higher melody, and breaking out into a full, rich, gushing burst of

song at the last, that thrilled through every heart like the sound of a trumpet.

There was not a breath heard for several moments after the voice ceased. The silent homage that dwelt upon every face was far more gratifying than the loudest and noisiest applause could have possibly been; and no one presumed to follow Elizabeth, when she turned to enter the song chamber.

Presently she returned, leading in a noble and graceful looking man, in whose countenance the Italian characteristics were plainly distinguishable. As he bowed to the assembled groups from the stand-point beneath the chandelier, the queen said, in that low but distinct voice which reached to every corner of the wide apartments—“ Signor Farinelli, I thank you, in the name of our friends here, for the rich pleasure you have bestowed upon us all.”

His answer was not so distinctly heard. The voice, which had uttered such volumes of song, sank almost powerless on the ear; but the eloquent look, so full of heartfelt, undisguised gratitude, was not lost upon the audience.

They crowded around the singer, and offered every mark of appreciative courtesy which the Spaniards, haughty as they are, know so well how to bestow, and which no one could better appreciate than Carlo Broschi Farinelli. This was all. There was no other music after Farinelli had sung, and the party soon after separated.

In the household of Elizabeth of Parma, there was a young Spanish girl, belonging to one of the first families in Madrid. Rich and an orphan, Elizabeth had kindly adopted her, to save her from the interested views of fortune-hunters to whom her wealth might prove an object. She had guarded her with the tenderest care, and it was only a few months before the arrival of the distinguished opera-singer, that she had introduced her at all to society.

Very beautiful was Mariana Velasquez in the first flush of her youth. She still wore mourning for her parents, and the plain but rich costume, though unrelieved save by a single diamond cross, was the very perfection of dress. Her dark and beautiful hair was gathered into a net, composed of the smallest jet beads, being banded plainly from the brow. Her robe was of the finest camel-hair with deep crape folds, and the whole was in perfect keeping with the beauty of her countenance and figure.

On no one in the queen's apartments, did the voice of Farinelli make so deep an impression as on Mariana. Apparently unconscious that any person was observing her, she stood apart, leaning against a white column to which her black

dress made a striking contrast. Her lips were apart, disclosing the white teeth, and a deep flush of crimson lighted up the olive cheek with a tint like that of sunset.

While all pressed forward to greet him and reiterate the queen's words of praise, the young girl moved not—spoke not; and perhaps for this very reason, Farinelli noticed her more particularly. At all events, he lingered where he could look again; and with that look, he drew in the sweet madness of a love that never left his bosom again. Dreams, bright and beautiful, mingled that evening with those he had known before; but *they* were of Fame—these were more dangerous still.

After this, Farinelli came often to the palace. The queen liked him, and she had a passionate fondness for his singing; and her words of invitation were kind and courteous. He well knew how dangerous an indulgence he was courting. One triumph he had—it was to see that the splendid eyes watched him still. She thought of him then—*she*, at least, would mourn if the songster should be dumb.

Two years had elapsed since Farinelli had thus met her who was his destiny. In that time, he had sung at the principal opera-houses of Europe, and had won golden opinions of them all. True, there were those who, willing to see intrigue in the simplest actions, believed that England had employed Farinelli in the politics of Spain; but they were mostly the persons who envied him the queen's confidence and friendship. But Elizabeth remembered when he had cheered the melancholy of the royal Philip, after all other devices had failed; and no depreciation of him by the members of her household, or the people whom she admitted to her circles, was ever allowed.

Strangely enough, Elizabeth was blind to the love which her youthful protege, Marina, was cherishing for Carlo Broschi; and therefore she gave her every opportunity, unwittingly, to increase her admiration. At one time, she was told of his munificence to the artists and musicians, who having left their native country, were frequently in distress—of Bonavera, for whom he procured an appointment at the royal theatru—and particularly of Theresa Castellini, the Milan singer, whom he instructed so thoroughly in her art. Every anecdote of his goodness was but another link to draw her towards him.

Life had assumed a new aspect to the orphan since she knew him. The kindness of her tone in addressing him, the exquisite pleasure which

a single strain from his lips afforded her, all gave evidence that he had deeply interested her.

"And what is he but a mere public singer?" asked a young lady, in Marina's hearing, at the opera, one evening, when Carlo had so far respected Elizabeth's wish that he should sing before a public audience; "what is he but a mere public singer, that the ladies adore him so much?"

"There is only one Farinelli, my dear, as there is only one God," was the answer which, though profane, is quoted to show the consideration in which he was held.

Loving Marina as she did, Elizabeth was yet sufficiently arbitrary to force upon her another marriage. A wealthy Spaniard had solicited her interest with the beautiful heiress, and she had promised to further his suit, before she waked up to the fact that the girl had no heart to give; and the queen even employed ridicule to wean her from the man with whom her own introduction had brought her in contact. She represented that Carlo Broschi was too old for her protege to marry; although the fact was that he was only thirty-two—not a great disparity, certainly, for a wife of twenty.

Marina consented, at last, to give up the idea of Carlo Broschi, but resolutely refused to hear and see the lover selected for her; and the queen, exercising that authority over her which she felt she had a right to exert, sent her to a distant province, on which there was an estate belonging to Marina herself. Farinelli inquired of Elizabeth where she had gone, but no definite answer awaited him; and from that time, her name was never mentioned, during Elizabeth's life.

In that distant abode, the young girl wasted away the best hours of her life in a melancholy which had no parallel, perhaps, save in that of the royal Philip, and which the same thrilling strains might have as effectually cured, but which she dared not invoke.

When the news of Elizabeth's death came, she remained a voluntary exile from Ildefonso, the spirit and energy being exhausted which marked her while there. Her only happiness seemed to consist in going over the same strains that had so charmed her at Elizabeth's levee.

When the musician's life was growing fast toward its sunset, he retired to his beautiful villa near Bologna. He was now nearly seventy-five years of age. Here he was surrounded by all the treasures of art which he had so long been accumulating—the magnificent presents which the reigning princes of the time had bestowed upon

the peerless singer. Among these, were diamonds of great value. He had worn the cross of the Knights of Calatrava for over thirty years, being honored with it by the King of Spain.

One day, a woman craved a few minutes' audience of the aged musician; and on his desiring her to be shown in, he was surprised to see a person whom he did not recollect ever seeing before. She was apparently far advanced in life, but dressed with a care and richness that did not bode indifference to appearance. She told him that she really had no business, but merely a curiosity to see one whom, in her youth, she had heard and admired.

The two old people sat long together. Farinelli ordered chocolate to be brought, and they chatted upon the old times of Spain and its different reigns—of Elizabeth of Parma, and of the magnificence of St. Ildefonso. Having exhausted all these topics, she desired her carriage to be brought to the door, and turning to her host, with a tear in her eye, but a heavenly smile on the mouth which age had not been able to spoil, she said :

"I will carry the remembrance of this visit to my lonely home—that home which has never been otherwise than lonely."

"And when I too think of this day, by what name shall I pray for her who has rendered it so happy?"

"By one which might long ago have been lost in another, but for the obstinacy of the mistress of St. Ildefonso. I am Marina Velasquez."

It was years since he had heard that name, and yet it stirred his soul as with the sound of a trumpet. He reverently kissed the hand which he held, unmindful that it was thin and withered.

"That name was my watchword for every good thought and deed for long years," he answered. "It is not yet forgotten. We are old now, Marina; yet, in the land beyond, they say that we rejuvenate. It is but a few short months that I, at least, may stay here. Come to me always, on this day of the week, until I go, and when we are both safe in the Father's abode, perhaps it will not be wrong for us to love and be loved forever."

Every Wednesday, during Farinelli's life, he decked his room with flowers to receive the aged woman who had thus cherished his memory; and they lived over again the times of old, and talked of the future—that unfading future where love is indestructible. Nothing, perhaps, is more touching than the sentiment which had thus survived age and decay, and had proved itself thus stronger than death.

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

In the interesting report of the State Engineer and Surveyor, there is a series of mathematical deductions from the statistics, which are quite instructive. Among the curious deductions is the following:—Dividing 373,159,179, the mileage of passengers, by 20, the number of passengers killed, we find that only one passenger was killed for 18,687,969 miles of travel. To travel this distance it would require more than 106 years, moving incessantly at the rate of 20 miles per hour. Dividing 373,159,179 by 182, the total number of passengers killed or injured, we find 2,303,452 miles of travel for each passenger either killed or injured.

The total number of passengers carried during the year, excluding city roads, is 11,250,073, which divided by 20, gives 562,504. That is, only one passenger has been killed for every 562,504 which have been carried. From this, we see how small the risk of life arising from railroad travel. Truly, as the post of honor is a private station, so the post of safety in a railroad train. Get on the platform if you want to get out of danger! You must travel eighteen million of miles in order to be killed; and this will take you 106 years, going at 20 miles an hour and never stopping for sleep. You must take your lunch with you, and take your repose in the sleeping cars, otherwise you will live just 106 years less. Methusaleh, probably, was a railroad conductor, and never got off the cars, which accounts for his old age. All the old women in the country, who once were frightened at the idea of railroad travel, will soon be mounting the cars to escape the vicissitudes and catastrophes which attend the lives of those who stay at home.—*Albany Argus*

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

We used to know an eccentric old man who delighted in being odd, and carrying out his taste in dress and manners; nevertheless he was kind and honest, just in his dealings, and a man that used great plainness of speech. He generally wore a red vest of great length, patriarchal style, and the ribbons on his hat were streaming in the wind full half a yard long. One very cold morning he called at the minister's, and a dialogue followed something like this :

"We are having a pretty cold spell of weather, elder."

"Yes," said the parson, "the coldest we have had this season."

"I had a misfortune happen to me last night," continued the old gentleman; "a fine calf died."

"Ah! indeed! chilled through, I presume," said the minister, sympathizingly.

"Yes, and as if that wan't enough, my boy up and died too, and I want you to come down and officiate to-morrow."

That we call coming to the subject carefully—*Olive Branch*.

DISCOVERY OF LOVE.

After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas, I found it love!
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[ORIGINAL.]

LILLIE'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY SPERANZA.

She tripped across the parlor floor,
And from the mantel took the light;
Then, one small hand upon the door,
She, smiling, turned to say "Good night!"

"What!—going now, my dearest pet?"
Her father cried—"Nay, well I know
Those bright eyes are not sleepy yet,
Or they would never sparkle so!"

But she was tall and stately, too;
And though she laughed in girlish glee,
Her cheek assumed a crimson hue—
A touch of woman's dignity!

Anon, she shook from off her face
Those natural suris, so free from art;
Then ran her father to embrace—
No never love touched Lillie's heart.

I was her father's guest the while,
And Lillie thought "she need not stay,
She was so young." But ah, her smile!—
I missed it when she went away.

'Tis true, that yet within the room
Were flowers nurtured by her care;
And still there came a mournful gloom,
When Lillie was no longer there!

"She was so young, she need not stay!"
What!—did I then appear so old?
My hair showed scarce a sign of gray,
My manhood's heart was far from cold.

But Lillie soon became the bride
Of one right worthy, I confess,
And young enough for her beside—
Hers is a life of happiness.

I live alone! Yet I can pray
Her eyes may always shine as bright,
Her heart be ever fresh and gay,
As when she smiled and said "Good night!"

[ORIGINAL.]

LEONORE OF CASTILE.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

WHEN Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, ascended the throne, it was a sad, sad day for Castile. Tyrannical, vindictive and licentious he lived, the terror of his court and the scourge of his people. The chronicles of his reign are filled with cruelties worthy only a barbarian. The following is but an abridged list of his cruelties. He poisoned Blanche of Bourbon, his wife; put to death his nephew Don Fadrique, for no known cause, ruthlessly murdered an infant son of Don

Juan of Aragon, strangled his two young brothers, caused to be murdered Abu-Said and thirty-seven brave Moorish knights; assassinated with his own hand the archbishop of Saint Jacques, and had burned alive Donna Urraca de Osorio, who scorned his dishonorable advances. It was as his mistress that Maria de Padilla became so famous. During his whole fitful life, though marrying twice, he remained devoted to the infamous Maria de Padilla who alone could influence him.

There is a little excuse to be given for his behaviour. Left an orphan at five years, his education was conducted by Don Alonzo de Albuquerque, a man of ungovernable passions and revengeful, cruel disposition, and it seemed to be his aim and study, not to repress the evil passions in the heart of his royal pupil, but to foster them and root out all the good. Animals and even children were tortured, to harden the heart of the boy, who soon learned that to gain any object in view, he had but to please his heartless teacher, by some evidence of cruelty. Thus the young king grew up, surrounded by bad examples, and by the time he was old enough to assume the reins of government, he was thoroughly versed in all species of cruelty, treachery and licentiousness. He became king, hated and feared by all save one, and that one was Donna Leonore de Guzman, his aunt; a beautiful, accomplished, fearless woman. Boldly she remonstrated with her cruel nephew. In return for her interference she was first banished from the court, then actually imprisoned in the city of Llerena, where she was not in peace, for even here the wicked Don Alonso de Albuquerque, enamored of her charms, followed her to the gloomy prison, and forced his unwelcome attentions upon her. Enraged by her repeated haughty rejections of his suit, he at last left her, vowing vengeance.

Don Pedro's wife, the gentle, timid Donna Maria, loved devotedly the high-spirited, brave Leonore, but timid and heart-broken, she dared only to feebly remonstrate with her cruel, tyrannical husband, against her friend's imprisonment. Sitting alone in her elegant apartment, Donna Maria was surprised, one day, and rather disagreeably so, by the entrance of her lordly spouse, who had of late completely absented himself from her presence. But a few years ago, the beautiful Donna Maria had, with a loving, trusting heart, given herself to Don Pedro, believing him to be all that was good and kind. It was a fearful awakening for her, the knowledge of his cruelty and faithlessness, and now she trembled to meet with her tyrant.

The king entered, and as he spoke to his fear-

ful wife, there was something of the old tenderness in his voice.

"You look pale, Maria; I am sorry to see that. A little journey, I think, would do you good, eh?"

"You are very kind, sire," murmured Maria, her weak heart beating fast at the old loving manner, for Don Pedro had taken his stand beside her chair, and was gently stroking her glossy hair, and playing with the jewels round her throat.

"I have been thinking deeply of late, Maria mine, and I see that I have been a cruel, unkind husband, an ungracious sovereign. Can you forgive me?"

The wife raised her eyes, the handsome face expressed only love—the old love—and with a glad cry she sprang up, and threw herself into his arms, murmuring:

"All, all is forgiven by the blis, the joy of this blessed moment."

After a short embrace he released her, and placed her in her chair, though he still held her tiny, jewelled hand, and stroked her hair fondly, as he said:

"I did not dream that after my shameful treatment of you, I should be so easily forgiven. I don't deserve it, but I thank you, and my first act shall be to release your friend, and my aunt, Donna Leonore de Guzman, from her false imprisonment, and recall her to court."

"How can I thank you?"

"Never mind the thanks; your eyes thank me enough. You, Maria, shall be the bearer of the glad tidings, and the one to lead Leonore back to court."

Silently Maria kissed her husband's hand, and he, after a few moments more of tenderness, left the room. An hour later Donna Maria was speeding across the country, as fast as good steeds would bear her.

In breathless astonishment Leonore de Guzman beheld Maria enter the room, and when the mutual greetings and embraces were over, she questioned eagerly:

"What brings you here, with so happy a face?"

"Glad tidings: The king repents his cruelty, and sends me to tell you so, and bring you back to court."

Leonore was older, and had lived longer than her friend in the corrupt court, and she turned slightly pale at these words, and murmured half aloud:

"Only the velvet paw, the claws are there still."

"What is it you say, Leonore?" asked Maria, who had not caught the half-whispered words.

Leonore kissed the upturned face, and answered gravely:

"I only said that I knew Don Pedro better than you, child, and fear there is treachery concealed beneath this smiling face."

"O, fear nothing, dear Leonore!" eagerly exclaimed Maria; "for he is changed; the love is come back, and he is fond of me." And the affectionate Maria burst into joyful tears.

Leonore only looked pale and terror-stricken. She pitied the guileless girl before her, and her lips grew still more pale, as she thought of her return to court. Obey she must, and her heart failed when she remembered the advances made by Don Albuquerque, and his threats of vengeance. She looked forward into the future, and she saw that this was but the beginning of her trials. She felt that this sudden, kindly summons to court, was but a cloak to hide the end which would come, just as surely and fearfully. Concealing her thoughts from her companion, and assuming a cheerful air, this unfortunate, heroic woman prepared for her return, and for what might follow.

Don Pedro received his aunt with every show of repentance and affection. She was installed in a suite of apartments adjoining those of the queen, and every possible attention was shown her. But she still felt that she was the same as a prisoner. Undeceived by all this show of affection and respect, Leonore de Guzman watched intently, although apparently a careless and indifferent woman. Yes, she watched with sleepless eyes the cruel king, and his vile minister, Don Alonzo. She had not long to wait for the end. One day Don Albuquerque craved an interview, which Leonore, though disposed to, did not dare refuse to grant. He was admitted. A cold, haughty bow was all he received in return for his humble, almost abject greeting. Fired at her coldness, his first remark was the following:

"Like you not these apartments better than the gloomy, iron-barred rooms you left at Llerena?"

"No," was the ungracious reply.

"And wherefore not, my beautiful, adored Leonore?"

"There I was freed from the sight of those I hate, nay, even loathe."

"And those are—?"

"You know them. I choose not to waste words."

"I wish to hear the names. They will sound sweetly coming from your lips. My memory is poor, please repeat them?"

"You heard them once from my lips, and the sound seemed not so sweet to your ears, for if I

remember rightly, you even forgot yourself—no, I mean acted yourself so far, that you drew your sword upon a woman. Hear them again! I hate, loathe, despise and *detest*, Don Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile, and his vile minister and teacher Don Alonzo de Albuquerque."

The don sprang to his feet, and fairly groaned aloud, as the withering, contemptuous words came from the beautiful lips of the proud Leonore. Standing in front of her, he hissed out, and his face was hideous with passion: "Beware, Leonore de Guzman! I am not the man to swallow tamely such words. You have scorned me, and shall rue it. Your beauty inflames my heart and brain; but your scornful, insulting words burn deeper than even your proud beauty. I am not the man to be defied, nor my royal master either."

"No!" exclaimed Leonore, impetuously, "no, for he is your pupil; with mind and heart deformed and distorted by your vile instructions. Naturally cruel and passionate, you did but pander to his evil tastes, and now the curses of the whole kingdom rest upon you and him—curses loud and deep, which will ascend to Heaven, and when you are summoned before your God, may you feel the weight of them dragging you down, down to perdition!"

Fearing neither God nor man, Don Alonzo trembled as Leonore spoke, standing before him like one inspired, her superb eyes flashing with indignation. Yes, Don Alonzo trembled in spite of himself, and for one moment his cruel, bold eyes fell, then he spoke, raising them once more.

"Again I say beware! Your hour is past, and now it is my turn to rend the heart and torture the brain. If it is my fate to appear before that tribunal, you shall go before, and say I sent you there."

With these fearful words, Don Albuquerque turned on his heel and left the room.

"Holy Virgin, protect me now!"

And with that prayer Leonore de Guzman sank fainting on the floor. Could Don Alonzo have seen her then, he would have realized that she was in reality, only a weak woman, who so proudly, fearlessly defied him. He would not have had that fear of success that he did. Cruel and unprincipled as was the king, he had the greatest reverence for a fearless woman, and as Don Alonzo left Donna Leonore's room, he trembled in his heart, fearing that her indomitable, fearless manner might affect the king favorably, and thus defeat his ends. No danger of that, for the king's hatred was as deep, if not deeper than his own. Three hours later Donna Leonore was summoned to appear before the

king. With death in her heart, blanched lips, but firm step, Leonore followed her conductor, the Chevalier Lopez de Ayala, a brave knight, who murmured, as he opened the door of the Council chamber, "God aid you!"

The door closed, and Leonore found herself in that council chamber, desecrated by so many false trials and atrocious murders. In his chair of state sat Pedro, king of Castile, and on his left sat, or rather crouched, the timid Maria, while on his right, erect and insolent, stood Don Alonzo de Albuquerque, whose face still bore the marks of deep passion. Leonore stood, a few feet from the threshold of that dreaded room.

"Donna Leonore de Guzman, we desire that you approach nearer to our person. Approach and stand in front of the table at our feet."

Across the long room came Leonore, obedient to the king's command. No faltering in the motion could be detected by the eager eyes of the three. More than commonly beautiful she looked, in her dress of black velvet embroidered with jet. Donna Maria after the first glance, covered her face with her hands.

The king again spoke in tones of assumed mildness.

"We have summoned you, Donna Leonore, to our presence, that we might plead the suit of our loved and trusted minister Don Alonzo de Albuquerque."

"He has pleaded for himself."

"Of that we have been duly informed; but he, being unsuccessful, requests our aid. We cheerfully give it. Don Alonzo de Albuquerque, the greatest noble in the realm, offers you his heart and fortune. We await your answer."

"I can but repeat to you the answer he himself received but a few hours ago, I will not marry him."

"But if we recommend it, nay command?" said the king, in a suave tone, which was but like the lull before a thunder-storm.

Donna Maria raised her face and cast an imploring look upon her dauntless friend.

"My answer will be the same, I will not marry him."

"What!" exclaimed the king, rising in his chair, and in his rage forgetting the royal "we." "Do you understand me?" Know you that I command? Re-consider your answer."

Leonore was silent, though she looked unflinchingly at the angry king.

Don Pedro repeated his words in a deep voice.

"I command you to accept Don Alonzo de Albuquerque as your husband, thankful that he offers you honorable love."

"I refuse. Hear me say, that I account the woman who should become his wife, a worthless, miserable thing, unworthy the name of woman. Let her die, rather than degrade herself to such a degree as to become the wife of the vilest man alive."

Don Alonzo, at these words, laid his hand on his sword; and the king, forgetting his dignity, sprang from his seat and rudely grasped the daring woman by the arm, and actually shook her, in his rage.

"Proud woman, you shall wed him, or die!"

"I will die! considering it a blessing to be removed from the earth which you, Don Pedro, unjust, cruel, hated king, and the base, vindictive, contemptible Don Alonzo tread."

"Leonore!"

The cry came from Maria, in her despair. The sound seemed to enrage the king beyond all bounds. For a moment he stood pale and motionless with passion, then sprang back, and seizing his almost fainting wife by the arm he rudely dragged her forward to the table while he fairly yelled out:

"You, too, shall have your share in what is to come. With your own hand you shall sign the warrant which shall consign to the executioner's axe the proud head of your dear friend, Donna Leonore de Guzman; and your fair hands shall hold the handkerchief which shall be the signal for the axe to fall. You will like that, dear Maria, will you not?"

The hue of death settled upon Maria's face, and she had to lean upon the table for support. A moment only, and then she raised herself, and something of her friend's high courage shone in her face. A worm will sometimes turn when trodden on, and Donna Maria turned now. Her wondrously sweet voice rose clear and deep.

"I see it all, now. But for this was your tenderness renewed, and I made the willing victim to lead my friend to death, treacherous man!"

"What! do you dare, you dare speak?"

"Yes, I dare, and will speak. Don Pedro, I will not sign that paper! I can die, but I will not write."

Leonore sprang forward just as the brutal king was about to strike his delicate wife.

"Strike a woman, wretch!" then turning to Maria, she said, "You will sign, dear Maria, for it is the greatest kindness you can do me; death but releases me from my sorrow."

While she was speaking, Don Pedro had hastily written the death warrant, and now with a look of hate he pushed it before the already glazing eyes of his unhappy wife.

Maria raised her head, and a smile of angelic

sweetness passed over her face, as she grasped the pen which was thrust between her nerveless fingers. Before she wrote, she looked one last, fond glance at Leonore, then murmured:

"Dearest Leonore, I but give you a passport to paradise, where I will join you."

The paper was signed—the pen fell from the slender fingers, the beautiful head sank forward, and when Leonore stepped forward, the beautiful Maria of Castile was dead. With that lovely, dead face resting on her arm, Leonore, raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, in thrilling tones:

"Behold your work! Another accusing soul gone to the judgment seat! Tremble, vile traitors, for the day will come, when the black records of your lives will be read by God! Not long will you cumber this earth." The white hand fell, and Leonore continued: "Now lead on—I go to join your murdered wife, Don Pedro. A little while longer, and I shall be beyond your power."

With a firm, unwavering tread, Donna Leonore de Guzman followed Don Alonzo to prison, and at sunset her pure spirit was released, and soared to heaven, but another witness against

DON PEDRO THE CRUEL.

GRASSHOPPERS.

In 1650 a cloud of them was seen to enter Russia in three different places, from whence they passed over into Poland and Lithuania, and wherever they moved the air was darkened by their numbers. In some places they were observed lying dead, heaped one upon another to the depth of four feet; in others they covered the surface of the earth like a black cloth, the trees bent from their weight, and the damage done by them exceeded all computation. When the weather became hot they took wing and fell upon the corn, devouring both leaf and ear, and that with such expedition that in three hours they would consume the whole field. After having eaten up the corn, they attacked the vines, the pulse, the willows, and at last the hemp, notwithstanding its bitterness.—*Home Journal*.

GENEROUSITY OF FORGIVENESS.

The magnanimity of Maria Antoinette displayed itself soon after her elevation to the throne, on the death of Louis the fifteenth. An officer of the body-guard, who had given her offence on some former occasion, when she was only the dauphiness, expressed his intention of resigning his commission; but the queen forgave him. "Remain," said she, "forget the past. Far be it from the queen of France to revenge the injuries of the dauphiness!" In a similar manner, Queen Elizabeth said to one who had insulted her when a princess and a prisoner, "Do you not know that we are descended of the lion, whose nature is not to harm or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?"—*N. Y. Tribune*.

[ORIGINAL.]

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

BY HARRIE.

She always made home happy,
With her kind and winsome ways,
With her voice of cheerful gladness,
With her joyful hymn of praise.

She always made home happy,
Though she charmed no passer-by
With the beauty of her person,
Or the brightness of her eye.

Though no pearls or rubies glittered
Mid the ringlets of her hair,
In her heart there shone a radiance
Of a jewel far more rare.

She always made home happy,
Though her song was not divine;
Though no harp beneath her fingers
Thrilled to notes almost sublime.

Though no artist, yet she painted
Many a beam of heavenly love
On the friendly faces round her,
That shall shine in realms above.

[ORIGINAL.]

MABEL THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY MRS. F. MORTON.

"SPEAK, Grafton—speak, I beseech you—or have you made a vow of perpetual silence?"

"I was thinking of our plot, Aubrey," was the rejoinder, "and how fortunate it is the girl lives in these Minnesota wilds." And Lewis Grafton gazed with a look of satisfaction upon the fair country whose solitude the pioneer had but recently penetrated.

"But who is that?" he added abruptly. "Jove, how she rides!" And the eyes of both became riveted on the strange-looking being, who, mounted on a powerful steed of jetty blackness, came dashing toward them. Her long iron-gray hair was streaming in the wind, a black plume drooped from her helmet-shaped cap of red velvet, and her tunic, of scarlet cloth, was girdled by a black morocco belt in which was a pair of silver-mounted pistols. On reaching them she drew rein, and her weird face, seamed with scars, was made still more repulsive by the frowning glance she fixed on Lewis Grafton.

His brow darkened, and, with flashing eyes he queried:

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"Who are you, woman? I say, who are you?" he repeated, as she remained with her stern look still fixed upon him.

At this repetition a derisive smile flashed over her face, and apparently unmindful of his manner, she replied:

"I am one whom whites and Indians alike reverence and fear—I am Mabel, the enchantress. Every man's secret is open to my gaze. Yours, even, I am reading now, and you have mistaken your way; if you would find her whom you seek, turn back and take the first path on your left. Ha, your rage has already turned to fear, but without reason; for if you should need help, as you undoubtedly will, Mabel the enchantress will gladly give it. Yonder is my home, within the Goblin's Glen." And she pointed to an opening which yawned darkly amid the hills; then giving her horse the rein she swept away at a wild speed.

Their eyes followed her till she disappeared, then their glances met. There was dismay in them. Grafton was the first to speak.

"That is no woman!" he exclaimed, "it is a demon in female guise—none other could have penetrated our secret—but she is friendly, thank fortune." And his look of dismay suddenly changed to one of triumph. "And if her prediction proves true, she will doubtless be a most welcome coadjutor. Come, let us dally no longer, but retrace our steps at once." And the two, urging their steeds to their topmost speed, soon after entered the path leading to the humble home of Madeline Beauclerk.

They had reached the outskirts of the wood through which the path had led, when they paused abruptly, arrested by the scene before them. A young girl of marvellous beauty was seated on a green bank twining garlands about the neck of a pet fawn. Her black hair was flowing in glossy ringlets over neck and shoulders, her brunette complexion was made brilliant by the rich bloom that mantled in both cheek and lip, and her dark eyes were soft and lustrous.

"Can this be she?" said Lewis Grafton, in an undertone. "By Jove, how superbly beautiful she is—she would grace a throne!"

The two now advanced, doffing their caps as they approached the maiden.

"We are travellers," said Grafton, "and, if agreeable, would like to rest awhile beneath your roof."

"You are welcome, gentlemen," she replied, with stately courtesy; and rising, she led the way to the log cabin a short distance off.

"Glad to see you, sirs, glad to see you," said a rough-looking middle-aged man advancing from the open door-way. And a little later they were seated within, talking familiarly with Mark



Lockart, while his wife and Madeline busied themselves with preparations for the noontide meal.

"You have reason to be proud of your daughter," said Grafton, as Madeline passed out to draw water from a spring near by.

"She is not our own child, but we love her, and are proud of her all the same," said Mark Lockart, with emotion. "Her name is Beauclerk, and her parents died three years since, leaving her alone and penniless, and she has been here, a blessing to us, ever since. It was hard work that killed 'em both. They hadn't been used to it, you see; Mr. Beauclerk was a born artist, and painted splendid pictures. But somehow he couldn't make enough at it to support 'em, and so he came out here and went to farming. Hard enough, even if they had been brought up to it like wife and me I tell you."

At this moment Madeline entered and the conversation took a sudden turn.

"We are highly pleased with this country," said Grafton, "and think of passing the summer here, for the purpose of indulging our passion for the chase."

"I hope you will do so," rejoined Mark Lockart, heartily, "and give us as much of your company as possible the while." And at parting several hours later, the same wish was expressed with a like cordiality by the little household, upon whom the fine person and agreeable manners of Lewis Grafton and Richard Aubrey had made a most favorable impression.

"Well, Grafton," said the latter, as they re-entered the wood, "how soon do you intend to prosecute your plan?"

"Never," was the reply. "Had the girl been as I expected to find her, coarse, corn-fed, vulgar—in fine, all that I most loathe in woman—I would have despatched her as remorselessly as any other reptile that chanced to cross my path. But I tell you, Aubrey, she's divine—I never saw her peer—I lost my heart at the first glance."

"Aha, then our elaborate plotting can be summed in four words, 'much ado about nothing,'" rejoined the other in a sarcastic tone, "and you will require neither my services nor those so generously proffered by our new friend, Mabel the enchantress."

"Not so fast; I shall need you to officiate as bride-man," said Grafton.

"But suppose your effort to win her should prove 'love's labor lost'?"

"That is impossible. With Lewis Grafton, as you well know, there is no such word as fail." And he looked into his companion's face with compressed lip and flashing eye.

"Well, Grafton, you needn't look so fierce," said the other, "for my real opinion is that you'll succeed."

At this Lewis Grafton's features resumed their usual expression, and the two moved on with many a laugh and jest. They had nearly reached the trading-post at which they had taken quarters, when Mabel the enchantress once more confronted them.

"I perceive you have changed your plan," said she, addressing Grafton, "but mark me, there is but one way to secure that at which you aim." And her eyes burned with an expression of the wildest fury, as she drew near, and bending toward him, hissed, "You must take the girl's life." Then wheeling abruptly, she disappeared amid the windings of the path.

They listened till the heavy tramp of the noble steed she rode had died away, and then with a countenance pale with rage and fear, Lewis Grafton gave vent to the most fearful maledictions. "But I'll win the girl, Aubrey," he said, "in spite of ten such fiends as she who has just left us." And giving his horse the spur, he dashed on at a mad speed.

The next day Lewis Grafton and his companion had become the occupants of a cabin less than a mile distant from Mark Lockart's; it had been vacated a short time before by a family which had emigrated to the Mormon settlements. That evening found them again in the presence of the fair Madeline. Grafton had seated himself beside her, and was exerting his brilliant conversational powers to the utmost, while he flattered himself that he had already awakened an interest which would ere long become an absorbing passion. Just then a young man entered, whom Madeline received with a blushing brow, while a light beamed in her clear, dark eyes, which Grafton had not seen till now. The new comer, Albert Germain, was habited in the uniform of the United States Army, in which he occupied the position of lieutenant. And as Lewis Grafton marked his noble person and courtly bearing, unwelcome misgivings for the first time thrust themselves upon him—misgivings that were too soon confirmed, for ere long, Mark Lockart told him aside, that this was Madeline's betrothed. But this knowledge by no means deterred him from his purpose, and with a craft only equalled by his cowardice, he began at once to devise means for ridding himself of his rival.

"If I could only manage to create a misunderstanding between them," thought he, "I'd risk winning Madeline; and it shall be done."

But a few days later, as he was approaching

Mark Lockart's cabin, he saw Albert and Madeline come out, and, succeeding in following them unobserved, overheard from his lurking place a conversation which, in spite of the devoted love it revealed, led him to decide that Albert Germain's absence would answer his purpose as well as estrangement. The lovers were seated in a natural arbor formed by interlacing vines, and to Madeline's anxious inquiries as to the cause of his dejection, Albert, after some hesitation, replied :

" The reason of my depression is this, Madeline : I have received orders and am to start from Fort Snelling to-morrow for my new station in New York. These few hours are the last you and I will probably pass together for several years. It is hard, very hard for me to leave you behind in these distant wilds."

The rich bloom had receded, leaving Madeline's face colorless as marble, and she had grasped convulsively the hand that clasped her own.

" Albert," she exclaimed, " how can I let you go ! But," she added, observing the pang that shot across his brow, " I do wrong to talk thus. I will not embitter these last hours with vain repinings."

" And yet, Madeline, my heart is full of them," rejoined the young man. " Would to God we might marry now—this very hour."

" If that could be I should not perhaps have loved you as I now do—"

The young man look at her with surprise.

" Yes, Albert," she continued, with a beaming eye, " it is this very obstacle to our union, the necessities of your mother and young brothers, to which you contribute with so willing a hand, that has deepened my love beyond the power of expression."

Like a burst of sunlight was the smile that flashed over Albert's countenance at these words ; and in language that thrilled with joy every nerve of her frame, he expressed to Madeline the happiness they had caused him, a happiness which he assured her at parting, softened even the pangs of that dark moment.

More than two months had passed, and Lewis Grafton had resolved to delay no longer the declaration of his love. He had been wary, and had perceived with pleasure that the favorable impression Madeline had received at their first meeting had been deepening day by day.

It was dawn, and Madeline had come forth, as was her custom, to witness the glorious awakening of nature beneath the " sun's returning march," and listen to her chant of welcome. She had just reached an eminence which com-

manded an unobstructed view, when Lewis Grafton joined her.

" Good morning, Miss Madeline," he exclaimed, " I am glad to find you, for I have something of importance to communicate."

Madeline turned to him with a calm, expectant look on her lovely countenance.

" You must have seen," he continued, " that my interest in you is of no ordinary nature, in fact, that I love you, Miss Madeline. Love you with a devotion that would shrink at no sacrifice, however great, to insure your happiness. And I am no empty-handed lover. As my wife you will enjoy every advantage which wealth and a high position can confer—"

Hitherto Madeline had remained dumb with astonishment, while the indignant blood flushed her face to crimson, and her lip curled with scorn ; but now her tongue was loosed.

" How dare you," she exclaimed, " dastard that you are, express sentiments like those to one whom you know to be betrothed ? Leave me, I command you, and never intrude yourself again into my presence ! Words cannot express the scorn, the contempt with which I regard you !"

Her fine form towered to its full height, and any one less a villain than Lewis Grafton, would have shrunk from her flashing eye and scornful mien ; but with characteristic assurance and pertinacity, he replied :

" I am neither disappointed nor discouraged at this outburst, Miss Beaumelerk. It is no more than I expected. But I request you to consider my proposal, calmly, coolly. I think you will then conclude that an immediate marriage with one whose first, only thought will be your happiness, and whose wealth will enable him to supply you with every luxury, will be far better than waiting through long years the convenience of him who may desert you at last. I will give you three weeks to consider the matter, and in the meantime, I beg, let us be toward each other as though this scene had never occurred." And ere Madeline could reply he moved rapidly away.

The next three weeks, acting in accordance with the suggestion he had advanced, Lewis Grafton continued as usual to visit the cabin, apparently unmindful of Madeline's studied avoidance, or the marked coolness of Mark Lockart and his wife. At the expiration of this time, he requested an interview with Madeline, which was peremptorily refused. Determined, however, to see her, he resorted to a ruse, causing it to be reported that he had gone on a hunting expedition, and Madeline, feeling secure in his absence,

went to one of her customary haunts where he found and forcibly detained her.

"Unhand me, villain!" she exclaimed, as he clasped her delicate hand in his vice-like grasp.

"Much as I love you, it is impossible for me to grant your simple request," was the reply, "but, Madeline, I assure you it is with the deepest regret that I find myself obliged to use compulsion in order to secure the hearing which is my just due." And again he poured into her unwilling ears the story of his love, striving in every way to dazzle, and thus as he hoped, to win her. But his efforts only deepened Madeline's disgust, and when at last he drew forth a set of rich jewels, begging her to accept them in sanction of his addresses, with her free hand she threw them from her, and tearing herself from his grasp with a convulsive effort, darted off at a speed which defied pursuit.

As she disappeared, a torrent of invectives burst from Lewis Grafton's lips, and then with a fearful oath he swore he would accomplish his original purpose. A moment later the tramping of hoofs fell on his ear, and looking round, he beheld Mabel the enchantress. Her appearance was quite the reverse of that which had marked her at their previous meetings. There was something akin to a smile lurking about her mouth, and she fixed her eyes upon him with a calm, clear gaze.

"You need me, and I am here," said she, in a subdued tone.

Lewis Grafton hesitated, and then replied: "Demon or woman, whichever you are, I suppose I could dispense with your services; but as you have by some means possessed yourself of my secret, why, the only safe course is to accept your aid, if such you can bestow, in the prosecution of my purpose."

A mocking laugh now burst from the woman, and she replied:

"Could you and your accomplice do as you propose, vain boaster, murder the girl and bury her in the deep recesses of the forest, you would be arrested ere proceeding half way out of the territory—the very leaves on the trees above her grave would proclaim the deed—but in the heart of the Goblin's Glen is a spot consecrated to silence and darkness. 'Tis an appropriate place for our work. But, mind you, no blood must be shed. Not one drop. Poison is safer than the dagger; and if you so will it, ten nights hence I will have a draught ready which you shall yourself administer."

Grafton's eyes flashed with fiendish triumph as he grasped the hand which the enchantress extended to him, and mounting his horse which

had been tied in a neighboring thicket, he accompanied her to the Goblin's Glen.

A week had passed, and Madeline was alone in the cabin, Mark Lockart being absent at his work, and his wife having gone to see a friend six miles distant who lay at the point of death. Suddenly the young girl's attention was attracted by an Indian of gigantic size who just then emerged from the wood near which the cabin stood. His blanket, leggings and moccasins were elaborately wrought after the Indian fashion, and from his scalp-lock drooped a long, scarlet plume. She was about to summon Mark Lockart by sounding the horn, when the savage bounded to her side, hurled the horn among the bushes, and smothering her cries by placing his hand firmly over her mouth, bore her rapidly away. At last he reached a cabin in the heart of the Goblin's Glen; it was the home of the enchantress, and the next moment Madeline was in the room devoted to the practice of her incantations. Spheres, circles, serpents carved in stone, together with other symbols of her art, lay around or hung from the walls. On a table made of a slab of oak supported by gnarled limbs of the same wood, stood a bronze lamp of quaint pattern, which cast a lurid light through a crescent-formed shade of dark red glass. But all these were unheeded by Madeline, whose attention was absorbed by its occupants, the enchantress, Lewis Grafton and Richard Aubrey. The former presented a more singular appearance than ever. She wore a loose robe of black velvet trimmed with scarlet, and twined about her head was a turban of the same hue, from beneath which her iron gray hair flowed as usual in dishevelled masses. She stood a little in advance of the others, and within a few paces of Madeline, who remained dumb and motionless with terror on the rude seat where the savage had placed her. At a sign from the enchantress, Lewis Grafton advanced and confronted her. His eyes glowed like burning coals, and his voice shook with rage as he addressed her.

"Aha, it is not, my fair lady, as you may suppose, to win you against your will, that you are brought here. No; my purpose is revenge, which, methinks, will prove sweeter even than a successful suit. To administer a draught that will still forever the beatings of your proud, cold heart." And he raised a silver goblet from the table while he passed his arm firmly about her. A wild shriek burst from the young girl, and she would have thrust it from her, but he pressed it to her lips with a smile of fiendish exultation.

"Hold, villain! hold!" thundered a voice at this juncture, and a man of venerable and im-

posing appearance advanced from an inner room. Lewis Grafton shrank, trembling before him, his face ghastly with dismay.

"Base, cowardly miscreant," continued the old man, fixing his flashing eye on Grafton, "and you, my poor child"—and he placed his hand gently on Madeline's head—"I would fain have spared you this suffering, but that I was determined to convict this villain in the very act." And again his burning glance fell on Lewis Grafton. Then turning to Madeline, with a voice tremulous with emotion, he added, "This goblet does not contain poison, but water brought from the spring with my own hand, and with it let me drink the health of this lady, but for whom his villainous plot would have been accomplished." And bowing low to the enchantress, who stood close by with a look of stern satisfaction resting on her disfigured features, he raised the goblet and drank its contents at a draught.

Meanwhile, Lewis Grafton and his accomplice had been casting furtive glances at the door, not, however, unobserved, and whatever hope they might have entertained of effecting their escape was crushed by the enchantress, who assured them that the cabin had been surrounded, even before their entrance, by an Indian guard. Then the old man again addressed Madeline:

"In me you behold one whose name is doubtless familiar to you—your uncle, James Beauclerk—him who, O Heaven that I should have to say it, refused aid to his only brother, your father, in his hour of sorest distress, and who was not moved even when he learned that both he and his wife had died, leaving their child destitute. But, Madeline, a life-long success in the accumulation of riches had petrified every nobler emotion, had made me the insatiable hoarder that I was. The day of repentance, however, was near, though for them, alas, it came too late. I was seized with what I still believe would have proved a mortal illness, but for the vow which I breathed at that solemn moment, when the death damps had gathered on the borders of the spirit land. Then, conscience, which had slept so long, awoke and spoke in trumpet tones, and in my agony I uttered a prayer, the first for long years, solemnly vowing that if God would spare my life, I would fulfil my duty toward you. From that moment my recovery commenced, and ere long I was a well man. In the security of an unbounded confidence I communicated my intention to him whom I believed the very soul of honor—this miscreant, Lewis Grafton, who is the nephew of my deceased wife—telling him that you were to inherit my property equally with himself; and be-

grimed by his pretended sympathy, I gladly agreed to his proposal to go for you. On his arrival, he sent a letter speaking in warm terms of yourself and those who had adopted you, stating that you had yielded to their entreaties to remain with them till early autumn, when you would accompany him to the home I had offered. The interim, he said, he should employ in travel. But, sir," and he turned again to the cowering Grafton, "several days since, a confidential messenger from this lady," and he glanced at the enchantress, "revealed to me your fiendish machinations for adding the whole of my property to your own large fortune. That day found me on my way to this territory, where I arrived yesterday; and I thank God that the plan which I found already arranged for betraying you, and to which I heartily agreed, has met with such signal success."

As he finished speaking he bowed to the enchantress with a significant look, upon which she sounded a small golden whistle that was attached to her girdle by a chain of the same metal. The shrill note had hardly ceased when several Indians entered, whom Mr. Beauclerk ordered to bind Lewis Grafton and his accomplice, telling the two latter that as soon as possible they were to be delivered up to justice. At this, the miscreants, yielding to the cowardly impulses of their nature, pleaded in the most abject terms, till finally, with a countenance expressive of the deepest disgust, the stern old man consented to their proposition that perpetual exile should be substituted for the doom he had intended. As they rose from their suppliant posture, the enchantress advanced and confronted Lewis Grafton, while her face burned with an expression of the bitterest hate.

"Hearken!" she exclaimed, "let what I say sink deep into your soul, vilest of miscreants. The same power that has already betrayed you, will still watch with its argus eyes. Beware! beware, then, how you resort to further machinations." And moving to the threshold, she spoke a few words in Indian tongue, without which she assured Grafton they could not pass in safety. Then stepping back, with an impetuous gesture she motioned them from the cabin, closing the door with a look of grim satisfaction as they disappeared in the gloom.

The enchantress, James Beauclerk, and Madeline were now the sole occupants of that weird-looking room. The young girl arose and took the hand which her uncle extended, while she glanced silently from him to the enchantress, for the fearful scenes through which she had passed had for the time struck her dumb. And James

Beaucleirk's sturdy frame shook with the depth of his emotion as he addressed the strange woman who stood regarding them both with a look of cool indifference.

"You have already," said he, "refused the gold which I offered, not in compensation, for the service you have rendered me is priceless, but as a mere token of gratitude; and now all that is left is the thanks, which, in the fullness of my heart, I find myself totally unable to express."

He was about to add more, but with an impatient gesture, the enchantress interrupted him:

"Your thanks or gold are alike unwelcome; the motive that has actuated me in this affair will never be known to any save myself. And now I would fain conduct you with all possible speed to the friends of this young lady, who have doubtless missed her ere this." And she moved hurriedly from the cabin followed by James Beaucleirk and Madeline.

Horses were in waiting, which they mounted, and headed by the enchantress, moved cautiously along in the uncertain light. But on emerging from the glen their guide dashed on, keeping far in advance, till Mark Lockart's clearing was reached. Then wheeling about she awaited their more tardy arrival.

"This is the end," said she, as they drew near; "as far as you are concerned, my work is done." And with a silent wave of the hand, she darted away.

Just then they heard voices in eager greeting. It was Mark Lockart and his wife, the former of whom had just returned from a solitary search, and was about to summon his friends to aid him in another effort to track Lewis Grafton, who he said he had felt sure was the abductor of Madeline. It was with strangely mingling emotions that the worthy couple listened to the disclosure of James Beaucleirk, and the look they fixed on Madeline told how their souls were wrung with anguish at the thought of parting with her. But yet, when she came the following day with tearful eyes, telling how her heart prompted her to remain with them, and asking their advice in this important crisis, with the self-sacrificing devotion of a pure, unselfish love, they bade her go and fill a station she was so well fitted to adorn. A fortnight later, in broken tones, and with half-suppressed sobs, Madeline bade her adopted parents farewell.

A little more than two years had passed since Madeline had come to her new home in St. Louis. It was night, and James Beaucleirk's elegant mansion presented an appearance bordering on

Oriental magnificence. Lights flashed from many a costly chandelier, or shed a soft, moon-like radiance through vases of alabaster. Rich hangings of damask and mistlike lace were looped in graceful folds about the high windows and deep alcoves, miniature fountains flashed and sparkled, flowers filled the air with delicate fragrance, and tall mirrors gleamed on the frescoed walls. But it was the animated life which formed the chief charm of the scene. There were young girls with their soft tresses wreathed with flowers, and gossamer-like robes floating about their graceful forms; stately matrons in velvets and glittering jewels; citizens in simple garb, and army officers in rich uniforms. And in their midst stood two whose praise was on every lip—Albert Gernain and Madeline Beaucleirk, whose magnificent beauty even was enhanced by the rare elegance of her bridal attire.

Solemn words now floated through the apartment, and as Madeline breathed the vows that bound her forever to the object of her choice, her heart swelled with gratitude toward the weird woman to whom she owed her present happiness.

The following day Madeline received a small package, directed in a clear, delicate hand. It contained a silver box of rare workmanship, within which was a miniature painting, representing a young girl beautiful as the houris, and a necklace and bracelets of Orient pearls. There was also a letter, whose contents were as follows:

"Prompted by an irresistible impulse, she whom you have known only as Mabel the Enchantress, now writes to reveal that which at parting, she had resolved should remain a mystery. I was the last of a once wealthy family of New Orleans, whom sudden reverses had reduced to poverty. I had a passion for the stage, and made my debut with marked success. Night after night the house rang with applause, while flowers and jewels were showered upon the favorite actress. In the midst of this brilliant career, I met with Lewis Grafton, who alone of my numerous suitors, succeeded in winning my heart. A few nights after I had promised to become his bride, I appeared in the favorite play of Romeo and Juliet. At its close I had come out, in compliance with repeated calls from the audience, when suddenly a cry, clear, shrill, terrible, arose above the thunders of applause; and 'fire! fire!' passed from lip to lip of the panic-struck throng. Immediately a scene of confusion ensued such as language would fail to portray. One—not Lewis Grafton, for I had seen him flee at the first alarm—bore me, amid smoke and flame, till at last we reached the street, and entering a carriage, drove home. My deliverer,

who was a rejected suitor, died of his burns. But from that night, Lewis Grafton deserted one who he learned would be disfigured for life.

"Ah, it was terrible! The beauty and bloom of life were all gone—gone forever! The world which, like my false lover, had courted and applauded in my palmy days, now passed me by with a glance of pity or ill-concealed disgust. At this a storm of agony tore my soul to its innermost depths, leaving it, at last, scarred like my person—scarred with the fire of an intense hatred toward the whole human race.

"But one course seemed left—a life of aimless solitude—such a life as was in open conflict with every element of my nature! But suddenly an idea flashed through my brain, and I immediately proceeded to act upon it. The same day I left New Orleans, and a week afterward, the sudden death of Adelaide Montalbert, the actress, was inserted in the principal papers of the city. Meanwhile I had commenced the study of necromancy, and when my preparations were accomplished, under the name of Mabel the Enchantress, I again went forth into the world, where, with a skill peculiarly my own, I played upon the credulity which everywhere exists to a greater or less degree. And riches flowed in upon me faster even than when employed in the profession I had been compelled to relinquish; and many a heart's dark secret was also open to my gaze. Finally, weary with the luxury of cities, I commenced a series of wanderings which terminated at last in the territory of Minnesota, where, charmed with the beauty of the country, I at once located myself.

"Two years later, the day previous to your meeting with Lewis Grafton, I had been strolling along the borders of the forest near the trading post well known to you, and had just thrown myself wearily upon a soft bed of moss, when the voice which I had not heard since that fatal night, thrilled every nerve of my frame. Motionless, almost breathless, I listened, and thus became the possessor of a secret which Lewis Grafton and his accomplice were discussing in fancied security. The blood coursed angrily through my veins, and I at once resolved to lead him on and betray him in the manner I did, not from a love of justice or my kind, but from a spirit of revenge. And prompted by this spirit whose thirst, tiger-like, was yet unslackened, I followed him to Cuba, his chosen place of exile. There, by means of emissaries which gold will always purchase, I continued to thwart his plans for repairing a fortune which his excesses had shattered; a fact which, as he had always lived in New Orleans, a safe distance from his

uncle, he had been enabled to conceal even till the last.

"Finally, overcome with disappointment and rage, also, that he could not discover me, who he felt sure was the author of his ill success, he fell sick, growing worse and worse till at last his disease was pronounced incurable. It was then that in the garb of a sister of charity, I gained access to him, and revealing myself as Adelaide Montalbert, embittered his last moments with biting taunts.

"But now that my own end is approaching, I am a prey to the remorse that 'stings like a scorpion and bites like an adder.' And this is why, in the humility of repentance, I venture to confess to one pure and beautiful, who, perhaps, may shed a tear for her who, deeply as she has sinned, has suffered as well.

"The gains so wrongfully accumulated, I have, where it was possible, returned to those from whom they came, and the remainder will be received by various charitable institutions from an unknown hand. But the casket and jewels I send you are relics of happy days, and I beg you to accept them as a bridal gift. It is in my cabin, amid the dim shadows of the Goblin's glen, that I have written these lines. When you read them, the winds will be chanting a requiem over the grave of MABEL THE ENCHANTRESS."

ITALIAN HONESTY.

On the subject of honesty there are some distinctions and refinements, which I suspect arise out of the discipline of the church. You may trust a servant in Naples with any sum of money, and he will keep it untouched. You may leave your drawers open to him and he will not rob you; but if you employ him to buy anything, even the smallest article, he will be sure to cheat you, and make a considerable interest of your confidence. I shall never forget the honest indignation I aroused in a man by telling him he meant to rob me; he was asking me at least ten times the value of the thing bargained for. The color came into his face, his voice faltered, and he stammered out that "men who robbed were found on the highway. This," he said, "was a mere treaty between two *galant homini* (honest men), and he could only excuse the insult by supposing that I was not fully acquainted with the import of the word." I told him if he did not like the verb *rapire*, he might have *inganare*, which would suit me quite as well, and which, as it only meant to cheat, did not seem to shock his moral sensibility.—*Letters from Naples, by the late Thomas Uwins, R. A.*

OCEAN.

— the dark pile of cloud shook with the voice
Of Zeus, who answered, "He shall be restored,
But not returned to earth. His cycle moves
Ascending!" The deep sea the announcement heard;
And from beneath its ever-shifting thrones,
The murmuring of a solemn joy sent up.—HORNE.

[ORIGINAL.]

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Wilt sing again? for I could ever listen
 To strains like those my ear so lately caught,
 And even now with tears my eyelids glisten
 At kindling heart-dreams that were quite forgot.
 Dreams of the dawning and the bright decline
 Of days that shall not dawn nor close again,
 And deeper musings, 'neath the light divine
 Of stars, come back upon thy closing strain.

In listless mood at noon of summer tide,
 And at the stillly hour of midnight chimes,
 I've heard strange, broken music, and have tried
 With eager ear to catch the spirit rhymes;
 But now thy voice seemed as the full sweet reading
 Of those faint air-tones of the other deep,
 And clothed in memory's sad and soul strong pleading,
 Have moved my spirit till I can but weep.

Yet sing again, though fond regret come chasing
 These fair illusions from my heart away.
 Better pale autumn's flowers too quickly passing,
 Than bloomless wastes in summer's late decay.
 Yes, sing! I fain, though but in dreams, would feel
 The blissful memories of my earlier years,
 Nor yet would lose these saddened thoughts that steal
 Upon my senses speaking through these tears.

[ORIGINAL.]

JOE PUMLEY'S GHOST.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

THE little adventure which I propose to relate, and which may or may not be worth the trouble of recording—(I am sure it would not be were it not literally true, and that sober-minded people delight in realities more than in fiction)—dates back to a period when people were less enlightened than now, and before B— had developed into the handsome town it now is.

It was in the year of grace, 1759, just one hundred years ago as I live—and what is still stranger, no one but myself has attempted to snatch from oblivion, by the invincible tweezers of literary recordation the fact—that Joseph, or Joe Pumley, familiarly called, was driving about midnight near a lonely burying-ground in B— (Joe was a burly teamster, by the way, and afraid of no earthly hardship), when his attention was suddenly arrested by a white object moving solemnly among the graves. B—, as the reader will infer, was quite thinly settled at that date, the houses, like angel's visits, being few and far between. Joe belonged in a town some ten miles south of the locality in which circumstances compel us to introduce him, but

used to pass the burying-ground in question, both on his way to and from the city. The country was lone and desolate compared to what it now is, and Joe, who was obliged not unfrequently to drive all night to bring round according to "gunter" in the mornin', was often confronted with the bristling query—"Aint you afeared of ghosts?"

Joe used to laugh at the questioners in a quiet, good-natured sort of way, as he quaffed his mug of flip at the expense of some timid citizen, who admired his rough-and-ready ways, and was often heard to remark; as he stood warming his broad back for a moment before the roaring yule-log of the village tavern, that if he ever saw a ghost, he'd be darned if he wouldn't give chase to 't as sure as he hoped to see sunrise. And no one, I believe, had the least doubt but he was armed with sufficient courage to do so at any moment the ghost should think proper to reveal itself.

Now any other man within ten miles of him, driving at midnight on a lonely road in front of a lonely burying-ground, to have seen what we have described him as seeing, would have been rather apt to have whipped up his horses and gotten out of sight as quickly as possible. But Joe didn't. On the contrary he drew up the stout team horses and peered over at the ghostly visitant with a most determined and inquisitive air, and had he been an educated person, with a thoughtful and speculative turn of mind, he would undoubtedly have addressed it in something like the startling and dramatic language which the bard of Avon puts into the mouth of the brave and gifted Prince Hamlet:

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee!"

But Joe Pumley, who had never heard of such a person as Shakspeare in his life, made use of no such quotation as above repeated. He simply said, "Whew! if that ben't a ghost I see walking among them there tomb-stones. I hope to scream if I believe there ever was one. Now they pretend to say if a fellow has got the pluck to force 'em right up, they'll knock under and explain why they can't rest contented in their graves. I'm half a mind to test the truth o' that saying—it isn't far, and perhaps the ghost has got some terrible secret to divulge, which Joe Pumley might as well know as anybody else—so here goes!"

And suiting the action to the word, Joe sprang to the ground and made for the graveyard fence. The moon had gone down, but there was light

ough left to render objects discernible at some distance. The white object was still visible, though it seemed to be moving from him all the while he was advancing, so that when he came to the spot where he had first seen it, it was still as far removed from him as ever. It was very strange, Joe thought. He was quite sure that the ghost wished to avoid him, and he was therefore just as anxious to overtake it, that he might discover what mysterious cause compelled it to "Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous." But the white object kept at a safe distance, and Joe, wearied out at length with the idea of overtaking it so long as he maintained his present dignified gait, determined for once to break over all rules of ghostly decorum, and see if he could not attain his object by bringing into play all the natural strength and activity of a vigorous pair of legs. For some time the race was about evenly sustained on both sides, the white object still keeping the distance good between them, now springing over graves, and now dodging out from between tombstones, or frisking underneath the pendant branches of a weeping willow, or perchance concealing itself for an instant behind a blue slate headstone of unusual breadth and altitude, to be driven out a moment after into a more exposed position, and still whisking on, as though it glorified above all things in thus aggravating its pursuer. But at last the ghostly apparition seemed to flag a little, and that encouraged Joe with renewed hopes of finally outwinding a ghost under full headway, which would certainly be a grand achievement to be talked of, and he redoubled his exertions—he neared the object, which seemed to slacken its speed as though despairing, and the next moment his hand was upon it.

"Haw, haw, haw! he, he, he!" laughed Joe, as though he would split his great sides, "it's nothing but a poor little innocent white heifer after all, and I, like a great fool, have been chasing it all over the graveyard for half an hour, thinking it was a ghost. But it's cured me—I'll never believe in ghosts again so long as my name is. Joe Pumley—never!"

But even while he stood there chuckling and laughing to himself, his ears were arrested by a sound resembling a groan. He cast his eyes around him, and beheld a little way off a tomb. He was quite certain the sound proceeded from that direction. He inclined his ear and listened. He was presently rewarded by a repetition of the groan, and there could be no longer any question about it—it proceeded directly from within the dark, dismal death-vault.

"As sure as the white heifer is no ghost," cried Joe, excitedly, "there's somebody buried alive!"

He did not stop long to consider, but rushed to the nearest house and struck the plank door a tremendous blow. The proprietor jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Joe explained how matters stood, and fled back to the graveyard, followed by the man. Without stopping for comments, they burst open the door and entered the vault. The groans greeted them more distinctly from one particular coffin, which they seized and bore into the open air. They hastily wrenched off the lid, and the pallid occupant rose up with the startled look of returning consciousness.

She proved to be the only daughter of a near neighbor, who had been driven almost distracted by her supposed death—though she had been buried, it seemed, in a trance—and so pleased was he with Joe, for the signal service he had rendered in the affair, that he gave him a farm—for he was wealthy and owned several of them. And it is still further affirmed that the identical young woman so marvellously rescued from the jaws of death, subsequently became Mrs. Pumley, the mother of grown-up daughters, who in turn became mothers and grandmothers of the present generation of Pumleys.

RATHER THIN.

A ludicrous incident occurred this winter, at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale Road. Jones's hotel of that place, is ornamented with a hostler, whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from this phantom steed, the equestrian said, turning to the hostler :

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped, like one surprised beyond expression :

"Bless my soul!" says he, "I ax your pardon, sir; but your hanimal was a standin', on a line with that ere hitching post, and I didn't see him!"

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A PRIZE.

A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her.
BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[ORIGINAL.]

HOUSEHOLD LIGHTS.

BY CARMIE CALDERWOOD.

To the tired cosmopolite,
Travelling when comes the night!
To the wanderer, who knows
Nothing of home's sweet repose—
Who is wasted here and there,
Never resting anywhere,
O, how cheerfully they beam!
How invitingly they gleam!
Picturing, as day grows dim,
Quiet bliss—yet not for him!

Now they flicker, now they flit,
Emblems of his life more fit—
Of the many hopes and fears
That have wavered through his years!
Of some good that he pursued,
That would still his steps elude:
Of some star to cheer him sent,
Very bright, but occident;
O, the tapers tell a tale,
As they flicker, flit and fail!

From the lowliest window-pane,
Not a small light looks in vain;
If the way be dark and drear,
Many a traveller it will cheer;
Many a one who fails to see
In it type or simile,
As so fitfully it beame,
As it flickers, flits and gleams;
Blest are they who never learn
To feel sad when tapers burn!

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY WINKLEY'S SORROW.

BY MARTIN THORNTON.

MARY WINKLEY sat by her mother's window singing. In all the village of Cranston there was not so pretty a voice as hers. People said it was like a bird's, it was so full, rich and clear. Just outside of the white lattice, covered thickly over with trumpet honeysuckles, the cage of a canary hung. While Mary sang the bird tuned up his voice to sing with her. It was a beautiful concert, the two singing together. Mary's mother put her head—a finely-shaped head, richly silvered over with age—out of the parlor door to listen; and a young man, passing closely along by the windows, stopped a moment in the cool shade of the old maples, smiling all the while at the delicious sounds he heard.

Pretty Mary Winkley, like the bird, was pouring out the melody of a happy thankful heart, and whoever listened felt the purer tides of their being moved by her sweet thanksgiving. While

she sang she worked briskly. Upon her blue gingham apron rested a basket of green peas which her busy fingers were making ready for the noon meal. But by-and-by the basket slipped from her lap to the floor, and her hands fell listlessly by her sides, while she cast frequent, longing glances out across the dewy lawn, and farther along to a bright new cottage with its clear roof shining in the sunlight, and its white sides half-buried in soft, dark evergreen. It seemed as if her blue eyes would never tire of looking at the picture that the new house made, setting upon the velvety grass, with vines climbing over it, and the checkered shade of the trees dropping upon its roof.

After awhile she went for her white sunbonnet, forgetful of the half-shelled peas, or the pile of pods lying upon the floor beside them—and in a few moments was dancing over the lawn, blushing and smiling at every one who heeded whither her footsteps were tending.

"O, such a dear house as this is!" she said, as she unlocked the porch door and stood in the dainty little kitchen. "Everything is so handy, so nice, and so perfect!"

She stopped to admire the cunning little cooking-stove, which was yet innocent of a fire; looked under the sink where Harry had arrayed their store of pots and kettles; peeped into the cupboard brimful of new white dishes, and then sat down for just one little moment in a low rocking-chair by the window, trying to think how it would seem to sit there mornings when everything was put to rights and Harry was away to his work. Then she sprang to the sitting-room and threw open the blinds and looped back the soft white curtains, to see how pleasant the sunlight would look streaming over the brightly-tinted home-made carpet. As she did so she caught sight of the pillows of the patch-covered lounge, dented and tumbled. With a pretty show of importance she re-arranged them, smiling, the while, to think whose brown head had first been pressed against them.

Next she went to the parlor. On that there was a pretty English carpet and a nice, smart-looking sofa. On the walls were three pictures, fastened by dainty cords and tassels. These pictures were Mary's pride. She never wearied of looking at them. But this morning before she could bestow her usual praise upon them, something caught her eye in another direction.

With a cry of joy she sprang across the room, her face brilliant with smiles and blushes. O, what a happy surprise that was for her, the handsome, richly-toned seraphine! Of all things in the world just what she wanted most! What

could she say, what should she do, to let Harry know how much she thanked him for his kindness ?

" It was so unexpected, so — " she began, but while she spoke her voice grew choked with tears, and sinking down upon the carpet and leaning her head against the white keys of the instrument, she cried for very joy. While she sat there Harry came softly into the room, and started her by resting his hand caressingly upon her head .

" Crying, Mary, for what ? " he said, kneeling beside her, and attempting to draw her hands away from her face .

" Because you are so kind to me. O, Harry, Harry, what can I do to repay you for this ? " she answered, nestling her face against his shoulder .

" I'll tell you what you may do my little—I almost said it—wife—don't blush so, wifey ; when I come home sometimes, weary, fretful and out of temper, you may lead me in here and sing and play to me. With music, Mary, you can lead me as though I were a little child. I never could grow very wicked," and his full hazel eyes grew soft and reverent in their expression, " never forgetful of the dear God that loves us, while that one chord of my heart vibrated with such a holy thrill to the sound of music. Come, Mary dear, let us sing that old Scotch melody together. You may play, or I will ."

O, how beautiful it was, that old song, floating out on the rich melody of their voices—the sweet bird-like treble of Mary, and the rich basso of Harry. As they sang how sweet and pure the expression of their faces ! As if every unholy pulse of sin was deadened within them ; every unholy thought struck dead before the face of God's great gift .

" O, my, Fan, isn't that a handsome cottage ! Who owns it ? "

" Young Harry Roberts, the nicest fellow in all Cranston ."

" Married ? "

" No, but very near it. He's engaged to Mary Winkley, the pretty girl that you noticed a church yesterday ."

" Pshaw ! " Miss Bell Wooster curled her lip contemptuously.

" What is it, Bell ? "

" Nothing now. Will you introduce me to Mr. Roberts ? I'd like to know him ."

" Introduce you ? most certainly, dear. He calls to see little Wllie every evening, and I shall have any quantity of chances. But your arts and charms will all be lost upon him. Mary

Winkley has his heart, and the cottage is for her ."

" Will you wager anything ? " Miss Bell gave one glance of her superb eyes into her cousin's face .

" Not a pin's worth while you wear that assured look. But, nevertheless, let me tell you, that Harry Roberts is all ready to be married. Why, they've even got their carpets down and their dishes arranged in the cupboards ."

" So much the better," was the answer. " I don't care for that. Introduce me, if you please ."

" He's perfectly charming, Fan ! " Miss Bell Wooster whispered the words into her cousin's ear after an hour's steady chat with Mr. Roberts the following evening .

And Harry ! At first he was not pleased with the gay, dashing beauty. He did not like the bold, rapid glances of her dark eyes. He compared her black curls with Mary's brown braids ; her dress of rich silk, fashionably and elegantly made with Mary's simple, modest robes, and the comparison was in Mary's favor. But after awhile the contrast was less vivid. While Miss Wooster conversed he forgot everything else. There was certainly a charm in everything she said ; a grace in every expression. Did she sing, he asked at last .

" A little, not much ; " she answered, drooping her deeply fringed lids before him .

" Would she favor him with a song ? He was a great lover of music ."

" She should be most happy to, if he would look leniently upon her faults of execution ."

Harry bowed smilingly, and Miss Bell took her seat at the piano. It was a wild Italian song that she broke into, for which her passionate voice was peculiarly well adapted. She threw her whole soul into the piece. While she sang her eyes grew strangely lustrous and bright. Her cheeks flushed crimson, and about her mouth a passionate earnestness lay pictured. Harry thought he had never seen any one so beautiful before. He had certainly never before listened to such singing. It was not like Mary's. Hers was tender, sweet and soothing. This was stirring and exciting. To him it was like drinking deeply of rich old wine. He had not words to thank her when she ceased, but he begged her to sing again. She sang, and still he said again, until the village clock struck the hour of ten. He started up suddenly, then, remembering that he had agreed to see Mary that evening, he went away, promising to call often while Miss Wooster remained at Cranston. There was little need of a promise, however, he said, he always called

to see little Willie Wooster every evening. He had ever since he had been sick.

"Who wins, Fannie?" asked Bell, drawing her curls from her cheeks, as Harry's footsteps died away in the street. "Heavens! I little thought to take such an interest in the game. Look at my cheeks, they are like crimson, and my heart beats—Fan, tell me who wins, little Mary or I?"

The beautiful girl paced rapidly across the parlor as she spoke. She was like a proud, splendid dahlia—Mary Winkley like a white, stainless lily. So thought Fanny Wooster as she looked at her cousin, before answering. Then she said:

"O Bell, Bell, Bell!"

"Come, child, rouse up. See, little Willie Wooster has sent you a peach. Don't look so broken-hearted, Mary!"

Good Mrs. Winkley's blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and her kind voice was shaken with emotion. It was dreadful to see her darling growing so pale before her eyes day by day, while she had no power to aid her—no word of cheer to offer.

"Your mother is true to you, dear," she said, wiping her eyes.

"O, I know it, I know it," exclaimed Mary, her blue eyes brightening. "But—but this is dreadful to bear—and I loved him so, too, mother! Sometimes I wish I was as near home as dear little Willie."

"Don't, child, don't talk so. It is sinful. You must not give up everything because he has treated you badly."

"But, O, mother, I loved him so. Why, I could have died for him—O, I cannot tell you how willingly—he was so very dear to me. And then for him to do so!"

"It won't always be so, my dear. This can't always last. Harry Roberts will live to see the day he will repent of this."

"Do you think so, mother—do you think so?" she asked, eagerly, her face growing brighter.

But in a moment the very worst came back to her and she forgot to hope. Her mother did not know everything that she knew. Did not know half how she had been neglected. She had never complained. It had grown to be a common sight now for Harry to walk leisurely at any hour of the day with the beautiful Miss Bell Wooster. Only the night before Mary had been very near them as they sauntered along in the gathering twilight, Miss Wooster leaning on his arm, and his head bent low to catch the bewitching tones of her voice—the tones that were so

fast stealing away his senses. Every evening he spent with her, seldom thinking or caring for Mary's loneliness.

"He used to come every morning and every evening," Mary would say, but now he does not come at all."

So the time (September), appointed for their marriage drew nigh, and people said that it would be Bell Wooster instead of Mary Winkley, after all, that would live in Harry's beautiful cottage. And Mary sat by her window and wondered if Harry would come to her before the time and tell her of the great change in his feelings, or if he would still avoid her. She wondered what he would do with her things at the cottage, how he would send them back to her? Her great sorrow was crushing out all the light and joy of her heart. She never sang now. All day long she would sit at her work without a note escaping her poor grieved lips. She couldn't sing, she said. Her songs would grow to wails now if she tried to sing them. She hoped when she sang again it would be where her voice could never be broken by grief. She was tired, tired, so tired!

To the very dregs she was draining the cup of sorrow that Harry Roberts's faithlessness had filled for her. Could she win him back now with a song? Had he indeed ever loved her? God pity her, for in her great grief there was no light.

"Don't cry so, Willie dear. Tell me what grieves you."

Harry Roberts was bending over the couch of little Willie Wooster, and while he spoke to him his voice was as tender and soft as a woman's.

"O dear, Mr. Roberts, I can't bear to have it so," sobbed the child. "I must tell you!"

"Tell me what, Willie?—I will listen to whatever you wish to say."

"O, Mr. Roberts, you have been very kind to me—so has Mary, too. I think Mary's face is an angel's, but cousin Bell's face—is the door shut?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Cousin Bell's face is terrible wicked. Dear me, Mr. Roberts, I ought to tell you when Mary is getting paler every day. I think you like Mary best of anybody in the world. Don't you?"

Harry turned his face away without answering. Seeing that he did not speak to him, Willie went on.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Roberts, Bell meant to do this all the time. She said so."

"Do what, child?"

" Make a fuss. When she first came here she said she wanted your cottage, and that she would have it in spite of Mary. O, she's terrible wicked—she don't love anybody. I shouldn't have told you of it, but I was afraid she was going to get it. I didn't think you'd believe her. Do you like her better than Mary? O, I don't."

" No, Willie, no!"

" Then what makes you talk to her? She says she's going to be your wife. She said so in this room yesterday. And she said that she would marry you if she whitened a hundred faces instead of one. O, don't let her, Mr. Roberts—God wont love you if you do."

" Don't be afraid, Willie," he answered, trying to soothe the child. " I doubt if God will ever love or forgive me."

" But you wont marry Bell, will you?"

" No, as I live I will not!" he answered, looking the boy full in the face with his clear, hazel eyes.

" And you will go and see Mary now, right off. Mother says you don't ever go there now. Will you go?"

Harry hesitated a moment. Yes, he would go, he said at last, and as he spoke he started for the door. In the hall Bell Wooster stepped playfully in his way. Without speaking he moved her gently but firmly aside. Her face darkened in a moment. She felt that the tide of treachery was turning.

" Mary, Mary, look up, darling, and give me my doom."

Harry Roberts knelt at the feet of Mary Winkley as he spoke.

" O, Harry, Harry!" was all that poor Mary could say.

" Mary, tell me if you can love me again—tell me if you can be what you used to be to me—if you can love me!"

" Can love you, Harry? I have always loved you." The soft eyes were raining tears upon his face as she spoke. " But you, Harry—you—"

" I was blinded, fooled, infatuated, darling, but thank God, it is all over now. If my life is spared, I will atone for this wrong I have done you. Tell me that you forgive me—that you trust me."

He held her in his arms as though she was but a babe, and all the while he sued for forgiveness her sweet face was nestling closer and closer to his own.

The next morning they sang the old Scotch melody again in their little home, and Mary's voice was sweeter than ever, with a faint quiver of grief running through it. A week later they

were married in the little stone church at Cranston, and it was a day of rejoicing all through the village. Little Willie Wooster was carried on a litter to see the ceremony, and then from the church was moved gently to Harry's new cottage. It was the happiest moment of the little invalid's life. Poor, shattered life, it went out sweetly with the autumn-time. In heaven he found no winter.

WEARING FLANNEL.

The very best thing that can be worn next the skin, in summer as well as in winter, is common woolen flannel. One color has no advantage over another, except that white is more agreeable to the sight, it is more likely to "full up" in washing; but this may be almost entirely prevented, if done properly. Pour boiling hot strong soap-suds on the garment in a tub, let it alone until the hand can bear the water, then pour off and add clean water, boiling hot, let this stand as before; pour off and add more boiling clean water, and when cool enough, merely squeeze the garment with the hands—no wringing or rubbing. Stretch it immediately on a line in the hot sun, or before a hot fire, and as the water settles in the most dependent part of the garment, press it out with the hand, and be careful to stretch the fabric as soon as the water is squeezed out, aiming as much as possible to keep the flannel hot until it is dry. If woolen garments are treated literally as above, they will remain pliable and soft until worn out.

Recent scientific experiments, carefully conducted, prove the truth of the popular sentiment, that woolen flannel is the best fabric to be worn next the skin, as it absorbs more moisture from the body than any other material, and by so doing, keeps the body more perfectly dry. Cotton absorbs the least; hence the perspiration remains more on the skin, and being damp, the heat of the body is rapidly carried off by evaporation, and suddenly cools when exercise ceases, the ill effects of which no intelligent mind need to be reminded of. Hence it is that the common observation of all nations leads them to give their sailors woolen flannel shirts for all seasons and for all latitudes, as the best equalizers of the heat of the body.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE BEARD.

A writer in the Boston Post, has the following communication in regard to the beard: "I have seen it stated somewhere that there is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved by the experiment in Africa, that soldiers wearing the beard are much less liable to diseases of the eye, and it is generally conceded that it is a protection from diseases of the throat and lungs. It is asserted that in countries where it is the custom to wear the beard, the eye retains its lustre and brilliancy much longer. It may be argued that females do not suffer more than males from disease of the eyes, etc., but it must be admitted they are much less exposed to the elements.

The Florist.

Now all along the garden wall
The early flowerets lift their eyes,
Wooing the sunshine and the dew—
The blessings of the deep blue skies.—ELLEN.

Preserving Bulbs.

It is the practice in Holland to take up the bulbs about a month after the bloom is completely over, in the following manner: As soon as the plants begin to put on a yellowish, decayed appearance, they take up the roots and cut off the stem and foliage within an inch or half an inch of the bulb, but leave the fibres, etc., attached to it; they then place the bulbs again on the same bed, with their points toward the north, and cover them about an inch deep with dry earth or sand in form of a ridge, or in little cones over each bulb; in this state they remain about three weeks longer, and dry or ripen gradually; during which period the bed is preserved from heavy rains or too much sun, but at all other times exposed to the full air; at the expiration of this period, the bulbs are taken up, and their fibres, which are becoming dry and withered, cut or gently rubbed off; they are then placed in a dry room for two or three weeks, and are afterward cleaned from any soil that adheres to them, their loose skins taken off, with such offsets as may be easily separated. When this dressing is finished, the bulbs are wrapped up in separate pieces of paper, or buried in sand, made effectually dry for that purpose, where they remain till the return of the season for planting.

Carnations.

Scarlet, purple and pink are the three colors most predominant in the carnation; the first two are seldom to be met with in the same flower, but the last two are very frequently found together. When the scarlet predominates, and is united with a pale color, or, as it sometimes happens, with a very deep purple upon a white ground, it constitutes a scarlet bizarre, of which there are many shades and varieties, some richer and others paler in their colors, as is the case with all the rest. Pink bizarre are so called when the pink color abounds; purple bizarre when the purple abounds. Crimson bizarre consist of a deep purple and rich pink.

Roses.

Centuries ago the rose was crowned queen of flowers, and has neither abdicated nor been deposed from her sovereignty. Though multitudes of brilliant and fragrant flowers are constantly coming into favor, none unite the charms of the rose. What the Venus de Medice is among statues, or what Helen of Troy was among women, the rose is among flowers.

Garden Walks.

By this time the alleys and walks of the garden should be in perfect order, every intrusive weed removed, and the whole rolled firm and hard. Where grass forms any part of the bordering, it should now be in its glory. Every stick, stone and straw should have been carried away from the part devoted to cultivation, and every thing made ready for the planting of tender annuals.

Evergreens.

A line of evergreens on the north side of a garden not only produces a pleasant effect, but is of positive advantage in tempering the wind. Besides, it takes away from the desolate look of a garden in winter. The Norway fir is a deserved favorite for this purpose.

A Chat about Violets.

We believe the violet to have been misunderstood heretofore. It has been called "modest," because almost invariably found concealed amid the grass. It is true the violet is born among grass, but it is not lacking in stratagems to get out; for, besides the beautiful color it affects, and which makes it easily distinguished, it exhales a delicious perfume, which would reveal it even to a blind man. It also presents itself under various allurements. Here it is white; there double, as a tiny rose—white, violet, gray, rose-colored! In all countries it is the favorite ornament of beautiful women. Another way it has of making itself precious. It is this:—Other flowers permit their perfumes to be preserved in essences—as the odor of roses, jasmine, heliotrope, and many other flowers. The violet alone refuses to separate its odor from itself—perfumers are obliged to make a substitute from the iris of Florence. The English and Neapolitan violets are the most fragrant. These delightful little flowers should be grown in pots or boxes, in order that they may be covered with glass in case of severe frost. They should be propagated by cuttings taken in May, and struck in sand under glass.

Climbing Plants.

Climbing plants, such as honeysuckles, jasmine, clematis and climbing roses, need very careful pruning; all small, wiry branches cut away, and, if the space be covered, all lateral shoots spurred. Wall fruit trees want attention; all weak, useless shoots cut off, and the others carefully nailed. Rub off all the buds starting inward, or where they are not wanted. It is better to remove the buds than have to cut them off after they have fairly started.

Golden Hawkweed.

There are two kinds of hawkweed, and one or both should find a place in every garden. They are valuable because of their brilliant flowers, produced in great profusion, beginning early, and remaining till the frosts come—oftentimes outlasting every flower in the garden. They are very hardy, and require only to be sown in rich, light soil, the last of April or middle of May.

Hollyhocks.

Where the garden is a large one, we recommend planting of hollyhocks at the furthest extremity, to form a bold and striking background. These hardy and coarse but picturesque flowers were formerly much in vogue; then they were banished, and finally, by a healthy reaction they have again become favorite for certain purposes. They are varied in hue and markings, and when judiciously grouped, produce a striking effect.

Roses.

Do not be too impatient about getting a rose into flower. See that it gets well rooted and makes a good growth of wood, and be content with its flowering when the bush attains a good size.

Liquid Manure.

Liquid manure is the best of all manures for flowers, trees or vegetables. But you must take care not to have it too strong. Frequent watering with dung-water about the color of weak coffee, will give everything a start.

Rose Bushes.

The Rural New Yorker says, wash your rose-bushes with tobacco water. It will quickly kill the bugs, and the rose will regain its fragrance in a day or two. It should be applied to the bush by means of a syringe.

The Lilac.

This old and favorite ornamental deciduous shrub, like the rose, obtains a place wherever trees and flowers will grow. It is especially popular with those who have only a small piece of ground, and cannot spare much time to devote to flower culture. The lilac is one of the hardiest plants grown; it may be cut down, but it will come up again—the branches may be killed, but others will rise on the return of warm weather. The lilac is the first to bud and blossom in the spring, and it is green long before others. There are several varieties. The purple lilac is found in almost every garden—the white is more scarce. Grown together, they are very beautiful, and notwithstanding the introduction of so many floral novelties of late years, the lilac, old-fashioned though it be, is one of the most valuable and ornamental shrubs for the season. The Persian lilac is far more delicate and pretty than the common lilac, both in its leaf and blossom. The bunches of flowers are nearly a foot long, and weigh down the tender, terminal shoots, so as to give the plant a very graceful appearance. The Persian lilacs grow about four or five feet high.

Lillies in Pots.

Among the most beautiful of the lily tribe is the "lilium speciosum," and its superb varieties—some of which are variegated as if rubies were stuck all over their petals. To cultivate these in pots, a compost of one-third turfy peat, one-third turfy loam, and one-third decayed cow-manure, with sand one-sixth of the whole added, is suitable. Pot them about this season; use large pots, and choose very strong double crowned bulbs, two or three of which may go in a pot a foot in diameter; drain them well, and plant the bulbs three or four inches below the rim. When the stems are five or six inches long, fill up the pots with compost, which will cause them to root up the covered part of their stems. As they rise too high for the frames, remove them to the greenhouse, where they will flower in great perfection and retain their beauty a long time if kept from the sun. Plants are easily raised from seeds sown an inch apart in pans placed in peat; when up keep them in the green house for two seasons.

Forcing Tulips, etc.

To force early tulips in pots, they should be planted about three or four in each pot, just within the earth, which may be of the same sort, and the management the same as that pursued in forcing the hyacinth and the narcissus. Crocuses will also force well. They should be planted near together—say from ten to twelve in a pot, according to its size. Let them root naturally, after planting. Before they are forced into flower, they require similar treatment to the preceding named plants, in every respect that is material.

Planting Annuals.

In the latitude of Boston, the planting of tender annuals has but just commenced. Nothing is gained by too early planting. A sharp frost a little out of season will convince you of this. Wait till the ground is warm, and then your seeds and plants will thrive all the better.

Changing Plants.

All plants that require shifting to larger pots, should now be moved, taking care to keep them in the shade till they grow freely. Loosen the earth in the top of the tubs and pots, and give new compost to such as have been neglected in April.

Proper Soil for the Rose.

The most suitable soil for the rose is strong, rich loam, and well-decomposed vegetable mould, cow-manure, or horse-manure; and where the soil is already formed, the deficiencies that may exist in respect to any of the points named are to be modified or supplied as well as possible. If the soil be light, holes must be dug, and loam and manure forked in at the bottom of the hole, and the whole also be filled up with the same mixture; this is the only way to secure a good growth and bloom, and it is next to useless to plant roses in poor, light soil without this precaution. Roses may also be watered at any period of their growth with a mixture of one-fourth of a pound of Peruvian guano and eight gallons of water—or in these proportions—to be applied with a watering-pot, in the evening, or on a cloudy day.

Situation and Plan of a Flower-Garden.

The situation of the flower-garden is generally contiguous to the principal rooms of the dwelling, which arrangement gives the occupant of the house the advantage of enjoying a sight of the flowers from the windows, at times when unfavorable weather, or other circumstances, do not permit a closer inspection. The ground should be level, and one fact borne in mind, namely, that a small tastefully arranged garden will always afford more pleasure than one of more pretentious size kept. Very complicated combinations should be avoided, as being troublesome in after management. Extremely small beds are objectionable as producing no effect when planted. In a word, the idea of proportion should always be kept in mind.

The Dahlia.

No flower excels, if any equals, the dahlia in magnificence; nor has any flower been more improved by cultivation. In addition to the beautiful one-colored flowers, a new class, called fancy dahlias, has recently become popular. Many of these are exceedingly striking in effect, each flower being composed of two distinct colors, the petals in some varieties being striped, in others tipped. Being a tall and robust plant, ranging in height from three to six feet, the dahlia is ill adapted for a geometrical flower garden—except, indeed, for a large central bed; but for a bed, or group of beds, to be viewed at a distance, it has no equal during the autumn months.

Pruning.

Pruning must be set about now in earnest, but roses especially, if they have begun to grow fast. Prune out all the little weak branches, then shorten the principal ones. Let some regard be paid to the form of the head or bush, and shorten close or otherwise, according as you want wood, making allowance for the growth of the new shoots. Rub off all the buds starting inwards, or in places where they are not wanted. It is far better to remove the buds than let them grow and have to cut them off.

Echinops.

The Globe Thistle. Hardy annual, biennial, and perennial plants, generally with blue flowers; require only the common culture of their respective kinds, and will grow in almost any soil and situation.

Ficaria.

The lesser Celandine. A British perennial, with brilliant yellow flowers. It likes a moist, shady situation, and will thrive best under the drip of trees.

Curious Matters.

Mud Pie and Typhus Fever.

A singular case was recently submitted to the Civil Tribunal of Paris. In May last, a boy nine years of age, son of a workman, in playing, made a mud pie on the staircase of the house, and the housekeeper, a woman named Caron, in a rage, plastered his face with the dirt. The little fellow wept and was much agitated, shortly after fell ill, was subsequently attacked with typhus fever, and on the eighth of June died. His medical attendant certified that his malady and death had been mainly occasioned by the terror which he had felt at having had his face soiled, and his parents consequently brought an action against Madame Caron to obtain damages. On the part of the woman it was contended that what she had done to the child could not have caused his death. The tribunal, however, ordered her to pay two hundred francs.

Curious Fact.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Dr. Brewer read a paper on the common yellow bird. Attention was called to its sagacity in avoiding the necessity either of abandoning its nest, or of hatching the egg which the cow-blackbird sometimes deposits there. When this dilemma occurs, the yellow bird, unable to throw out the extra egg, covers it up, together with her own, and builds another story to the nest, on the floor of which she lays a new set of eggs, and this she has been known to do even to the third nest-making. One person mentioned having found three of these two storied nests in a single season in this State. Dr. B. thinks the yellow bird never hatches the blackbird's egg, sacrificing her own rather than hatch a stranger which would destroy her offspring.

Astonishing Experiment.

Into a small retort, place an ounce of strong liquor of potash—that is, pure potash dissolved in water, together with about a drachm of phosphorus. Let the neck or beak of the retort dip into a saucer of water, say half an inch deep; now very gently heat the liquid in the retort with a spirit-lamp until it boils. In a few minutes the retort will be filled with a white cloud, then the gas generated will begin to bubble at the end of the retort; a moment more, each bubble, as it issues from the boiling fluid will spontaneously take fire as it comes into the air, forming at the same time the philosopher's ring of phosphoric acid. Care is required in handling phosphorus.

A Horse killed by eating Wheat.

Mr. T. Bennett, formerly of Kensing parish, Kent, lent a horse to a neighbor to fetch home some fagots, after which he was tied up in a stable, where the party had inadvertently put about three bushels of wheat in a sack. During the night the horse got loose and ate nearly a bushel of wheat; in consequence of which the animal died on Saturday morning, when turned out into the field. It is thought a peck of wheat is sufficient to kill a horse.

Canadian Cents.

These coins, which have been lately thrown off at the British mint, possess a remarkable peculiarity. They are not only tokens of value, but also standards of weight and measure; one hundred cents weigh exactly one pound, and one cent measures one inch.

Bathed in molten Lead.

A scientific correspondent sends the following:—"We have often astonished the uninformed by passing the fingers and a portion of the hand through melted lead. This may be done with impunity, if the hand is slightly moist—not wet. In many persons the natural moisture of the hands is sufficient. The melted metal is repelled by the slight moisture, and the hand can be passed through it without danger or inconvenience. A peculiar liquid, velvety sensation is felt, which is not at all unpleasant." A writer in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* says that the same thing can be done, and even that the hands can be bathed in a jet of melting iron at a temperature of 1600 degrees, without any ill results.

A curious Police Regulation.

We learn from a gentleman, who formerly resided in Palermo, in Sicily, that the police of that city are paid from week to week only one half of their wages. The other half is kept as a reserved fund, out of which all parties suffering loss by theft, burglary and similar crimes, which it is the duty of the police to prevent, are indemnified. There is a settlement at the end of every six months, and the surplus is divided among the policemen, who are thus made to suffer a loss of wages by every failure to perform their duty. The system works admirably. Crimes of the sort are almost unknown, and at each settlement there is but little to deduct from the fund before it is distributed.

Force of Imagination.

An engineer on one of our great railways had, without fault of his own, run the tremendous power under his control over a human being. The body was removed from the rail, death had done its dread work, examination was made of the circumstances, and the engineer acquitted—the homicide was not in him. Yet a little while afterward that engineer came to the superintendent, and asked to resign his place—he could not endure it any longer. "Why do you go?" said the superintendent—"no one blames you!"—"Ah," said he, "I must go. Every night I am on the road; *I see that man standing before the engine!*"

A singular Pebble.

The Amador (Cal.) Ledger describes a curious pebble found near Jackson. It was obtained in the bank opposite the bar, and about thirty-eight feet from the surface. The stone is about three inches across, and is of a flat, oval shape, and worn to a polish. On one side of it one of the layers is worn away, leaving an exact representation of the Indian head on an American three-dollar piece. It is as perfect as any cameo cutting can be, every feature being correct. The color of the layer is such that the heading is very natural. It does not seem possible that such a thing could be the result of chance, and yet such must be the case in this instance.

A wandering Bottle.

On the 4th of July, 1855, Captain Richard Fitz Gibbon, of Bridgeport, Conn., then on board the Ariel, bound for Havre, France, threw overboard a bottle, containing a note requesting the finder to report time and place of finding, etc. A note was received, lately, stating that the bottle was picked up off Cape Sable, N. F., on the 26th of October last, after a voyage of three years and nearly four months.

Talking Dogs.

A peasant in Saxony owned a dog of ordinary breed and middling size. A little boy, the peasant's son, thought he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and therefore determined to teach him to speak distinctly. For this purpose, he spared neither time nor pains with his pupil, who was about three years old when his learned education commenced, and at length he made such progress in language as to be able to articulate no less than thirty words. It appears, however, that he was somewhat of a truant, and did not willingly exert his talents, bring rather pressed into the service of literature, and it was necessary that the words should be first pronounced to him each time before he spoke. The French academicians, who mention this anecdote, add very wisely, as it seems to us, that "unless they had received the unequivocal testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, who spoke from his personal observation of the animal's powers, they should scarcely have dared to relate the circumstance." There is one other instance on record of a talking dog, owned by an invalid gentleman who resided for some years on Ham Common, in Surrey. This animal would distinctly pronounce the names of John and William, besides two or three other words which we cannot now recall.

A strange Conceit.

There is a man in an asylum in one of the neighboring States who became insane in consequence of a failure in business. He explains the reason of his incarceration as follows: "I am here because of a mere mistake in business. I was engaged during the winter in making mosquitoes' wings, which I expected to sell in the summer. I had ten thousand of them on hand when the season opened, but unfortunately I had forgotten to make them in pairs. They were all left hand wings, and consequently I lost the sale of them and was obliged to suspend payment!" He relates this story with a gravity and earnestness which testifies to the sincerity of his own belief in the explanation.

Suicide through breaking Crockery.

An extraordinary suicide has been committed in the Ille de Re, near Rochelle. A girl named Guillet, fifteen years of age, in the service of a tradesman, had frequently to be scolded by her mistress for breaking crockery. A few days back she broke two bottles, and was again reprimanded for her awkwardness. She with tears promised to be more careful, but a few minutes after she let a large soup tureen fall from her hands, and it was broken to pieces. This brought on her fresh blame, and apparently to avoid it she went out. Not having returned for some time she was sought for, and her dead body was found floating in the well into which she had thrown herself.

Singular.

A few days since, a man named John Koch, while engaged painting on the third story of a house in Orange, New Jersey, fell to the ground and was taken up for dead. He was conveyed to his residence, laid out, and his afflicted relatives and friends in due time proceeded to make the usual arrangements for the funeral, which was appointed for Sunday. Shortly before the hour appointed on that day, the body exhibited signs of returning animation; and in a few moments afterward, to the astonishment of all, the young man in the coffin, who was, of course, believed to be dead, was able to converse with his friends.

Sagacious Bears.

A large bear was recently caught in a trap in Michigan, weighing 400 pounds. On finding himself fast in the trap, he started off with it and the log attached, and coming to a fallen tree, hammered the trap on the tree for the purpose of liberating himself. This not proving successful, he proceeded to a small oak—measuring about eight inches through—up which he went, winding the chain around it in his ascent, and cut off all branches within his reach, splitting his nails in such a manner that he could no longer retain his hold, and he fell, suspended by the right foot, where he was found dead by Mr. Stone. About the first of October, a large bear carried off the trap and a piece of wood, about twelve feet long, and weighing about forty pounds, and which was attached to the trap for the purpose of making a "trail." About twenty rods from where the bear started with the trap was a marsh, to which place he was tracked, and about half way across, when the trail disappeared and a track as if a man had walked through was visible. The supposition is, that the bear becoming tired of dragging the heavy stick through the coarse, tall grass and weeds, picked it up in his arms and carried it through. The trail commencing on the other side of the marsh, confirms the supposition. Soon after, the chain of the trap became entangled in a bunch of alders, where his further progress was impeded.

Curious Suicide.

Two sisters recently drowned themselves in the Grand Surrey Canal, London, named Sarah and Elizabeth Buckle, aged respectively thirty-four and thirty-six years. Their history is strange and not without interest. They were formerly what is termed "fancy-ironers," and by their exertions obtained an excellent living. A relation, however, left them a legacy of one thousand pounds, and they ceased to work, living upon that sum, frequenting theatres, ball-rooms, and such places, until the whole was speedily expended. They were afterwards unable to obtain work, and getting at length to the verge of starvation, committed suicide. Strange to say, they had a favorite black cat, which they put in a basket and drowned at the same time!

Sounds.

Sounds travel further and more loudly on the earth's surface than through the atmosphere. Thus it is said that at the siege of Antwerp, in 1832, the cannonading was heard in the mines of Saxony, which are about 320 miles distant; the cannonading at the battle of Jena was heard feebly in the open field of Jena, but in the casemates of the fortifications it was heard with great distinctness. The noise of the sea-fight between the English and the Dutch in 1672, was heard at Shrewsbury, a distance of two hundred miles. The greatest known distance to which sound has been carried by the atmosphere is three hundred and forty-five miles; as it is asserted that the very violent explosions of the volcano at St. Vincent's have been heard at Demarara.

Remarkable Circumstance.

A letter from Killarney says: "A poor woman named Mary Walsh, who had attained to the advanced age of 111 years, having had occasion to crawl across the road on a dark evening, a man who drove a horse and cart approached her, when she screeched out; but the driver being unable to pull up, the wheels of the car passed over her body, and she met with an instantaneous death."

The Housewife.

German Stew.

Cut into about three-inch squares two pounds and a half of the leaner part of the veiny pieces of beef, or of any joint which is likely to be tender, and set it on to stew, with a pint and three quarters of cold water and one large onion sliced. When these begin to boil, add a teaspoonful of salt, and a third as much of pepper, and let them simmer gently for an hour and a half. Have ready some young white cabbages, parboiled; press the water well from them, lay them in with the beef, and let the whole stew for another hour. More onions, and a seasoning of mixed spices, or a few bits of lean bacon, or of ham, can be added to this stew when a higher flavor is desired; but it is very good without.

Suet Pudding.

Put a pound of sifted flour in a basin with half a pound of beef suet finely chopped, add two eggs, with a pinch of salt, and a quarter of a pint of water, beat well together with a wooden spoon, making a rather thick batter, flour a pudding cloth, which lay in a small, round-bottom basin, pour in the mixture, tie the cloth tightly, and put the pudding in to boil, with a joint of salt beef, if you have one, to serve the pudding with, or if not, in boiling water; an hour and a quarter would be sufficient to cook it; when done, untie the cloth, turn the pudding over upon your dish, and serve very hot.

Catsup for Fish.

On one pint of ripe elderberries stripped from the stalks pour three-quarters of a pint of boiling vinegar, and let it stand in a cool oven all night; the next day strain off the liquid without pressure, and boil it for five minutes with a half-teaspoonful of salt, a small piece of ginger, a blade of mace, forty corns of pepper, twelve cloves, and four eschalots. Bottle it with the spice when it is quite cold.

A Refreshing Beverage.

Slice two oranges and one lemon, which put into a jug with two ounces of sugar candy, over which pour one quart of boiling water; stir it occasionally until cold, when drink it a little at a time, as often as ordered by the medical attendant. This drink is also very excellent for persons in health, especially in warm weather.

Rice Water.

Boil rice till it is perfectly dissolved, by adding water continually, strain it from all particles, and it will be a suitable diet for patients recovering from disordered bowels. It is essential that it be free from all particles, which lodge in the intestines, and may cause inflammation.

Charlotte Russe.

Line the inside of a plain round mould with Savoy biscuits, cutting and placing them at the bottom to form a rosette, standing them upright and close together; fill with cream, place the mould in ice, let it remain till ready to serve, turn over on a dish, and remove the mould.

Milk Porridge.

This is made nearly in the same way as groel, only using half flour and half meal, and half milk instead of water. It should be cooked before the milk is added, and only boiled up once afterward.

Fig-Pudding.

Three-quarters of a pound of grated bread, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of moist sugar, a teacupful of milk, and a little nutmeg. Mix the bread and suet first, then the figs, sugar and nutmeg, one egg beaten well, and lastly the milk. Boil in the mould four hours. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

Dry Cough.

Take of powdered gum arabic, half an ounce, liquorice-juice, half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric two drachms; syrup of squills, one drachm. Cork all in a bottle, and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

Rice Pudding with Fruit.

In a pint of new milk put two large spoonfuls of rice well washed; then add two apples, pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft, then add one egg beaten, to bind it. Serve with cream and sugar.

Biscotine.

Press a pint of dry, well-sifted flour very compactly into a tin pan, and let it slowly bake in a moderate oven till it has become very delicately brown, or dark cream color. It will be very hard, and must be grated for use, and can be used for porridge, like the prepared flour.

How to obtain Essence of Lemon.

Cut off very thin the rinds of any number of lemons; put the pieces of peel in a phial, and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon-peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold.

To clean China.

China is best cleaned, when very dirty, with finely powdered fuller's earth and warm water. A little clean soft soap may be added to the water instead of fuller's earth. The same is recommended for cleaning glass.

Harvest Drink.

Mix with five gallons of good water half a gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces of powdered ginger. This will make not only a very pleasant beverage, but one highly invigorating and healthful.

Omelet.

Beat well and strain six eggs; add them to three ounces of butter made hot; mix in some grated ham, pepper, salt and nutmeg, some chopped chives and parsley. Fry it of a light brown color.

For Bruises, Sprains, etc.

Beat white of egg to a stiff froth, and apply on bated cotton. The application should at first be renewed every two or three hours; afterwards, once every twelve hours.

Turnip Syrup, for a Cold.

Boast twelve or more fine turnips in an apple-roaster, press the juice from them, and add sugar-candy to your taste. Take a teacupful at night and in the morning.

Mucilage.

Mucilage of boiled sheep's trotters is good for diarrhoea.

The Printer's Pudding.

Grate very lightly six ounces of the crumb of a stale loaf, and put it into a deep dish. Dissolve in a quart of cold new milk four ounces of good Lisbon sugar; add to it five large, well-whisked eggs; strain, and mix them with the bread-crumbs; stir in two ounces of a fresh finely-grated cocoa-nut: add a flavoring of nutmeg or of lemon-rind, and the slightest pinch of salt; let the pudding stand for a couple of hours to soak the bread: and bake it in a gentle oven for three-quarters of an hour. It is excellent, if carefully made, and not too quickly baked. When the cocoa-nut is not at hand, an ounce of butter just dissolved, should be poured over the dish before the crumbs are put into it; and the rind of an entire lemon may be used to give it flavor; but the coco-nut imparts a peculiar richness when it is good and fresh.

Roast Fowl.

Fill the breast of a fine fowl with good forcemeat, roast it as usual, and when it is very nearly ready to serve, take it from the fire, pour lukewarm butter over it in every part, and strew it thickly with very fine bread-crumbs; sprinkle them again with butter, and dip the fowl into more crumbs. Put it down to the fire, and when it is of a clear, light brown all over, take it carefully from the spit, dish, and serve it with lemon-sauce, and with gravy thickened and mixed with plenty of minced parsley, or with brown gravy and any other sauce usually served with fowls. Savory herbs shred small, spice, and lemon-grate, may be mixed with the crumbs at pleasure. Do not pour gravy over the fowl when it is thus prepared.

Maigre Soup.

Cut two onions into very small dice, and put them into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter; fry them a short time, but not to discolor them; have ready three or four handfuls of well-washed sorrel, which cut into ribands and put into the stewpan with the onions, add one tablespoonful of flour, then mix well a pint of milk and a quart of water, boil altogether twenty minutes, keeping it stirred; season with a teaspoonful of sugar and salt, take it from the fire, and stir in quickly a liaison of two yolks of eggs mixed with a gill of cream or milk (it must not boil afterwards); put the crust of a French roll, cut into strips, in the tureen, pour the soup over, and serve very hot.

Wine Whey.

Wine whey is a cooling and safe drink in fevers. Set half a pint of sweet milk at the fire, pour in one glass of wine, and let it remain perfectly still till it curdles; when the curds settle, strain it, and let it cool. It should not get more than blood warm. A spoonful of nutmeg-water hastens the operation. Make palatable with loaf-sugar and nutmeg, if the patient can bear it.

Mush, or Virginia Pudding.

Make one pint of corn-meal mush, and while it is warm, put into it half a teacup of butter; six eggs, beat very light; one pint of milk; sweeten with brown sugar to your taste; season highly with lemon. Bake it in a nice pie-crust.

Pie-Crust.

One quart of flour, three-quarters of a pound of lard; put in half the flour to half the lard, and with water knead until smooth; roll it out thin three times, touching it each time with the lard, sprinkling it with flour, and rolling it up to be rolled again.

Clarified Marrow for Keeping.

Take the marrow from the bones while it is as fresh as possible; cut it small, put it into a very clean jar, and melt it with a gentle heat, either in a pan of water placed over the fire, or at the mouth of a cool oven; strain it through a muslin, let it settle for a minute or two, and pour it, clear of sediment, into small jars. Tie skins, or double folds of thick paper, over them as soon as the marrow is cold, and store it in a cool place. It will remain good for months.

Drop Cakes.

One quart of milk, a large teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a cup of cream; to which stir in flour very smoothly until a thick batter. Then dip your spoon in milk, and with it place your batter at short distances in a buttered pan. Very delicate, made entirely of cream, either with or without eggs.

Polishing Paste.

Half a pound of melted soap, cut into pieces, mixed with half a pound of rotten-stone in powder; put them into a saucerpans with enough of cold water to cover the mixture (about three pints); boil slowly, till dissolved to a paste.

Lemon Mince.

Squeeze two large lemons; boil the peel till tender enough to beat to a mash; six large apples, half a pound of suet, one pound of currants, half a pound of sugar, and candied fruit as for other mince-pies.

Crystallized Cream.

Take spermaceti one ounce, olive oil ten ounces; dissolve the spermaceti in the oil by placing it over a slow fire in an earthen pan. Scent with bergamot, or any other scent as agreeable.

To take Writing-Ink out of Paper.

Solution of muriate of tin, two drachms; water, four drachms. To be applied with a camel's-hair brush. After the writing has disappeared, the paper should be passed through water, and dried.

Light Bread Pudding.

Crumble one pint of light bread fine, one cup of butter, one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs. Sweeten and season to your taste. Bake it in a pan.

Wedding Cake.

Flour and butter, each, 3 pounds; sugar and raisins, each, 3 pounds; eggs, 2 dozen; currants, 6 pounds; citron, 1 pound; brandy, 1 pound; cinnamon, nutmegs, mace, each, 1 ounce; cloves, 1-2 ounces. Bake thoroughly.

To preserve Woodwork.

Take boiled oil and finely powdered charcoal, mix to the consistence of a paint, and give the wood two or three coats with this composition. Well adapted for water-spouts, casks, etc.

Spunge Pudding.

Six eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of cream, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one quart of flour. Season with mace or lemon. Bake in a slow oven.

Crickets.

To destroy crickets, put snuff into the holes and cracks from whence they come out.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of our *Dollar Monthly* we commence the tenth volume of the work, with an edition surpassed by but one other magazine in the world, and according to present appearances we shall soon exceed even that publication. We hope by the close of the present year to print one hundred and fifty thousand copies monthly of this magazine. Let your friends know how much delightful reading one dollar will procure for them, for a whole year, and few persons who understand the matter will be willing to do without so cheap and agreeable a visitor to the home circle. *Six copies for Five Dollars.*

INTERESTING WORK.—A well-known literary gentleman is engaged in the preparation of a history of Bergen county, New Jersey, from the time of its settlement until now. Few portions of our country offer a more inviting field to the historian. There is considerable legendary lore in Bergen county, and although Washington Irving has already touched upon it, he has by no means exhausted it. Most of the old residents, the Van Horns, Van Winkles, Sips, Garretsons, etc., are lineal descendants of the early Dutch colonists, and even to this day preserve many of the characteristics of their ancestors.

“THE SMUGGLER: or, *The Secrets of the Coast.*”—So great has been the demand for this captivating novelette, written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., that we have just issued another, the tenth edition. It is superbly illustrated by large original drawings, and is got up in our best style. We will mail it, *post paid*, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps, or silver.

COMMERCIAL RESTRICTION.—The merchants of Danville, Va., before receiving license, are compelled to take an oath not to pay out any notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

CINCINNATI.—The value of property in the “Queen City” is over \$110,000,000.

A SERVANT OF WASHINGTON.

There is now living in the town of Concord, Champaign county, Ohio, a black man by the name of Richard Stanhope, who was formerly a servant of General Washington, and accompanied his master in several battles of the Revolution. He is now in his one hundred and twelfth year, having been born March 1st, 1748. His hair is as white as wool, and his hearing is somewhat defective; but he retains his physical and mental faculties in a surprising degree, and is very active in mind and body. He was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and still has in his possession a certificate in Washington's own handwriting. Stanhope was with the American army during the last war with Great Britain, in the capacity of wagon-driver, and at the surrender of General Hull, when ordered to drive to British quarters, he positively refused, and made his way back to the American lines upon one of his leading horses. He has lived in his present location in Ohio forty-eight years, has been married three times, and is the father of twenty-eight children, the most of whom are now living. His present wife is eighty years old, and he has always sustained a good character for honesty and correct conduct, and for the last eighty-eight years has been a member of the Baptist church. These facts are substantiated by the statement of T. S. McFarland, Esq., of Urbana, Ohio, addressed to the editors of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and by another gentleman of the same place.

DANGEROUS.—It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing-machine near a window when there is a thunder storm. It is also very dangerous to sit near some sewing-machines when there is no thunder-storm.

A FACT.—Ere the introduction of the cold water system into the navy, every Jack had his Gill.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.—The ever-faithful island is quiet, just now—so are volcanoes, frequently.

SILK.—The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe in the year 551.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

General Washington, in a letter dated Jan. 1, 1776, states that on the first day of that year the "Union flag was hoisted in compliment to the Thirteen United Colonies." A British officer, who witnessed its elevation, says that the flag had thirteen stripes, and was saluted by thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. Lower, an English antiquarian, insists that both the stars and stripes in our flag were borrowed from the Washington coat of arms. "When," he says, "the Americans in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, what did they ultimately adopt? Why, nothing more nor less than a gentleman's badge—a modification of the old English coat of arms borne by their leader and deliverer. A few stars and stripes had in the old chivalrous times distinguished his ancestors from their compeers in tournament and upon battle-field: more stars and additional stripes (denoting the number of States that joined in the struggle) now became the standard around which the patriots of the West so successfully rallied. It is not a little curious that this poor out-worn ray of feudalism—as many would count it—should have thus expanded into the bright and ample banner which now waves from every sea."

This suggestion had been made before—but other arms had stars in them, and other national flags the stripes. The idea of the stripes may have been borrowed from the flag of Holland. The following is the original resolution adopting the stars and stripes:

"In Congress, June 14, 1777, Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

As new States were added to the confederacy, new stripes were added to the flag till the number had increased to fifteen or twenty. At length the stripes were reduced, by act of Congress, to the original number of thirteen.

The following is the law of April 4, 1818:

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field. And that, on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the Union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission."

At the next fourth of July, accordingly, another star in the Union will commemorate the addition of Oregon to the sisterhood of States.

THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY.

The ordinary annual cost of the British Army and Navy as a peace establishment, is about one hundred millions of dollars; or nearly twice as much as the whole annual expenses of the government of the United States, of every description. Of this large sum, the army and military purposes take about fifty-five millions, and the navy forty-five. The pay and allowances of officers and soldiers is estimated at twenty million dollars per year, and the balance of military expenditure is made up of appropriations for provisions, clothing, warlike stores, fortifications, manufacturing establishments and artisans, pensions of various kinds, and other allowances. The office of commander-in-chief of the British army is a mere honorary post, and is filled by the Duke of Cambridge, uncle to Queen Victoria. For salary as such, he receives twenty thousand dollars a year, and his other revenues, as one of the royal family, swell his annual income to the very respectable figure of \$100,000. No duty is attached to his office, and were he to drop off at the shortest notice, the machinery of the military establishment of the kingdom would not suffer the slightest check. The expenditure of a few tons of gunpowder in firing minute-guns throughout the British empire, would be the only variation from the usual routine.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality they aid or destroy morals.

CHESS.—An old writer says of Chess, "This game is to be learnt as certainly as whist, only it requires more attention. Many, I am sure, are deterred from it by imagining that it is only a game for Newton to play at with Euclid."

A SLOW ROAD.—Speaking of a "terrapin train," on a Georgia railroad, an enthusiastic traveller remarked: "It is the cheapest road in the United States—you can ride on it all day for a dollar!"

SETTING AN EXAMPLE.—A gentleman who died recently bequeathed to his wife a handsome sum, providing in his will that in case she again married the sum would be doubled.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

There are certain remarkable edifices in Ireland, of extreme antiquity, which are known as the Round Towers. They are tall, narrow, circular structures of stone, varying in height from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet, and in diameter from twelve to eighteen feet. They are built upon a massive foundation and sub-structure of solid blocks of unhewn stone, and have a doorway about ten or fifteen feet from the ground. The interior is hollow, and a winding stairway of stone steps ascends to the top. This is covered over by a conical roof, and at the upper part are four openings in the wall, facing the four cardinal points. There are in Ireland sixty-two of these towers, scattered over various parts of the island, and two in Scotland. Many of them are yet in a perfectly whole and sound condition, and bid fair to resist the encroachments of time for centuries to come. The cement that was used to bind the stones together is as hard as the blocks themselves, and possesses properties entirely different from anything that the mortar of modern times exhibits. The science of the present age is utterly unable by analysis to discover the nature of this cement. As to the age when these round towers were built, or the purposes for which they were intended, there is no authentic record. All is lost in the dim obscurity of forgotten ages, and the antiquary is left to probe over their structure, excavate beneath them, and compare their plan and appearance with the most ancient monuments of India and of Egypt, in order to conjecture when and by whom they were built, and for what use. It is not improbable that the ancient records of the Irish Druids might have thrown the needed light upon the subject; but such was the zeal of St. Patrick to extirpate the old religion of the people, in order to prepare the way for Christianity, that he destroyed all the books of the ancient Druids.

Sir William Betham has pursued this inquiry with a zeal and thoroughness of research that few scholars can hope to equal. He has explored ancient and modern history, compared the observations of travellers in all countries with each other, and gathered together the testimonies afforded by explorations of the ground under and around many of these edifices. By comparing them with the obelisks of Egypt, erected anterior to the pyramids, and with the Buddhist towers that are scattered throughout the peninsula of India, he has arrived at the conclusion that the towers of India and those of Ireland originated with the same opinions, and were erected for the same purpose; that they

were connected with the planet-worship of the *Baalim*, which prevails wherever Buddhism rules, and with the kindred worship of *Baal* which prevailed in Ireland and other Celtic countries. The lighting of the fires of *Baal*, on the eve of the summer solstice; the name of *Baal* scattered over the whole of Ireland, in its topography, as *Baal-tigh-more*; the great house of *Baal*, in Cork; *Baltinglass*, the Green of *Baal*'s Fire, in Wicklow; *Baal agh*, or *Baal*'s Ford, in Mayo, and many other circumstances, are to him proof sufficient that the Druid worship of Ireland was similar to the Buddhist system of ancient India. The Indian towers, like the Irish, are circular; they are also isolated structures, with an entrance elevated from eight to twelve feet from the ground; they have each small apertures at regular distances, for the admission of light, with four openings near the top, at the four cardinal points, and round or conical tops. The Buddhist writings declare that they were built over the bones or relics of their saints, or to commemorate some act of their incarnate Buddhas.

Excavations have been made beneath the Irish towers at Cashell, Roserea, Maghera, Ardmore, and other places, and always with nearly the same results. The tower of Ardmore stands in the county of Waterford, on the coast, near Yonghal Bay. This structure is above one hundred feet high, and forty-two in circumference at the base. The door is fifteen feet from the ground. The outside of the tower is ornamented with projecting bands, which divide it into four unequal stories, with a window in each of the intermediate ones. The upper has the usual four windows, opening to the east, west, north and south. In 1841, this tower was excavated. It was found to rest on the solid rock, about ten feet below the surface of the ground. Upon the rock was laid a foundation of large stones, about four feet high, and the space within this foundation, some four or five feet in diameter, was filled with mould. Across this foundation and the bed of mould, was found the remains of a human body—the head and feet resting upon the rocks, and the rest of the body extending across the mould. The foundation was then carried up above the body, and the space within filled with mould to the depth of about two feet. A floor of cement was then laid, and above that was wedged in a mass of rough stones, with another floor of concrete above them. Then the regular structure of the circular wall commenced, and the flight of stone steps. From these appearances, it is evident that the tower was built as a place of sepulture; while the steps and openings

at the top would also indicate that the structure was also designed for lighting the annual fires in honor of Baal, the sun, and for the planetary observations connected with the Druidical system of worship. As to the age of this and similar structures, conjecture makes them at least three thousand years old, and if they were coeval with those of Egypt and India, a still greater age must be assigned to them.

ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.

The Dauphiness of Auvergne, wife to Louis the Good, Duke of Bourbon, born 1360, is painted in a garb of which one half all the way down is blue, powdered with gold fleur-de-lys, and the other half to the waist is gold, with a blue fish or dolphin (a cognisance doubtless) on it, and from the waist to the feet is crimson, with white "fishy" ornaments; one sleeve is blue and gold, the other crimson and gold. In addition to these absurd garments, the women dressed their heads so high that they were obliged to wear a sort of curven horn on each side in order to support the enormous superstructure of feathers and furbelowes. And these are what are meant by the "horned head-dresses" so often referred to by old authors. It is said that when Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, A. D., 1416, it was necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the head-dresses of the queen and her ladies, which were all of this horned kind.

DR. JOHNSON AND FOOTE.—When some one was once lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. He is rising in the world, added he; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him.

LONDON POLICE.—The London Police includes a force of 6139 men, and the total expense of the department last year, was nearly two million and a half of dollars—about a dollar for each inhabitant.

A GERMAN ARCH-DUKE.—The Arch-Duke Maximilian d'Este is loyal—he has given his whole fortune, 20,000,000 of zwanzigers, to the Austrian cause.

COSTLY RELIC.—A salt cellar of the Henry II. pottery—of which ware only thirty-two pieces exist—was lately sold in Paris for \$2520.

IS IT SO?—It is stated that Jenny Lind's fortune has been squandered, and that she is now going to sing for another.

SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

We know not who asks the following questions, but they will appear pertinent or important according to the character of the critic: Has the woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than of her children, and visits her nursery not oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who cries for a Cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has a woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom? Has the woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea, and watery potatooes, six days out of seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for her home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers and a soiled dressing-gown, and shoes down at the heels? Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband when he comes into the house with the history of a broken tea-cup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom-handle? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs nought in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye when at home to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and a house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest adornment?

A CHANGE.—On the site of the Broadway Theatre, recently pulled down in New York, a marble store will be erected at a cost of \$200,000. On the same spot Mrs. Sequin used to inform the admiring public that she dreamed that she dwelt in marble.

SHARP.—A London commissioner, who is remarkable for the fiery hue of his head, and impetuosity of his temper, is known only by the general appellation of "The Red Precipitate."

SATISFACTORY.—Mr. Michel Chevalier thinks that gold will sink to a very low value. Perhaps so. We may live to see gold eagles twenty-five cents a dozen.

ILL LUCK.—We have a friend so proverbially unlucky that, though he has his life insured in two offices, he never dies.

THE WHALING BUSINESS.

From the report of the United States Consul at Paita, on the Pacific, the general rendezvous of whaling vessels in that ocean, we learn that the number of vessels from the United States, engaged in that branch of the fisheries, is six hundred and sixty-one. Estimating the value of these vessels, including outfit, provisions, and advances made to seamen, at twenty-five thousand dollars each, the total amount of capital invested in the business is about sixteen millions and a half of dollars. The gross receipts of the four years' voyages of these vessels amount to forty-eight millions of dollars, and the charges which diminish this amount, are for interest on capital invested, wear and tear of vessels—estimated at ten per cent. per year—and for fresh supplies purchased on the voyage, about thirteen and a half millions. Deducting these charges from the gross receipts, we find the net profits of the business to be thirty-four and a half millions of dollars. Of this profit, an amount equal to one-third of the gross receipts, or sixteen million dollars, goes to masters, officers and crews, for their share, or lay, as it is called, and the balance goes to the owners. It will thus be seen that they make a net profit of eighteen millions and a half for the four years, on their investment of sixteen millions and a half, which is equal to an annual profit of twenty-eight per cent. This is certainly a very handsome return for the hazardous and difficult pursuit of whaling, and shows that the business pays better than almost any other kind of navigation.

The Pacific whaling of the United States dates its substantial increase from the close of the war with Great Britain, about forty-five years ago. Previous to that, but few American vessels prosecuted the business, and the great impetus was given by the bold and successful exploit of Commodore Porter, in the U. S. ship *Essex*, who destroyed the English whaling fleet in that ocean. At the commencement of the business, the voyages were much shorter than at present, owing to the greater abundance of whales, and the greater facility of approaching them. Old, rickety, dull-sailing vessels were then employed in the trade; and when a craft was good for no other traffic, it was common for her to be condemned to whale-catching. But within the last fifteen years, it has been found necessary to employ altogether a better class of vessels, in order to make successful voyages. Many suppose that the great pursuit of whales has actually diminished the stock; it is certain that they are much more scarce than formerly, and also more cautious, for they will not permit a vessel to come

up with them, and it takes a sharp sailor to head them off, or overtake them.

It would seem as though the sperm whale had inherited caution from the spirited pursuit which has so long been carried on by man against the race. The smallest splash of a paddle, or a word spoken in too loud a tone, excites their acute sense of hearing, and is the signal for them to disappear. They appear to have found out, too, that a vessel cannot sail "dead in the wind's eye," and so dart off in that direction when followed by a whaler, and are soon lost sight of. To counteract this disposition of the whales, it is found necessary to employ fast-sailing vessels, which can work quickly to windward, when the prey is first discovered from aloft, and before he can see his pursuer. Many clipper ships, and great numbers of half clipper, have been added to the whaling fleet, of late years, and the tendency is to employ those descriptions of vessels instead of the old, leaky kettle-bottoms that were formerly devoted to the business. We do not learn that steam vessels have ever been used in the pursuit of whales, and there can be little encouragement to make the attempt. The difficulty of carrying sufficient coal for a long, devious and uncertain whaling cruise, would prove a serious objection, even if the noise and vapors of the steamer should not alarm these sagacious creatures, and drive them away.

The life of a whaler is a hard one, at best; but it is much better than it used to be, in respect to the comfort of the vessels, and the diminished labor of caulking, patching up and repairing. So far, the adoption of a better class of vessels has helped to better the condition of the crews. Whalers are also much better provisioned than they were formerly—it being found by shipmasters to be very bad policy to drive their men to desertion in foreign ports, by feeding them on bad beef and pork, and rotten and wormy biscuit. But the swindling system is still practised in the enlistment and outfit of the crews, and this will probably be never given up, so long as there are land-sharks for shipping-masters, and greenhorns from the rural districts, to be enticed by the deluding tales of their runners. The shipping-masters get a large profit upon every man they procure, in addition to the regular compensation. They have the putting up of their outfit, and the ships' owners pay the bills, the amount being charged to the hands, upon the ships' books. The green hand never sees the contents of his chest until after the vessel gets to sea, and then finds that the clothing provided is scant and miserable, and that he has been charged seventy dollars for what would be dear

at thirty. The ship's slop-chest is his only resource, and for what he draws from thence, he has to pay high.

The amount received by a green hand for his four years' voyage, is very small indeed. His lay or share is usually one one-hundred-and-eightieth of all the oil taken, which is valued at the end of the voyage, and paid him in money, after being considerably whittled down by certain customary but rather severe charges. In the first place, the ship charges him ten per cent. discount for leakage and shrinkage on the oil; three per cent. insurance; interest on his outfit for the whole time of the voyage; double interest on cash advanced in foreign ports; ten dollars for an item entered as "fitting, shipping and medicine chest;" and then a pretty stiff bill for clothing from the slop-chest. In this way, three-quarters of his earnings is used up before he touches it; and the other fourth, which he receives in cash, gives him from fifty to a hundred dollars only, to show for his four years' hard and perilous labor. After the first voyage, he can get a better lay, as an experienced hand, if he should have the disposition to try a second trip to the Pacific—which, by the way, not one in twenty ever does, one taste of that kind of life being sufficient.

STATISTICAL.—Human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch in thickness. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th, and that of the finest, the 1500th part of an inch in diameter. Silk worms' silk is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is six times finer, and a single pound of this delicate but strong substance might be sufficient to encompass the globe.

HOW TO BECOME A PEER.—When it was remarked to Sir Thomas Picton, the Peninsular hero, that it was singular he had not been rewarded for his services with a peerage, he said: "Put a coronet into a battery, and I will get it as well as my neighbors."

THE BANKRUPT LAW.—It is estimated that there are nearly thirty thousand active men, who were broken down by the last crisis, who require the benefit of a General Bankrupt Law.

COMMENDATION.—He that commends another, engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended.

MODERATE SALARIES.—New Bedford pays her mayor \$800 a year—Fall River, \$500.

A LEGAL TENDER.

A curious question has been started in Illinois, as to the right of a bank to pay out small silver coin in redemption of its notes. A large amount of the notes of the Bank of the Republic were presented at the counter, and a demand made for specie. In order to gain time by protracting the operation as long as possible, the bank teller insisted upon paying the notes in small silver coin, issued under the act of Congress of 1853, and by that act made a legal tender for the payment of debts for all sums not exceeding five dollars. The bank chose to treat each of the five dollar notes in the package, as a separate debt, and to count out the dimes and half dimes in payment. In the same way the one dollar notes to the number of five, were regarded as distinct debts. The process of payment was conducted in such a slow, dilatory manner, that with the limited number of hours during which the bank was kept open, it would have taken months to redeem the whole amount presented. Under these circumstances the holder had the bills protested, and proceeded under the law of the State to enforce the claim upon the bank. The latter sued out an injunction against the proceeding of the creditor, and the question as to the right of a bank to regard each small note as a separate debt, payable in small coin, is now to be determined by the Supreme Court of Illinois.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The number of distinct species of insects already known and described cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue, most of which may be seen in the collection of the British Museum.

A HINT TO WIVES.—"You may be sure," mumbled an old woman to a young one, "that when a man is perpetually saying to his wife, 'You will wear my life out,' it is all stuff, my dear; and stuff, too, that lasts a precious time longer than any that we can buy for a petticoat or a gown."

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S."—The origin of this phrase is said to have been a call of attention, in the old English alehouses, pints and quarts being scored down to the unconscious or reckless beer-bibber.

POPULATION OF LOUISIANA.—The census of the State of Louisiana, just completed, shows a total population of 646,971, of which number nearly one-half are slaves.

Foreign Miscellany.

According to English authority, the moral code of the House of Commons is very low.

An African king has been recently visiting in England, and lionized a good deal.

A lady near Leeds, England, swallowed a set of four false teeth in her sleep.

The remains of John Hunter, the English surgeon, were lately removed to Westminster Abbey.

The lawyers' fees in a certain will case in the New York courts amount to \$81,000.

One of the curiosities of Bradford, England, is a jet black canary which promises to be a first-rate vocalist.

The amount of money which France, Russia, Austria, and Sardinia wish to borrow is upwards of \$150,000,000.

The present military force of Europe numbers nearly 5,000,000 men, and the naval force over a quarter of a million.

The annual expenditures of Austria twelve years ago were short of \$74,000,000. They are now equivalent to \$170,000,000.

A Russian merchant announces the sale, in his warehouse at Odessa and Sebastopol, of 7351 tons of iron and cast iron projectiles picked up in the Crimea after the war.

The population of Japan, according to the most authentic returns, is 35,000,000. Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey have each 15,000,000 each.

The remains of the Christian hero, Havelock, lie in a dirty kitchen garden, at Lucknow, India, the only mark to designate the spot being his name rudely cut in the bark of a neighboring tree.

Out of 9995 elms, which three years ago adorned the Champs Elysees, in Paris, 3500 are dead, and 2000 are in a dying state. Upwards of 800 are stated to have perished by gas exhalations.

At a recent festivity in Paris Louis Napoleon wore a sword whose scabbard and hilt were covered with \$30,000 worth of diamonds, while the empress displayed a million of dollars worth of diamonds.

An English paper states that at the late re-interment of the remains of Dr. Hunter in Westminster Abbey, the skull of Ben Jonson, to which a small amount of red hair is still attached, was handed round for the inspection of the company.

The oyster business has suffered terribly in France. Out of twenty-three oyster banks on the coast of Rochelle, eighteen have been ruined, and the rest much injured by an invasion of muscles. And it is very much so with all the banks along the Atlantic and Mediterranean coast.

The oldest existing London journals are the Morning Chronicle, established in 1769, by William Woodfall, a celebrated parliamentary reporter; the Morning Post, established in 1772, by John Bale; the Morning Herald, established in 1778; and the Times, established in 1788, by Mr. Walter.

The French navy now has a total tonnage of 155,885 and 4735 guns.

The receipts of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England for 1858, were \$650,008.

An English paper says the Prince of Wales will be Viceroy of Ireland before the close of 1860.

The diocese of Oxford is much distracted by the Puseyite tendencies (real or supposed) of the bishop.

The Bavarians are very active among the Germans, in opposition to France, and in support of Austria.

Prussia is now said to lean to Austria, and it is asserted that, should war happen, she will actively support her old enemy.

There are now three Americans in the University of Cambridge, England. Two of them are Bostonians, and the third is from Virginia.

A salt cellar of the Henry II. pottery—of which ware only thirty-two pieces exist—was lately sold in Paris for \$2520.

During the reign of Napoleon III., the French debt has increased more than 50 per cent.; from about £220,000,000 to about £340,000,000.

Mires, the Paris banker, lately gave a ball which cost \$25,000! He commenced life by selling old stoves—then, as now, a *grate* financier.

Princess Windischgratz is said to have died from the effects of chloroform used for nervous headache.

There is a movement on foot in England to raise a memorial to George Herbert, the poet, and £2700 have been raised.

Rossini, departing from his determination to compose no more music, has composed an "Ave Maria" for the Empress Eugenie.

Dr. Scanzoni, of Wurtzburg, who attended the Empress of Russia at the birth of her last child, has received for his services \$25,000.

At Lewes (England) assizes recently a boy named Henry Edward Mitchell Randall, a lad only sixteen years of age, was tried and convicted for bigamy, he having had two wives.

The Queen of Spain has created Professor Morse a Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, and the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences has elected him a member.

The Bishop of London is preaching to the omnibus drivers and conductors of that metropolis, who attend the special services in large numbers.

The English have taken possession of another island in the Red Sea, called Kramakan, lying to the north of Perim, near the Arabian shore, and highly susceptible of defence.

Mr. Nourry Pasha is a hopeful son-in-law. The first thing he did after he was married to the Sultan of Turkey's daughter, was to borrow \$200,000 from his father-in-law's banker.

Some workmen employed in making an excavation in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, near the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds, have found the ruins of an immense convent of the period of St. Jerome. Much of it is in perfect preservation.

Record of the Times.

The income of the Mexican church is said to average \$25,000,000 a year.

It is stated that there are now 4000 newspapers published in the United States.

A quack advertises a compound that will cure everything from a bad character to a soiled shirt.

Nine and a half million acres of public lands in Kansas and Nebraska will be sold the present year.

The fashionables of Cincinnati, of the masculine persuasion, have adopted the latest style of cravats—a shoe string tied in a bow knot, with the ends dangling on the shirtbosom.

The population of Paraguay, in 1856, according to the public record, was 975,000. Two-thirds of the population are Indians and half breeds.

The Chinese pretend to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch. When it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one.

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage. Said one to the other, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," replied the latter, "I always shave myself."

"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist; now I am a podilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

A Miss Way advertises in the New Orleans papers that she will debate Woman's Rights with a Kentucky lawyer in that city, after which she will make a grand balloon ascension from Congo Square.

"Said Tom, "Since I have been abroad I have eaten so much veal that I am ashamed to look a calf in the face!" "I s'pose, sir, then," said a wag who was present, "you shave without a glass?"

Tom—Don't you think some werseds would touch her, Charley, a beautiful pome? Charley—O, hang your werseds, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire company.

In a discussion in the Connecticut Legislative Agricultural Club, last year, a wag recommended the farmers to put snuff on their corn, so as to make the crows sneeze, and then to shoot the sneezing ones as the rogues.

John Frank, who lives in Brown county, Ohio, served in the Mexican war with distinguished bravery, was at the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista, and has on his person sixty visible wounds, and has twenty-six children.

Great enthusiasm prevails throughout Texas on the subject of education—the school instruction of the masses. The public school fund is said to be nearly sufficient to pay the tuition of every poor youth in the State.

Colon Robinson recently presented some wine to friends in Connecticut, which was drank and highly praised, after which he assured them it was made from the juice of rhubarb (pie plant) at the rate of eight hundred gallons per acre, in Washington.

The population of St. Louis is estimated at 190,000. It is quite a village.

The value of gold used by the dentists in this country is two million and a half a year.

In the last nine years 285,000,000 pounds of tea were imported into the United States.

A booksellers' trade sale will take place in this city in August next.

An English clergyman, named Blackstone, planted the first apple trees in Massachusetts.

The owners of the colt Planet in New Orleans have been offered \$10,000 for him.

The expense of the St. Louis Fire Department last year was \$55,000.

The harbor police of New York are to be provided with a steam propeller.

Rents in New York are said to be very high, and real estate almost everywhere on the advance.

By means of a photographic likeness a defaulting Spaniard was arrested in New York, a few days after he landed from an Havana steamer, with 10,000 stolen dollars.

Mons. Belly's expedition to Nicaragua is likely to be a magnificent failure. His men are said to be greatly dissatisfied and anxious to break up and return to France.

A Norwegian shoemaker, living in Minnesota, has obtained \$17,000 for a piece of land near Chicago, which he bought eleven years ago for the sum of \$20.

The bell swinging in the tower of St. Stephen's Church, East Haddam, Connecticut, is over a thousand years old. It bears the date of A.D., 815.

Twenty-four breweries in Cincinnati use annually 400,000 pounds of hops, and the remainder, about twelve in number, an aggregate of 100,000 pounds.

There is now in the various squadrons of our national vessels about 36 ships, 660 officers, 6886 men, and 520 guns—a larger naval force than has been commissioned under the American flag since the Union was established.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that painted glass to be used for windows, etc., is subject to a duty of 24 per cent.; percussion caps to a duty of 15 per cent.; and unfinished pearl knife-handles to 24 per cent.

The Providence (R. I.) Journal says that the first braiding of straw in that city by Mrs. Betsy Baker, was in 1796. From Mrs. B. several acquired a knowledge of the process of braiding, and gradually the news spread through New England.

There now exists, says the Historical Magazine, in the town of Franklin, in this State, the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as a bell has more sound than sense.

A fac-simile of the first book ever printed in England is in the Astor Library. It is entitled "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," and was translated from the French by William Caxton, who issued it immediately after he set up his press, in Westminster, in 1374.

Merry-Making.

A strap is sometimes a very good thing to sharpen razors and dull boys.

Who were the first astrologers? The stars, because they first *studded* the heavens.

When is a plant like a hog? When it begins to root.

What bites sharper without teeth than with? The scissors.

"Now, then, where are you driving to?" as the nail said to the hammer.

Why is Asia like a market-shed in Christmas week? Because there is Turkey in it.

You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

Why are a pretty girl's eyes like an oatmeal cake? Because they are apt to give the heart-burn.

A retainer at the bar, as the poor boy said, when caught by a dog just as he was about to mount the orchard fence.

A young naval officer of the name of Moore, having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was *moored*.

"What are you looking for, doctor?" said a sick man to his physician. "For my fee, sir; not finding it in my hand, I suspect I must have dropped it."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

A young lady sends us some verses, and says she knows the metre is correct, as she has "counted the feet in every line." But a genuine poetess never need *count her feet*.

A man who was imprisoned for bigamy (marrying two wives), complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it.

To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, place a piece of roast beef under his nose; a Frenchman, a pinch of snuff; an old maid, an offer of marriage; a Yankee, attempt to pick his pockets.

"I say, mister," said one Yankee to another, "how came your eyes so crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "Why sitting between two girls, and trying to make love to both at the same time."

An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want him to come home a "nigger."

When the Princess Helena was born, it was told the princess royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful," cried the little innocent princess, "do let me go and tell mama."

"Marriage resembles a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

Marriage, like fiddling, depends a great deal upon the beau-ing.

Why are large rivers like trees? Because they have branches.

Why is the Caspian Sea like a prison to a prisoner? Because it has no outlet.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the cargo.

Why is Dunup's search for money like a corrupt tree? Because it is fruitless.

Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Because it wants sense (cents).

"Be Jabers," says Pat, "the devil a show has the man who waits till he is kilt before he acts on the definitive."

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat, were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general convulshun."

People may talk about the equality of the sexes—they are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanish ten men.

"What an ungrateful return!" said a defeated candidate, when a count of his votes proved him to be in the minority.

When are a gentleman's pantaloons like two French cities? When they are too long and too loose (Toulon and Toulouse).

Dogs of every kind, setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundlands, mastiffs, and terriers, are all *lap dogs*—when they are drinking.

Profound silence in a public assemblage has been thus nearly described: "One might have heard the stealing of a pocket hankerchief!"

A swell in a drawing-room wanting his servant, called out, "Where is that blockhead of mine?" A wit replied, "On your shoulders, sir."

An Irish postboy, having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "No, please your honor, I'm very dry."

Dean Swift proposed to put a tax on female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

When a person disputes with his neighbor from their respective windows, why is there no chance of their being able to agree? Because they argue from different premises.

"Are you near-sighted, miss?" said an impertinent fellow to a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. "Yes; at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

"Why, doctor," said a lady, "you talk as though a horse was better than a man!" "He is," said the doctor, "he never deceives a lady—he bridles his tongue—he follows no fashions—and he hates hoops."

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WHOLE NO. 57.

THE RULERS AND PURSUITS OF MEN.

PRESIDENTS



IN our present article we propose to sketch rapidly a series of illustrious characters, selected as types representing the principal forms of government and pursuits of mankind, calling in the pencil, as in our other initial articles, to aid the pen. Thus, as the most fitting representative of the American republic, we have chosen him who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is true that his story and his features are so familiar, that every schoolboy in America can repeat the outline of his career, and children recognize his likeness; but that familiarity is accompanied with an undying love and reverence and pride, which welcome every allusion to his name, every new effort to illustrate it, every form in which his character and fortunes are presented. And well for us it is that it is so; for the day which would witness a generation indifferent to the oft-repeated tale, turning away listlessly from the recital of his service, or the golden political maxims



which he bequeathed to his countrymen, would behold also the decline of the republic whose armies he led to victory, and over whose councils he presided in the hour of peace and triumph. Thousands of tongues, of pencils, of pens have made Washington their theme—eloquence, poetry, literature, the kindred arts of painting, sculpture and architecture have been worthily employed in recording his features and his fame, and there is no part of the world where his name is unfamiliar or unhonored. In all civilized nations Washington is the type of true greatness; England, an ancient enemy, France, an ancient ally, do him justice. In this country the greatest of our living orators, the best of our living writers, the most renowned of our portrait-painters have found their highest inspiration in Washington. Edward Everett's best address is that on the character of Washington, which has been repeated the length and breadth of the land; Irving's most popular work is his life of Washington, probably the closing effort of his long and honorable literary career; and the best head that Stuart ever painted is his likeness of the father of our country. Our engraving represents him in a civic dress, for though he commanded the armies of the Revolution, he was not a professional soldier. Washington was the man for the age in which he lived. His early training was that which well prepared him for his subsequent career. A tender and judicious mother guided his early steps in moral and mental culture. The hardy life and invigorating sports of the country strengthened his constitution, gave vigor to his frame, and imparted familiarity with and contempt of danger. He was early inured to hardships, exposure and peril. He was very young when he carried a surveyor's chain and compass through his native wildernesses; he was very young when, as colonel of a provincial regiment, he defended Fort Necessity against a superior French force; and he was but twenty-three years of age when he marched against the French and Indians as aid-de-camp to General Braddock. General Braddock, with twelve hundred of his troops, was within seven miles of Du Quesne, a French fortress, which stood where Pittsburg is now built. Here Colonel Washington, who understood the Indian mode of warfare better than his general, requested him to reconnoitre with his Virginia riflemen. But General Braddock, who held the American officers in contempt, rejected Washington's counsel, and swelling with rage, replied with an oath: "*High times! high times! when a young buckskin can teach a British general how to fight!*" The troops advanced in heavy columns, and passing a narrow defile they fell into an ambush of French and Indians, who opened a deadly fire upon the English and American troops, who were obliged to fire at random, as they could not see their foe.

The slaughter at this crisis was dreadful; particularly among the officers; and Washington was the only one on horseback who was not either killed or wounded. He had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his coat. The action lasted three hours, and 700 men were killed on the spot. Braddock, after having three horses killed under him, received a mortal wound, and his troops fled in extreme confusion.

Thackeray, in his last novel, has admirably

painted the obstinate British commander, while he has failed to delineate his youthful aid-de-camp. After Braddock's defeat, the military abilities of Washington were recognized, and he was appointed commander-in-chief of the troops raised for the defence of the colony. Soon after the expulsion of the French from Ohio, and the cessation of Indian hostilities, his marriage with Mrs. Custis took place—a happy union. He now lived the American country gentleman, cultivating his estate at Mount Vernon, and representing the county of Frederick in the legislature. But higher responsibilities and more dangerous honors awaited him. On the approach of a rupture with Great Britain, he was sent to the first congress in Philadelphia, and where his eminent fitness, almost universally recognized, caused him to be chosen "General and Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies, and of all the forces now raised or to be raised by them." The old elm-tree is yet green on Cambridge Common where he first unsheathed his sword and assumed the post of peril. His troops were no well-appointed, well-trained corps, assured of victory, but a body of ill-equipped irregulars, to be pitted against veteran troops amply supplied with the "sinews of war and the means of destruction." In one of his letters to congress he says: "I cannot help acknowledging that I have many disagreeable sensations on account of my situation; for, to have the eyes of the whole continent fixed upon me, with the anxious expectation of hearing of some great event, and to be restrained in every military operation for want of the necessary means to carry it on, is not very pleasing, especially as the means used to conceal my weakness from the enemy, conceal it also from our friends, and add to their wonder." But through all the trials of the long war that followed, through all the discouragements, dangers, privations, jealousies, through impending mutiny and treason, through disaffection and hostility, through march and battle, how nobly he fulfilled his mission! Ever calm, ever brave, ever prudent, clear-sighted, self-denying, self-reliant, he struggled on till victory crowned the arms of his countrymen, and Yorktown witnessed the submission of the foe. And in that hour of triumph the greatness of his soul shone forth with peerless lustre. Ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds," sullied not the effulgence of his fame. The sword he had drawn for his country he sheathed when his country was free, asking no reward for his services, dreaming of none. But he was not destined to enjoy that retirement he coveted. Fortunately for his country, the choice of the people made him their first president, and he guided the newly-launched ship of State during the critical years which comprised within his terms of office, with the same skill which had commanded the armies of their colonies during their struggle for independence. From the time of his inauguration till the period of his death, he enjoyed but brief repose from the toils of public service. His last speech to congress was delivered December 7, 1796. His death occurred December 13, 1799. The nation mourned him as a father; the whole civilized world honored his memory as that of the brightest name recorded on the pages of history.



Among the distinguished monarchs of Europe there is probably none who, in spite of many faults, was better loved by his subjects than Henry of Navarre, he of the "white plume," the hero of Ivry, celebrated in the most stirring of Macaulay's ballads. He is honored by the historian as a tolerant monarch, under whose mild reign the star of France emerged from the clouds of blood, treachery and civil war, which had so long eclipsed her glory. Among the least known yet most interesting of his royal schemes are his plans for colonizing what has since been known

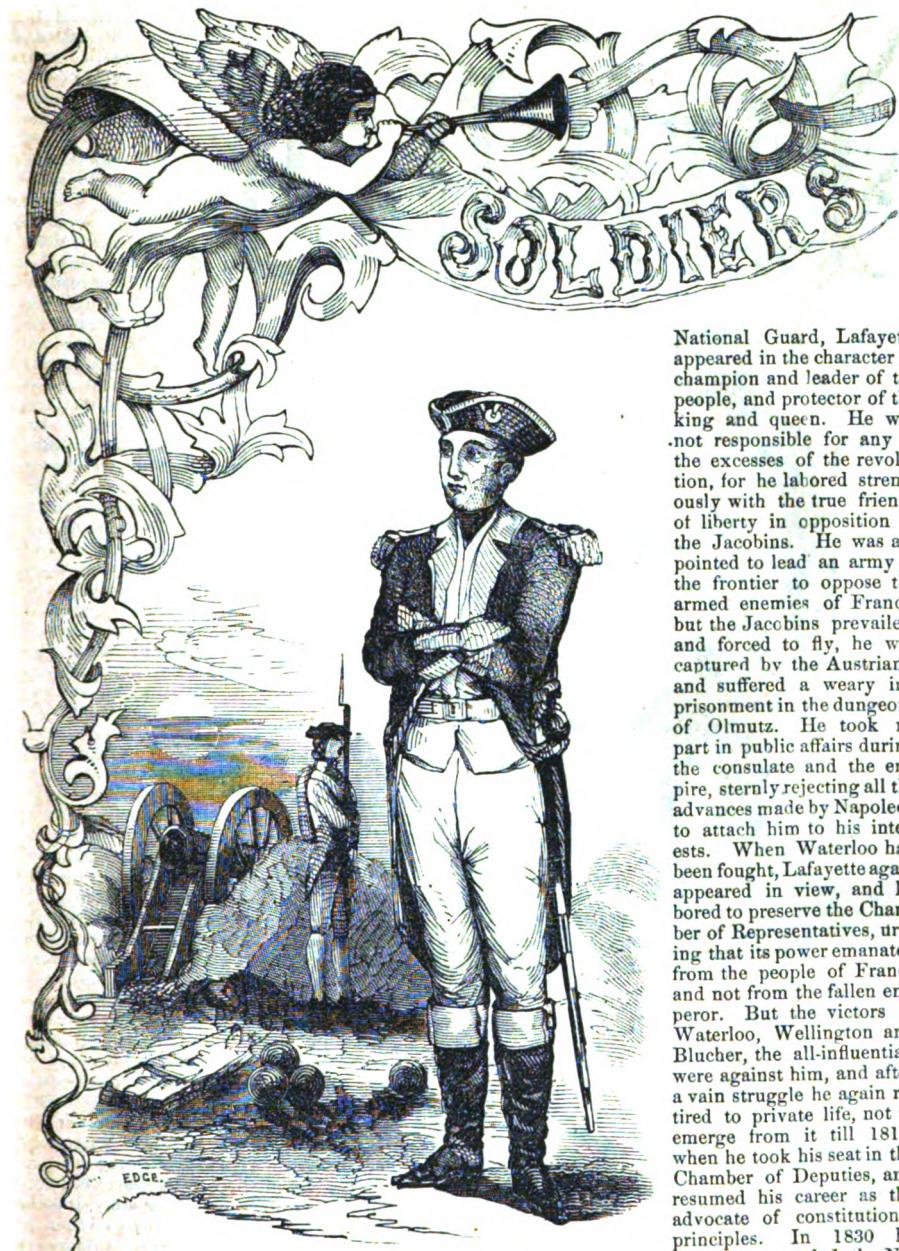
as Nova Scotia and New England. It was under his patronage that Count Champlain explored the untrdden forest from the seacoast beyond the fair lake which now bears his name; whilst Monsieur De Monts navigated along the coast to the southeast of Cape Mallebarre, now Cape Cod. In 1604 De Monts encamped where the city of Boston now stands, and but a few years later, the first Christian colony within the present limits of the United States was established on the coast of what is now the State of Maine.

Henry IV. was the son of Anthony of Bour-

bon, duke of Vendome, and of Jeanne d'Albert, daughter of Henry, king of Navarre, and was born at Pau, in Béarn (department of the Lower Pyrénées), in 1553. Hence he is frequently termed by contemporaries, the Béarnais. He was well educated, trained to knightly exercises, and inured to hardship. His mother, on the death of her husband, retired from the French court to Béarn, her hereditary principality, and declared in favor of the Huguenots. At sixteen young Prince Henry commanded the Protestant army which was beaten at Jarnac in 1568. He now pledged himself to support the Huguenots to the last drop of his blood. After the advantageous peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, Henry travelled through his own kingdom, making himself acquainted with all classes of his people, ascertaining their wants, and trying to redress their grievances. He exhibited many noble and just traits, notwithstanding that he was tainted by the universal profligacy of the age in which he lived. Meanwhile, Catherine de Medicis, mother of the reigning French king, Charles IX., an able but infamous woman, had conceived the atrocious plan of exterminating all the Protestants in France at one blow, and had obtained from her weak son his consent to this hideous massacre. It was necessary, however, to the success of this scheme, to assemble all the Protestant leaders in Paris, and this was accomplished by unblushing promises and ingenious intrigues. Henry IV. and his mother were lured thither by a project of marriage between Henry and the beautiful Margaret of Valois, the sister of Charles IX. While the preparations for this union were making on a scale of great magnificence, the mother of Henry died suddenly, not without suspicion of poison administered by the queen-mother. Henry now assumed the title of King of Navarre, and his nuptials were celebrated August 18, 1572. On the 24th of that month, St. Bartholomew's day, the queen's scheme was carried into effect by the treacherous murder of the Huguenots. Charles IX. took his station at a window of the palace and shot down his subjects with a harquebus. The venerable Admiral Coligny was murdered in the most brutal manner, and the streets of Paris ran with innocent blood. Henry IV. saved his life by making profession of the Catholic faith. Catherine de Medicis now sought to dissolve his marriage; but failing in this, endeavored to corrupt the morals of the young king of Navarre, a too easy task. In 1576, however, Henry took advantage of a hunting excursion to escape from the toils of the court, and put himself at the head of the Huguenots, publicly renouncing the Catholic creed. Charles IX. dying, and Henry III. succeeding him, Catherine de Medicis, the arch-intrigante, concluded a treaty of peace with the Huguenots, assuring them liberty of conscience and the free exercise of their religious rites. This exasperated the Catholics, who formed the famous league at the head of which was Henry, Duke of Guise, and which the king was obliged to confirm. The civil war re-commenced with redoubled violence. In 1587 they were defeated by Henry of Navarre, with an inferior force, at Contras. Henry III. having incurred the suspicion of the Catholic party, and the Sorbonne having absolved his subjects from their oath of

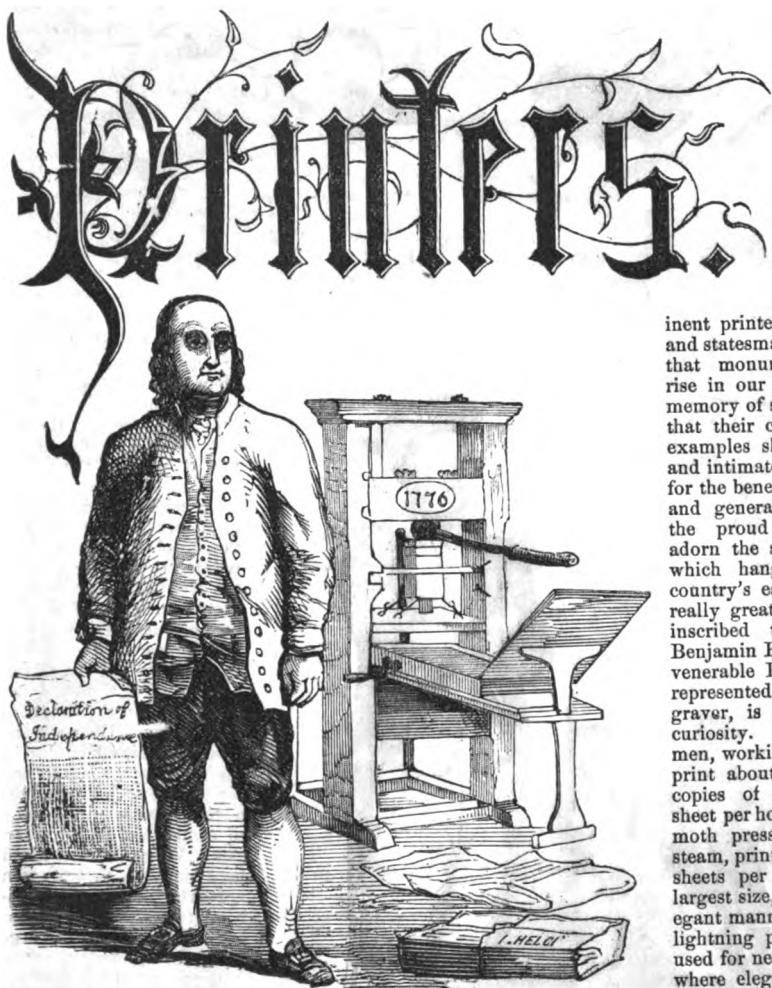
allegiance, saw safety only in a reconciliation with Henry of Navarre. They joined forces at Tours and marched on Paris; but the French king was assassinated at St. Cloud, and died, after enjoining it upon the assembled nobility to support Henry of Navarre, as his lawful successor to the throne of France. Meanwhile, Henry IV. found innumerable difficulties in establishing his claims. His Protestant religion was brought forward by all the competitors to prejudice the Catholics against him. At the head of the opposite party stood the Duke de Mayenne. Philip II., of Spain, also claimed the French throne, and sent aid to the league. Henry IV. first defeated his enemies in the memorable battle of Arques, and afterwards in the decisive action at Ivry, prior to which he uttered the celebrated words, "If you see my standard sink, follow my white plume." In consequence of this victory Paris was besieged, and the inhabitants reduced to the extremities of famine, though Henry's compassionate nature induced him more than once to relieve the necessities of the very men he was seeking to starve into submission by gifts of bread and wine. He was compelled to raise the blockade, however, by the skillful manœuvre of the Spanish general, Alexander, Duke of Parma. Finding that he could obtain possession of Paris and the throne in no other way, Henry at last, at the solicitation of his friends, once more embraced the Catholic faith, July 25, 1592. He was anointed king at Chartres in 1594, and entered the capital amidst general rejoicing. After he had been acknowledged by the pope, all parties in France were reconciled. In 1598 he secured to his former associates, the Protestants, entire religious freedom and political security, by the famous edict of Nantes, 1598. He governed his kingdom with great success, aided by his celebrated minister, Sully, though his peace was disturbed by conspiracies formed against him. He was assassinated by a fanatic Ravaillac, in 1610. He was mourned by the whole nation. His royal expression, "I wish that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot on Sunday," still lives in the mouth of the French people, who excuse his errors by pleading the general dissoluteness of his age.

SOLDIERS.—Among the thousands of warriors whose names crowd the page of history, it is difficult to select a type, but we have chosen for our illustration the friend of Washington and of America, as true a hero as ever drew a sword in a sacred cause. Marie Eau Jean Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, born at Chavaignac, in Auvergne, France, in 1757, had just been admitted to the court graced by the beautiful Marié Antoinette, when the American Revolution burst like a thunder-storm on the astonished world. In the flush of youth and the promise of royal favor, he bade adieu to his country and his young bride, and arriving in Boston with two vessels he had fitted out with arms and supplies, was received by Washington with open arms, and by the country with enthusiasm. How gallantly he fought, every American knows. It was his good fortune to return, as the guest of the country he had aided to liberate, in 1824, and to receive the grateful thanks of a great nation. But what exertions, trials



and sufferings had filled up the interval! He had taken an active part in the French revolution, and had been the first to demand the convocation of the states-general. Elected deputy to this body in 1789, he proposed the "Declaration of Rights" which he had brought with him from America, as preliminary to a constitution. It was proclaimed July 22, and furnished the French people with the reasons for the sacred "right of insurrection," as Lafayette termed it. As commander of the

National Guard, and his influence placed Louis Philippe on the throne, an event which he lived to deplore. Lafayette died peacefully after a life crowded with shining events and crowned with the truest glory, in 1834. Although, in his political course, he committed some errors, as did all men thrown into the vortex of an unexpected crisis, yet through all he came forth like tried gold from the furnace. Brave, incorruptible, sincere, he was one of the truest friends of human liberty,



Benjamin Franklin is justly entitled to the post of honor in a page dedicated to the "art preservative of arts." Neither is there a nobler type of American character than the printer philosopher, who retained the industry and simplicity of his apprentice life amid the dissipations of a gay court. History, partial to forensic or military glory, was tardy in doing him justice, and for a long time he was only known as the author of Poor Richard's Almanac, a fireside sage, or a successful experimenter. But in later years his fame has emerged from the clouds of neglect. It has been shown that he was as useful to the infant republic as brave soldiers or as able statesmen were. We are told that he was indefatigable abroad, as a diplomatist, as a recruiting officer, as a commercial agent, as a banker—one hour closeted with kings, and the next with editors—now arguing with ministers, and now writing for the people. Honor—high honor to his memory! Mirabeau pronounced Franklin "the mortal who, for the advantage of the human race, em-

bracing both heaven and earth in his vast and extensive mind, knew how to subdue thunder and tyranny." There is none too much homage paid to the memory of this eminent printer, philosopher and statesman. It is well that monuments should rise in our midst to the memory of such men, and that their characters and examples should be often and intimately referred to for the benefit of our day and generation. Out of the proud names that adorn the scroll of fame which hangs about our country's escutcheon, few really greater names are inscribed than that of Benjamin Franklin. The venerable Ramage Press, represented by the engraver, is now-a-days a curiosity. Two stout men, working hard, could print about two hundred copies of a small-sized sheet per hour—our mammoth presses, driven by steam, print one thousand sheets per hour, of the largest size, and in an elegant manner. While the lightning presses of Hoe, used for newspaper work, where elegance is less a desideratum than speed of

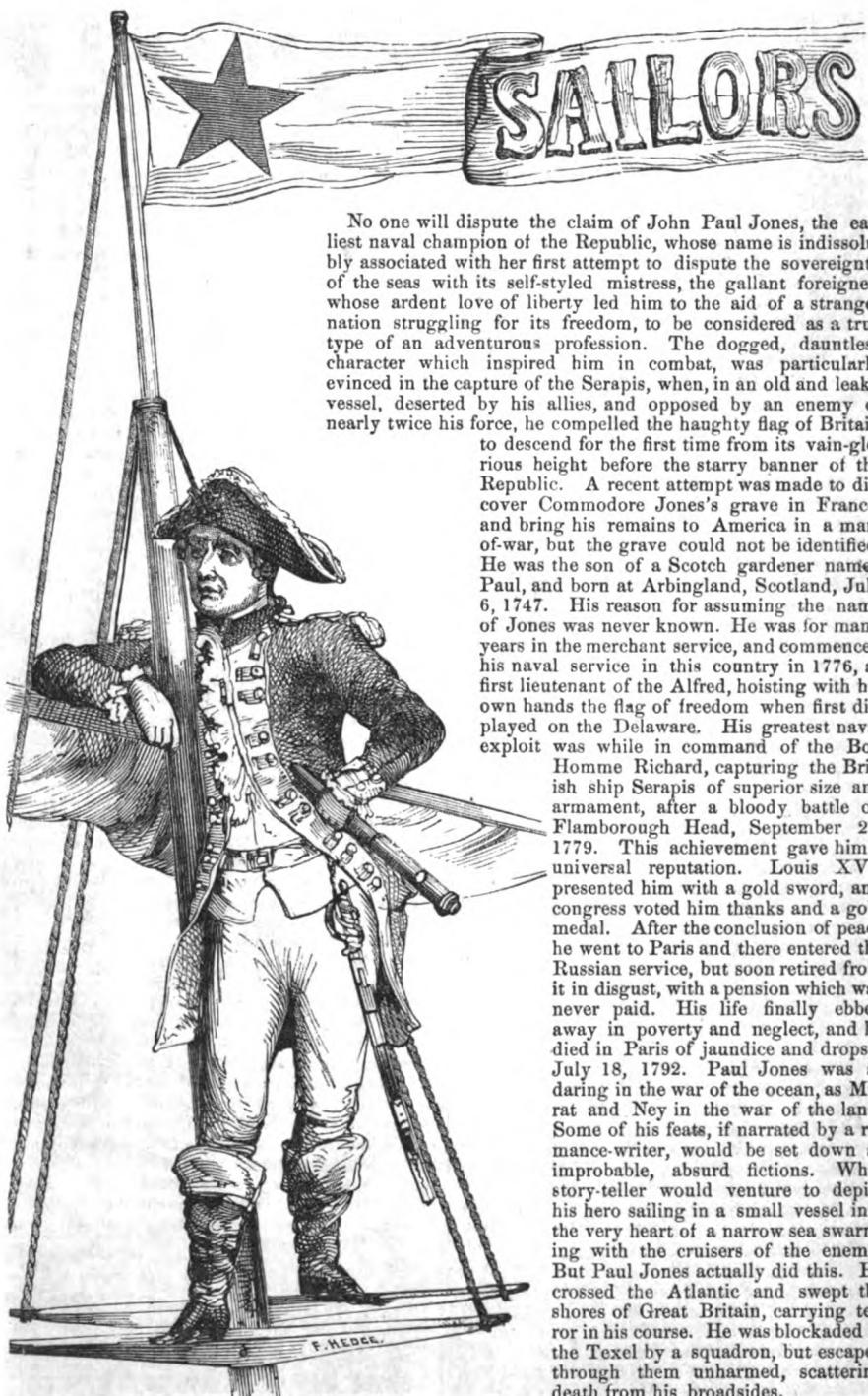
production, turn off twelve or fourteen thousand impressions an hour. The original Ramage press of Franklin, the identical one worked by Franklin's own hand, is now in the possession of Major Ben: Perley Poore, at his homestead in West Newbury, Mass., Indian Hill Farm.

Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and died April 17, 1790, retaining the command of his great intellect to the last. We need not delineate his career, for, fortunately, it is familiar to all of us. Not a school-boy but can relate how he began life as a printer's apprentice in his brother's office, with what avidity he grasped at every opportunity to enrich his mind by study, how he reflected and digested what he read, how, at an early age, he commenced writing for the press, how, having been compelled to leave his brother, he entered Philadelphia with a roll of bread under his arm and one dollar in his pocket. His literary productions, his great experiments in electricity, even, are lost sight of when we come to consider his invaluable services in his coun-

try's cause. Long before the Revolution he planned a colonial system which embraced the gems of the federal union, the basis of our national greatness. When, in 1757, he visited England for the second time, it was as the agent of the colonies. The learned societies of Europe showered their honors on his head. But it was on another visit, in 1764, that he appeared as the opponent of the British ministerial acts with relation to the colonies, and denounced their schemes of taxation. The repeal of the stamp-act was largely owing to his exertions. When Chatham (1775) proposed his plan of reconciliation with the colonies, he characterized Franklin as "one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature." In the following year he was equally well received in France, and after Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, had the happiness of concluding the first treaty of the new States with a foreign power, February 6, 1783. On returning to his country, he filled the office of President of Pennsylvania, and served as a delegate in the federal convention in 1787, and opposed the constitution then formed. As a moralist, a statesman, philosopher, wit and man of science; above all, as a self-made man, Franklin deserves and has received the highest honors. "It has been said that Franklin represented the practical genius, the moral and political spirit of the eighteenth century, as Voltaire represented its metaphysical and religious skepticism; this, at least, is certain, that no man saw more clearly or felt more profoundly in his own person, the political and moral ideas which necessarily bear sway in a strictly industrial community, like the one emerging from infancy in the New World. Unconnected with England by birth or close association, he looked only with astonishment at those pretensions to prerogative which certainly could find no natural soil where all men were socially equal; and his system of morals included every sanction and precept likely to recommend themselves to a people who could never reach prosperity unless through patient industry and the exercise of the prudential virtues. His code was the 'way to wealth'; and the wisdom of 'Poor Richard' instructed every man how by the strength of his arm and dominion over his passions, wealth might be attained and made secure. Since Franklin's time a new element has arisen in America; powerful tendencies are developing with higher aims than mere wealth, and which demand a larger code than the utilitarian. Franklin did not recognize, or rather had not foreseen, the necessary advent of that speculative habit now very rapidly becoming dominant over American thought; but in his treatment of the equally powerful tendency of which he saw the influence, and whereof he himself so largely partook, his 'Poor Richard' is complete; he threw off all prerogative and tradition, and looked at things as they are. Temperance, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Activity, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquillity, Chastity, Humility—these are his virtues, and Franklin teaches how to acquire them by precepts which in earlier times would have ranked as *golden verses*; they are as valuable as anything which has descended from Py-

thagoras. It is rare that a single mind establishes claims so various as those of Franklin;—he ranks also among the foremost as a Physical Enquirer and Discoverer. Attracted by the opening subject of *electricity*, he was the first to reduce it to order; and that grand step is owing to him which identified the attraction and repulsion of rubbed glass and amber, with the energy that produces lightning and causes the most imposing of meteorological phenomena. His memoirs on Electricity and other physical subjects still astonish one by their clearness and chastity, and the precision and elegance of their method; their style and manner are as worthy of admiration as their doctrines. They gained for their author immediate admission to the highest scientific societies in Europe. In his personal bearing Franklin was sedate and weighty. He had no striking eloquence; he spoke sententiously; but men instinctively felt his word, and submitted themselves to his wisdom. Except Washington, whom in many qualities he resembled, the New World yet ranks among her dead nowhere so great a man."

The life of Benjamin Franklin was rounded and complete; filled with various duties, achievements, honors, studies, when the measure of his usefulness was filled, and not until then, he died at a good old age. It may be said of him, as was said of Goldsmith, that there was nothing he touched that he did not adorn; nothing he undertook that he did not do well. His early life is a remarkable instance of steady perseverance and heroic self-training. He systematized his conduct and studies at an age when few lads can be made to comprehend what system is—much less apply it to themselves. Franklin, by learning to command himself, learned to command fortune. The successes he achieved in life and in the acquisition were the logical consequences of the premises he established. He arrived at them as you obtain the unknown quantity in an algebraic problem. In many respects the mind of Franklin was a very remarkable one, particularly so in its union of wit and wisdom. His playful repartees, his humorous sayings and writings, would fill volumes; yet in no man's life and works is common sense so exalted and perspicuous. With all his energy, Franklin was a very prudent man; and, with his tastes and views, was the very one likely to hold back from the sweep and vortex of the Revolution. Yet he flung himself into it with his whole heart and soul; knowing too, seeing as clearly as any one the risks he incurred. "We must all hang together," he said, playfully, to one of his colleagues, after the immortal Declaration of Independence, and in allusion to the confederacy, "for if we don't, we shall hang separately." In his works he has left a golden legacy to his countrymen. They deserve to be studied and pondered, especially those portions relating to social and political science. Especially at this time, when there is a tendency towards universal luxury and extravagance, we should revert to the economical precepts of the stout old republican, who was, throughout his life, a consistent and principled enemy of luxury; who, at the most brilliant and splendid court of Europe, shamed the gaudy tinsel by which he was surrounded, by appearing in his plain brown suit, of perfect simplicity.

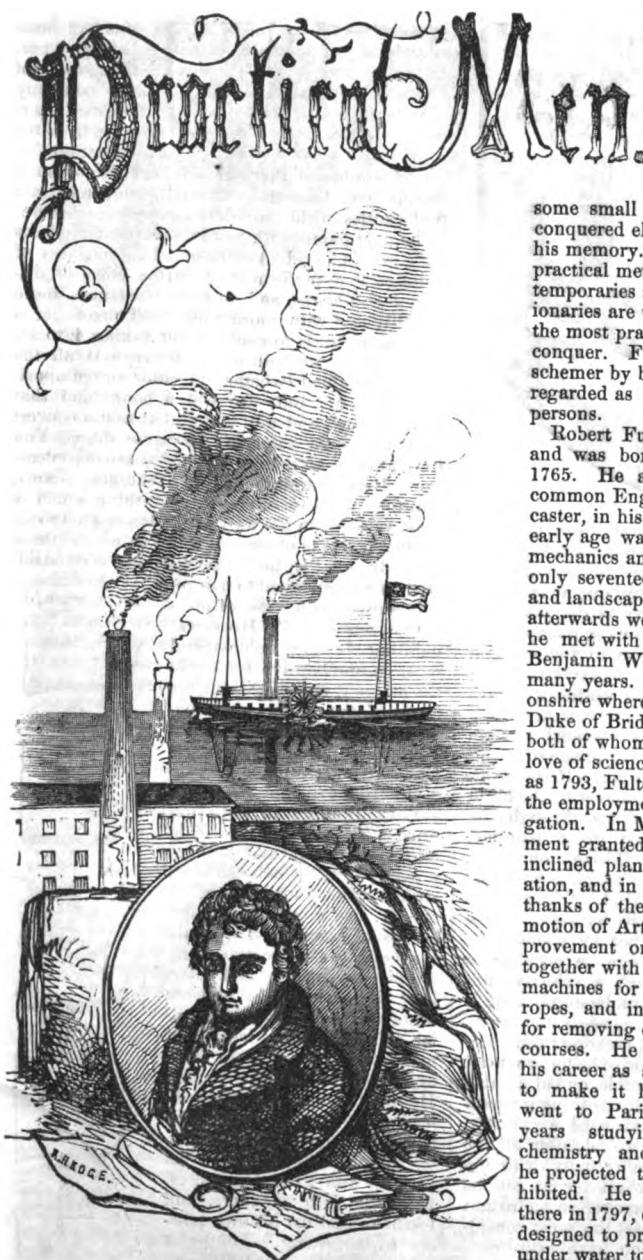


No one will dispute the claim of John Paul Jones, the earliest naval champion of the Republic, whose name is indissolubly associated with her first attempt to dispute the sovereignty of the seas with its self-styled mistress, the gallant foreigner, whose ardent love of liberty led him to the aid of a stranger nation struggling for its freedom, to be considered as a true type of an adventurous profession. The dogged, dauntless character which inspired him in combat, was particularly evinced in the capture of the Serapis, when, in an old and leaky vessel, deserted by his allies, and opposed by an enemy of nearly twice his force, he compelled the haughty flag of Britain to descend for the first time from its vain-glorious height before the starry banner of the Republic. A recent attempt was made to discover Commodore Jones's grave in France, and bring his remains to America in a man-of-war, but the grave could not be identified. He was the son of a Scotch gardener named Paul, and born at Arbingland, Scotland, July 6, 1747. His reason for assuming the name of Jones was never known. He was for many years in the merchant service, and commenced his naval service in this country in 1776, as first lieutenant of the Alfred, hoisting with his own hands the flag of freedom when first displayed on the Delaware. His greatest naval exploit was while in command of the Bon Homme Richard, capturing the British ship Serapis of superior size and armament, after a bloody battle off Flamborough Head, September 23, 1779. This achievement gave him a universal reputation. Louis XVI. presented him with a gold sword, and congress voted him thanks and a gold medal. After the conclusion of peace he went to Paris and there entered the Russian service, but soon retired from it in disgust, with a pension which was never paid. His life finally ebbed away in poverty and neglect, and he died in Paris of jaundice and dropsy, July 18, 1792. Paul Jones was as daring in the war of the ocean, as Murat and Ney in the war of the land. Some of his feats, if narrated by a romance-writer, would be set down as improbable, absurd fictions. What story-teller would venture to depict his hero sailing in a small vessel into the very heart of a narrow sea swarming with the cruisers of the enemy. But Paul Jones actually did this. He crossed the Atlantic and swept the shores of Great Britain, carrying terror in his course. He was blockaded in the Texel by a squadron, but escaped through them unharmed, scattering death from his broadsides.



We have not ventured to select from the long muster-roll of glorious names that have rendered the art of painting glorious from the days of Apelles and Zeuxis to our own, any one as specially typical, where endless variety is the law. As there are innumerable gradations in poetry, from the most elevated epic or drama to the shortest lyric, the excellence of which may consist in merely giving effect to a single sentiment or situation, comic, touching, etc., so pictures may present all varieties, from the elevated productions of a Michael Angelo to the image of a single dew-drop, a leaf, or a feather. Painting affords an inestimable means of elevating the mind and cultivating spiritual instincts through the medium of the eye, and the great painters, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, our own Washington Allston, deserve to rank with the highest benefactors of mankind. "The ideas thus conveyed to us," says Richardson, "have this advantage; they come not by a slow progression of words, or in a language peculiar to one nation only; but with such a velocity, and in a manner so universally understood, that it resembles inspiration or intuition—as the art by which it is effected resembles creation; things so considerable and of so great price being produced out of materials so inconsiderable, and of a value next to nothing. What a tedious thing it would be to describe by words the view of a country, and how imperfect an idea would, after all, be afforded. Painting does it effectually, with the addition of so much of its character as can be known from thence; and moreover, in an instant recalls to your memory at least the most considerable particulars of what you have heard concerning it, or occasions that to be told which you have never heard. Agostino Caracci, discoursing one day on the excellency of the ancient sculptures, was profuse in his praises of the Laocoön, and observing that his brother Annibale never spoke, nor seemed to take any notice of what he said, reproached him as not enough esteeming so masterly a work. He then went on describing every particular of that noble piece of antiquity. Annibale turned himself to the wall and with a piece of charcoal, drew the statue as

if it had been before him. The rest of the company were surprised, and Agostino silenced, confessed that his brother had taken a more effectual way than himself to demonstrate the beauties of that wonderful piece of sculpture. 'The poet paints with words, the painter speaks with words,' said Annibale. The business of painting is to perform much of the effect of discourse and books, and, in many instances, more speedily and with more reality. To consider a picture aright, is to read it; but taking into account the beauty with which the eye is all the time entertained (whether of color or composition), it is not only to read a book, and that finely printed and well bound, but as if a concert of music were heard at the same time. You have at once an intellectual and a sensual pleasure. By an admirable effort of human genius, painting offers to our eyes everything which is most valuable in the universe. It presents to us the heroic deeds of ancient times as well as those we daily see. In this respect it may be considered as a supplement to nature, which gives us a view of present objects only." Historical painting is the noblest and most comprehensive branch of the art, as it embraces man, the head of the visible creation. The historical painter must understand man, anatomically and psychologically, must have a practised eye and hand, and skill in grouping, so as to produce a beautiful whole. And all this is insufficient without a poetic spirit, which can form striking conception of historical events or create imaginary scenes of beauty. To obtain the requisite skill, requires long practice in drawing and coloring; the artist must execute numerous studies and be familiar with the best models of nature and art. Nature, however, must be his great teacher. He may consult pictures to learn how nature is represented, and to enable him to master technicalities, but it is a bad plan for him to copy pictures. He falls into manners, and learns to distrust his own powers by so doing. The great masters of art owed little to those who preceded them; they looked upon man and nature, and painted what they saw. The training of schools is not calculated to make artists, and the greatest painters and sculptors who ever lived have been self-taught. The painter must rise to fame by genius and the study of nature.



Robert Fulton's name is prominently identified with that practical science to which we are indebted for those new applications of principles which, from time to time, change the social and business relations of the world. Our artist has accurately copied, with the portrait of Fulton, a drawing of his first steamboat—the parent of the Leviathans that now challenge the world to compete with them, as they traverse the mighty deep.

the design was afterwards perfected and realized. His return to America took place in 1806. For many years his mind had been occupied with the plan of applying steam to navigation, as proved by a letter to Lord Stanhope, dated September 30, 1793. He gave Messrs. Watt & Bolton instructions for constructing the first engine which was in a boat; yet he made no pretensions as an inventor with respect to the engine. On the con-

It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, and while on the stocks at New York, was known as the "Fulton folly." No monument is erected to his memory—but every paddle-wheel, whether on the broad ocean or in some small inland river, beats from the conquered element a chant of homage to his memory. It is the fortune of all great practical men to be treated by their contemporaries as visionaries, while real visionaries are very apt to make proselytes of the most practical men they undertake to conquer. Fulton was laughed at as a schemer by business men: Joe Smith was regarded as a prophet by plain, practical persons.

Robert Fulton was of Irish parentage, and was born in Little Britain, Pa., in 1765. He acquired the rudiments of a common English school education in Lancaster, in his native State, and from a very early age was noted for his fondness for mechanics and skill in draughting. When only seventeen he began to paint portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia. Five years afterwards we find him in England, where he met with a very kind reception from Benjamin West, in whose house he passed many years. He passed two years in Devonshire where he was much noticed by the Duke of Bridgewater and Earl Stanhope, both of whom were distinguished for their love of science and mechanics. As early as 1793, Fulton was forming projects for the employment of steam in inland navigation. In May, 1794, the British government granted him a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used for transportation, and in the same year received the thanks of the British Society for the promotion of Arts and Commerce, for an improvement on mills for sawing marble, together with a medal. He also patented machines for spinning flax and making ropes, and invented a dredging machine for removing earth from the beds of water-courses. He had now fairly commenced his career as a civil engineer, determined to make it his profession. In 1797 he went to Paris, where he passed several years studying mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective. While there he projected the first panorama ever exhibited. He also made an experiment there in 1797, on the Seine, with a machine designed to propel carcasses of gunpowder under water to a given point and there to explode them. It failed at the time, but

the design was afterwards perfected and realized. His return to America took place in 1806. For many years his mind had been occupied with the plan of applying steam to navigation, as proved by a letter to Lord Stanhope, dated September 30, 1793. He gave Messrs. Watt & Bolton instructions for constructing the first engine which was in a boat; yet he made no pretensions as an inventor with respect to the engine. On the con-

trary, he was often heard to declare, that he did not pretend himself to have made, and did not know of any improvement that had been made by any other person upon engines which were constructed according to Mr. Watt's principles. Robert R. Livingston, minister to France, met Mr. Fulton there and communicated to him the importance of steamboats to their common country, informed him of what had been attempted in America, and advised him to turn his attention to the subject. They immediately proceeded to make experiments, chiefly directed by Mr. Fulton. After some encouraging trials on a small scale, they built a boat upon the Seine, under the direction of Mr. Fulton, in 1803, which was completely successful. On Mr. Fulton's arrival in New York, in 1806, they immediately engaged in building a boat of what was then deemed very considerable dimensions. His boat, the Clermont, began to navigate the Hudson river in 1807, making a speed of about five miles an hour. On the voyage from New York to Albany, no one had the courage to take passage. On the return a New Yorker ventured. Having gone on board to settle respecting his passage, he found only one man engaged in writing in the cabin. It was Fulton. "Are you not going back to New York with your boat?" he asked. "I am going to make the attempt." "Can you give me a passage?" "Certainly, if you will run the same risks as Mr. Livingstone and myself." The New Yorker asked the price of the passage and counted out six dollars. Fulton stood motionless and silent, absorbed in thoughts and contemplating the money in his hand. The passenger feared he had made some mistake. "Is that right?" he asked. "Excuse me," said Fulton, with a tremulous voice, while tears stood in his eyes, "I was thinking that these six dollars were the first money produced by my long toils. I should like," he added, taking his passenger's hand, "to consecrate the memory of this moment by asking you to take a bottle of wine with me, but I am too poor to offer it." February 11, 1809, Mr. Fulton took out his first patent for his inventions in steam navigation, and on February 9, of the following year, he obtained a second patent for his improvements in his boats and machinery. In 1811 and 1812, two steam-boats were built under Mr. Fulton's directions, as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson River, and, soon after, one of the same description for the East River. These boats were what are called twin-boats, each of them being two complete hulls, united by a deck or bridge, sharp at both ends, and moving equally well with either end foremost, so as to cross and re-cross without losing any time in putting about. Floating docks for the reception of ferry-boats, to avoid concussion, were also invented by Mr. Fulton. He took a great interest in and afforded great help to the Erie canal schemes, having made canals his special study, with the Earl of Bridgewater in England. He also made numerous experiments relative to submarine warfare, and superintended the famous steam-figate which bore his name. But his life was harassed by the conduct of men who infringed upon his patent rights and exclusive grants, and he was involved in tedious and ruinous law-suits. He died February 24, 1815, having seen enough of the success of his

projects to obtain a glimpse of the splendid future opened for steam navigation. In person, Mr. Fulton was about six feet high, slender, but well proportioned, with dark eyes and a projecting brow. His manners were easy and unaffected. He was fond of society. He expressed himself with energy, fluency and correctness, and he owed more to experience and reflection than to books, his sentiments were often interesting from their originality. He was generous, liberal and affectionate, and knew no use for money except to do good. His indefatigable industry and perseverance were noticeable traits. The latter part of his life was, as we have remarked, embittered by his law-suits, and his constitution was undermined by anxiety and by exposure while directing his workmen. Though but forty-nine when he died, he had achieved a solid fame, to which time, as it rolls on, confers additional lustre. He was mourned by the whole nation.

The century we live in may be styled the age of Practical Men, if any one tendency can be said to characterize a period of eclectic culture. The 19th century has witnessed discoveries, or practical applications of old discoveries, that have thrown into the shade the achievements of preceding ages, and it is a proud honor for America to have given birth to some of the most illustrious of the practical men who have given an inestimable impulse to the march of civilization. It was an American who first showed that it was in the power of man to sport with the lightning, who, with his kite-string drew the Promethean fire from the clouds. It was an American—Morse—who construed that message from the clouds to the earth and who, within the present century, within a few years, taught the world how that wonderful power of electricity might be made to flash messages of peace instantaneously from continent to continent, or roll the word of battle all along a line of fifteen miles in length, "commanding fires of death to fight." It was an American, as we have seen, who first applied the power of steam to navigation; and it was an American steamship, the workmanship of American practical men, that made the first voyage across the Atlantic, and that in the very infancy of steam navigation. To another American, Dr. Jackson, of this city, is due the discovery of etherization, the means of annihilating pain, one of the keenest evils to which humanity had been doomed. The great improvements in printing presses, by which intelligence is poured upon the world, are also due to the practical genius of America. On the other side of the water, practical men, such as Watt and Stephenson, have contributed their quota to the peaceful conquests of the age. England can point proudly to her railway system as revolutionizing the physical fortunes of the world. France stands illustrated in the discovery of Daguerre, by which the sun is made to perform the work of an artist, and to perpetuate the beauties and glories of creation with its pencil of fire. Such are some of the achievements of practical men, working by physical science to a great end. We have only indicated some of the splendid discoveries that have made this century memorable; but it is crowded with wondrous inventions and discoveries, and proofs of the important services that practical men have rendered to their race.



Of the profession that "lives to please" there have been in all ages noble representatives. William Shakespeare, "being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceeding well." So wrote honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, and we can therefore give the post of honor in the historic profession to the greatest of dramatic authors, whose varied productions combine the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history. He was "born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will and died." "This," says Steevens, "is about all that is known, with any degree of certainty, about Shakspeare." We should have cared but

very little about the birth or the marriage, the will or the death of this native of a petty country town in the sixteenth century, but for the one other certainty—"he wrote poems and plays." That fact renders the minutest incident in the life of this son of a Warwickshire yeoman a matter of interest to the whole human race; for out of the cottage in which he was born has gone forth a voice which is the mightiest in modern literature; which has had no small influence in forming the national character of Great Britain; and which, in connection with the higher teaching from above, is refining and harmonizing wherever its sound is heard. William Shakespeare was born in 1564. His baptism was registered in the parish church of Stratford on the 26th of April in that year. It was usual to baptize within three days of birth, and therefore his birthday is held to be the 23d of April, the St. George's day of England. The probability, though not the certainty, is that he was born in the town of Stratford. The old house there, in which he is said to have been born, was unquestionably the property of his father, John Shakespeare. His father was married and living in Stratford in 1588. His mother was Mary Arden, of the ancient family of the Ardens. The course of John Shakespeare may be traced by the parochial and municipal records, from the office of jurymen of the court leet in 1556, to that of bailiff, or chief magistrate, in 1568. He has been held to have been a butcher, or a wool-stapler, or



a glover. In an age when there was little subdivision of occupations, the yeoman cultivating his land, might have sold the carcasses of his sheep, dressed their wool and prepared their peltries. The occupier of grazing land had no large separate markets for such commodities. There was a free grammar school at Stratford. We have no record that William Shakespeare went to the school, but have no reason to doubt that it was the place of his education. Some persons have attempted to show that there is no tincture of grammar school studies in his writings; that he was essentially unlearned. Such a belief is now wholly abandoned except by those who cannot believe that learning exists where there is no ostentatious parade of it. The registers show that the father of the poet had five children who survived the period of infancy.

We have no trace of how William Shakespeare was employed in the interval between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. The tradition is that he was a wild young fellow, stealing deer. The certainty is that he was treasuring up that store of knowledge, and cultivating that range of genius, which made him what he became. At Shottery, a pretty village within a mile of Stratford, is an old farm-house, now divided into several tenements, where dwelt a family by the name of Hathaway, and this property remained in the possession of their descendants. Anne Hathaway became the wife of William Shakespeare in 1582, when he was but 18 years old. The marriage bond and license are preserved in the Consistorial Court, at Worcester. By this marriage there were three children, Susannah, Hammet and Judith. Hammet, the only son, died in 1596. The two daughters survived their father and inherited his property. Soon after his marriage, William Shakespeare became connected with the Blackfriar's Theatre, in London. In 1589, when he was only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint proprietor of that theatre, with four others below him in the list. The players of Blackfriar's Theatre were the Lord Chamberlain's company, those who acted under royal patronage. We know nothing of the date of his first play. Of his thirty-seven plays all but six, *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, *Timon* and the three Roman plays, are defined by contemporary records. There are not many instances of the mention of Shakespeare during his lifetime, by writers of his period; but one writer, Francis Meres, notices many of his more important plays in 1598. His poems carry their own dates. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593; *Lucrea* in 1594, and the Sonnets in 1609. Meres had mentioned, in 1598, Shakespeare's "sugered sonnets amongst his private friends." Shakespeare became rich in connection with the theatres. He purchased the principal house in Stratford in 1597, and parcels of land in that parish. He became the title owner, also, by purchase. It is supposed that he ceased to be connected with the theatres in 1609, for there is a valuation of his property in that year for which he asked £1433, 6s. 8d. His father died in 1601; and it is more than probable that the greatest of poets succeeded him as a practical farmer in his native place. He had his actions in the bailiff's court for corn sold and delivered. He was looked up to by his neighbors, as there

is evidence in letters. His eldest daughter, in 1607, married Dr. Hall, an eminent physician residing in Stratford. Judith married Thomas Quincy, a tradesman of substance, in February, 1616. The register of Stratford has another entry two months afterwards. On the 25th of April, William Shakespeare was buried in the parish church. Anne, the wife, survived till 1623. She was amply provided for by the laws of her country, for the greater part of Shakespeare's property was freehold, and the widow was entitled for her life to the dower of one third. The bequest to her of the second best bed was one of affection, not of neglect. The best bed was always an heir-loom. The eldest daughter, Susannah, died in 1649. Judith died in 1662. Neither left any heir-male. The one granddaughter of Shakespeare, Elizabeth Hall, inherited the bulk of his property. By her second marriage, she became the wife of Sir John Barnard. In half a century the family estates were all scattered and went to other races; with the exception of two houses in Henley Street, which Lady Barnard devised to her kinsman, Thomas Hart, the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan. These houses were purchased by the British nation, in 1847, of the descendants of the Harts. The great German critic, A. W. Schlegel, says: "Shakespeare's knowledge of mankind has become proverbial; in this his superiority is so great, that he has justly been called the master of the human heart. His characters appear neither to do nor say anything on account of the spectator; and yet the poet, by means of the exhibition itself, without any subsidiary explanation, enables us to look into the innermost recesses of their minds. How each man is constituted, Shakespeare reveals to us in the most immediate manner. He demands and obtains our belief, even for what is singular and deviates from the ordinary course of nature. Never, perhaps, was so comprehensive a talent for characterization possessed by any other man. It grasps the diversity of rank, sex and age, down to the dawnings of infancy; not only do his kings and beggars, heroes and pickpockets, sages and fools, speak and act with equal truth, not only have his human characters such depth and comprehension that they cannot be ranged under classes, and are inexhaustible even in conception, but he opens the gates of the magic world of spirits, calls up the midnight ghosts, exhibits witches amid their unhallowed mysteries, peoples the air with sportive fairies and sylphs, and extorts the conviction that if there should be such beings, they would so comport themselves." The admiration felt for Shakespeare in Germany is universal. With the revival of German letters, and the formation of a German literature, in the reaction against the French school, Shakespeare was taken as a model. His tragedies are favorites on the German stage, and, as with us, the ability to personate his leading characters is the touchstone of an actor's fame. In France, on the other hand, Shakespeare never was and never will be appreciated. The wits of Louis XIV.'s reign styled him a barbarian, and though the modern romantic school in France professed an admiration of Shakespeare, or the "great William," as they style him, yet their attempts at imitation show that they utterly misconceive him.



faculties, and able to compose with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, his life was embittered by an imperious mother, a foolish wife, and unjust critics. Yet high and pure aspirations loom, like beacon-fires, from the gloom of his desponding hours—and could he have wedded a mind capable of sympathizing with his genius, how different would have been the career of his "lone, wandering, but not lost spirit." The illustration represents a statue of the poet, executed by Thorwaldsen, at Rome, in 1830, for Westminster Abbey, but its admission was opposed upon fanatic grounds, and the statue lay in a custom-house cellar until 1845, when it was taken to the library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, which it now ornaments. It is a picture, in marble, replete with romantic and classical associations. Byron is seated upon a ruined fragment, which has been part of some ancient temple, and his foot rests on the broken shaft of a ruined column. In his left hand he holds a volume, and the raised chin is slightly touched with a stylus, or pencil, which he holds in his right hand. The head is slightly lifted, and turned over the right shoulder—the eyes raised, with a dramatic air of inspiration, but with an unaffected expression of thought. The beauty of the poet's hand and wrist, and the delicate forms of the throat are strikingly rendered; but in the aspect there is something more than mere thought—infinitely sad and touching; and which to us seems one of the triumphs of the work. The costume is a riding dress, with a cloak thrown loosely over

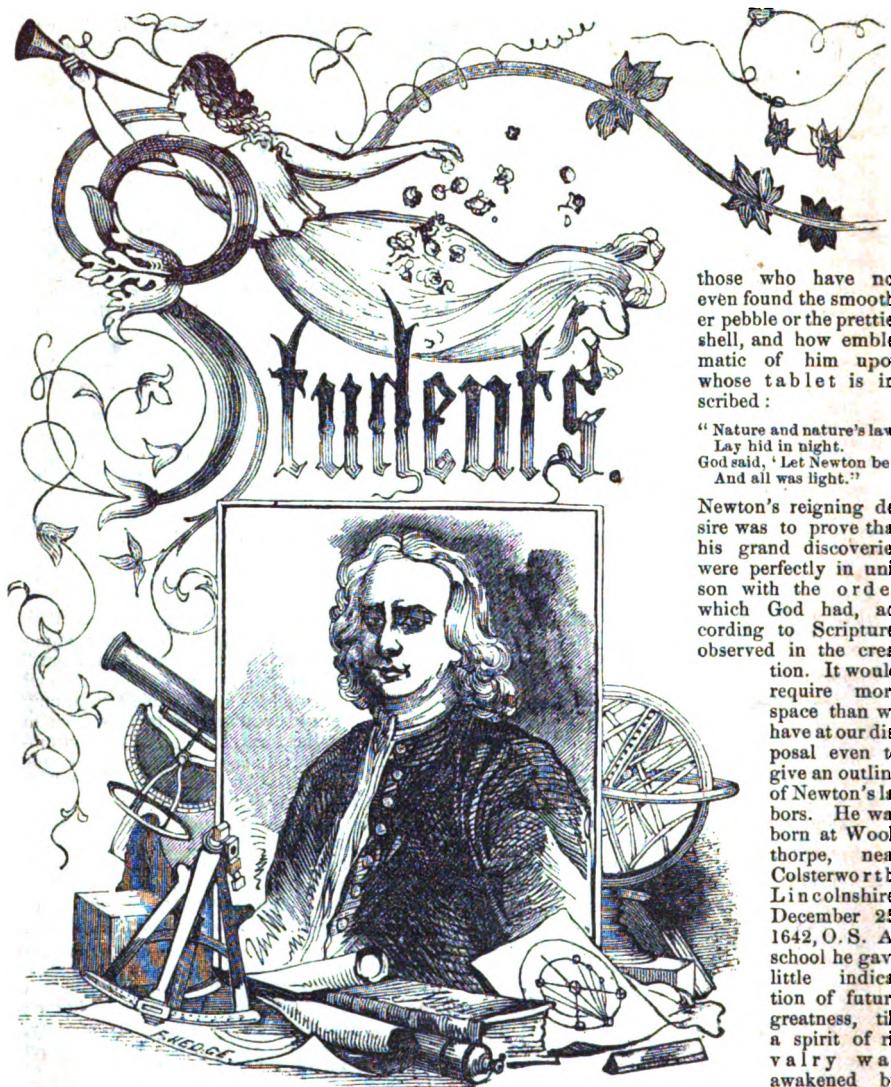
—whose folds are among the sculptor's resources for composition and relief. It is, in short, a perfect type of the genius, the character, and the fortunes of the wayward poet. George Gordon,

Among the brilliant poets of the 19th century none is more widely read or more universally known than Lord Byron. Born with the noblest

Lord Byron, the descendant of a noble family of England, was born in London, January 22, 1788. His early days were passed in Aberdeenshire,

Scotland, where his mother belonged—his father having died when he was an infant. He mother was a violent-tempered, injudicious woman, and her ill-regulated temper made her a bad guardian for her child. She alternately indulged and checked him, and so injured a naturally fine disposition. At the commencement of his eleventh year, the death of a granduncle put him in possession of the family title and property. He was educated at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not distinguish himself in the routine marked out for the students, though he made large acquisitions of knowledge outside of the regular course. In 1807 he published his "Hours of Idleness," a collection of poems which did not exhibit a single spark of genius. The severity with which this was handled in the Edinburgh Review roused all the fury of his nature, and also awakened his abilities, for his satirical poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was a most vigorous though most unjust production. Every poet of note was attacked in it. It gave evidence of a capability of better things, and astonished those who had waded through the stupid pages of the "Hours of Idleness." "English Bards" appeared in 1809, and in the same year Lord Byron embarked with Mr. Hobhouse for an extensive continental tour. He travelled through Spain, Italy and Greece, and the varied scenes he visited, with their historical associations and intrinsic charms, roused his poetical enthusiasm, and he wrote, without an effort, the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Of this production he thought lightly himself, and preferred a far inferior composition to it. The Pilgrimage, however, was published in 1812, and the recognition of its merits was instantaneous. As he himself expressed it, he "woke one morning and found himself famous." The few who had already learned to appreciate Wordsworth and Coleridge, found in the new poet a freedom both from the affectations of the one, and the obscurities and eccentricities of the other; while there were united with these a poetic-elevation and richness not exceeded by either. Byron now attempted, with complete success, the metrical romance, and the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, Siege of Corinth, and Parisiana, followed each other in pretty rapid succession. In the heroes of all of these romances, there is a great deal of self-portraiture—indeed, they are all variations of one type of character. With as little power as any poet ever possessed of delineating the passions and character of other men, Byron was not true to nature unless he drew his materials from within; but his poetry, thus unreal and fantastic in all its representations of real life, has the singular charm which belongs to the self drawn image of a nature nobly endowed with the poetic elements of greatness, and oscillating between the extremes of goodness and of evil. In the autumn of 1814, after a round of fashionable dissipation, Lord Byron married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a lady of great personal attractions and of rigid virtue. The union was inharmonious and unhappy, and in 1816, soon after the birth of a daughter, Lady Byron left her husband's house never to return. Domestic unhappiness and financial embarrassment filled the poet's cup of misery to the brim,

and he left England never to return. After residing in Switzerland, and deriving the inspiration for the third canto of Childe Harold and "Manfred" from its wild scenery, he took up his abode in Venice, in 1816, making one journey thence to Rome to gather materials for the splendid fourth canto of Childe Harold. In Venice he led a very discreditable life. In 1820 he followed the Countess Guiccioli, to whom he had become attached, first to Ravenna and then to Pisa. Here Byron received Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and afterwards Mr. Leigh Hunt, and with these coadjutors attempted, unsuccessfully, the periodical called the "Liberator." In addition to Manfred and the last canto of Childe Harold, he wrote the spirited tale of "Mazepa," the "Lament of Tasso," and his dramatic poems, of which, while "Cain" abounded in the old leaven, the tragedies indicated morally, though not poetically, an inclination to rise into a higher and purer region. Other inclinations, however, were betrayed by a new class of poems, in which the strength and versatility of the poet's genius were strikingly displayed. They were modelled on the burlesque poetry of the Italians, which had hardly been emulated in the English language, except by Frere. Byron's first attempt in this path was "Bepo," and the ethical looseness of this lively piece became exaggerated into open depravity, while it was accompanied at first by much noble poetry, and always by much stinging wit, in the notorious cantos of "Don Juan." That Byron was secretly weary of his errors, and eager for opportunities of honorable action, may be inferred from his willingness to take part in the abortive Italian conspiracies. A more promising field was now open to him soon after the unfortunate death of his friend Shelley. The London Committee of Philhellenists requested him to take part in the emancipation of Greece, and he enthusiastically accepted the invitation. He sailed for Genoa in July, 1823, and began his philanthropic exertions in the island of Cephalonia. In January, 1824, he landed at Missolonghi, already laboring under illness, which he had aggravated by bathing in the sea in the course of his last voyage. Disappointments in the great objects of his expedition gathered round him, and were bravely borne; but his health was further injured by anxiety, and by repeated exposure to the weather in an unhealthy climate. He died at Missolonghi, of rheumatic fever, or its accompanying inflammation of the heart, on the 19th of April, 1824, soon after having celebrated in affecting verses the completion of his thirty-sixth year. Much that Lord Byron has written will pass into oblivion; but much also will remain. A hundred years hence, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage will still be a classic. "Manfred," among the dramatic poems, is sure of immortality, while the "Bride of Abydos" will equally live as the most exquisite Oriental tale ever penned by an English author. Byron's prose was very fine. His letters are models of epistolary style. More can be learned of him by reading his familiar letters to his friends, than by the study of the works he gave to the world. Had Byron's earlier youth received a better training, and worthier associates surrounded his manhood, his career would have been very different.



We may well take Sir Isaac Newton as a representative of those laborious students of science who, like Humboldt, devoted long lives to the investigation of the laws of nature and the revelation of truth. The discoverer of the law of gravitation and the author of the "Principia," though aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," was nevertheless modest, candid, and uneccentric in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially

another boy, and then young Newton soon raised himself by his exertions to the head of his class. His education was completed at Cambridge. In 1666 he began his experiments on light, and in 1668, his astronomical observations by means of a telescope constructed by himself. The fall of an apple in the garden at Woolthorpe is said to have prompted his theory of gravitation. On the 29th of October, he was appointed professor of mathematics as successor to Dr. Barrow. In 1699 he obtained the lucrative situation of master of the royal mint, and in 1703 was chosen president of the Royal Society, an office he held till his death. He was a great favorite at the court of George I. He died March 20, 1727, in the 85th year of his age, leaving to the world the glorious results of his genius.

those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed :

" Nature and nature's laws
Lay hid in night.
God said, 'Let Newton be!'
And all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in union with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation. It would require more space than we have at our disposal even to give an outline of Newton's labors. He was born at Woolthorpe, near Colsterworth, Lincolnshire, December 25, 1642, O.S. At school he gave little indication of future greatness, till a spirit of rivalry was awakened by the position of

Sept. 1859

[ORIGINAL.]

MIDNIGHT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Alone! A wearied world has sunk to rest,
Sleep rules the hour;
Yet has the angel passed me in her quest:
Has flitted by, and left me all unblest
By her sweet power.

I almost fancied that I heard her breath
Within my room;
But she is gone—and horrid shapes of death
Flit round me, and my spirit lowly saith,
"It is thy doom!"

"Thy destiny forevermore to see
Grim shapes of pain;
To know that sleep thy restless couch must flee:
That buoyant, happy, joyous thou shalt be
Never again!"

O murdered peace! O honor sadly slain!
O truth betrayed!
Your maddening fires within my breast remain:
Nor may those flames Tartarian fall, nor wane,
Nor die, nor fade!

And wherefore should I sleep? My lamp burns dim,
My soul is faint;
Yet, should I sleep, these spectres gaunt and grim
Would chorus round me their triumphal hymn,
Or dismal plaint.

O, blighted promise of a beauteous youth!
O, truth defiled!
Is all the face of heaven devoid of ruth?
And must I perish daily, still with truth
Unreconciled?

But midnight shrouds me now—the cheerful day
From me hath flown;
And wrapped in my thought-mantle, sad and gray,
I sit and watch the taper's flickering ray,
Alone—alone!

[ORIGINAL.]

RESHID ALI'S STORY.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

I HAVE never given an account of my travels, and therefore shall with the more pleasure detail the following of my many adventures (said Reshid Ali Pasha to a party of old and young merchants who sat in a bazaar at Cairo, and who had, each in turn, recited their narratives). My host in the city of Damascus was a wealthy man, who, having formerly been Governor or Pasha of an Eastern Province, had wearied of that savage life, and retired to a palace in Damascus and a comfortable revenue. His only child, I had heard, was a daughter—Fatima by name—whom he had lost a few months before, but by no

ordinary course of nature, she having been stolen from him in the most audacious manner, and every attempt to recover her having hitherto proved unsuccessful. He now lived forlornly, consoling himself in his harem for the loss of his treasure. He was a man of cultivation and refinement, and carried the Koran in his heart, and as I bore letters to him relative to business near the Persian Gulf, he made me his guest until I had collected my small caravan to cross the deserts.

At length all my arrangements were concluded, and the evening before my departure, I sat in the splendid court of his house, in company with my host. Gilded lattices screened the harem, and behind them heavy curtains just stirred with the most fragrant of rose-laden winds; now and then a breath of bubbling laughter, a song, or the tinkle of a guitar, came from within, and were the only hints of life around. Before us a fountain rose in one crystal shaft through the air, and fell again with a musical rain; trees of blossom, balsam and fruit waved dreamily about us, beneath the open, star-lit canopy of a dark blue perfect sky. A little stand covered with luscious dainties was between us, and while I cut slices of the pomegranate, my host, Drasour Sala, evaded the law of the Prophet by sipping glasses of a Greek cordial too rich and thick to deserve the name of wine.

"Reshid Ali Pasha," said his excellency, Drasour Sala, to me, "though you are about to cross his regions, mighty little has been said to you concerning the Caliph Hassan."

"Caliph Hassan?" said I. "Who may that be?"

"You have heard of the great robber of the next desert, who spares no one unless for ransom worth a province? He is called the King of the lands, or the Caliph Hassan. There are a thousand reports affecting him; one gives this account, another says he merely maintains this supremacy of the desert in order to see that no one interferes with a peaceful trade which he carries on between Europe and India; a third declares he is one of the sons of the late sultan; a fourth, that the present sultan—may his shadow never be less!—is in league with him. All this may be, I don't pretend to say," said Drasour Sala, "but this I do know, he is there, I have felt him to my cost, he is more invincible and to be feared than the great enemy of souls! His retreat no one has ever been able to discover, though they say he has a thousand. The bands of soldiery sent against him, have left their bones bleaching on the plains. He is an indisputable sovereign, and, by my beard, I believe he has my daughter!"

Here, perturbed and excited by remembrance, he began to walk up and down with a rapid step. The mention of the beautiful Fatima recalled to me also a most melancholy association; for a year previously I had passed through Damascus, and through an open window had for an instant beheld the most beautiful of countenances that ever maddened brain. It only flashed upon me, and was gone again, but in the evening returning the same way, I heard gay voices in a garden, and pausing near a gap, being raised by my dromedary to a considerable height, I caught the wall in my grasp to balance myself, and standing on tiptoe in my saddle, took the liberty of looking over. The trees were hung with vari-colored lanthorns, and beneath them a bevy of damsels sported in arch games that showed their comeliness to advantage. One of them alone, seemed as much the superior in rank as she was in beauty; and when she turned, I discovered the same face which I had seen in the day at the casement. I must have uttered some exclamation, for they fluttered in an instant, caught sight of me, and fled away to the palace doors. The beautiful one, however, was not so fortunate; she had scarcely stirred when her foot became entangled in a vine and she fell.

"Fatima!" cried the others. "The princess! My lady!" but she was unable to extricate herself, and lay panting with fright.

Meanwhile I enjoyed all this without moving. "Do not fear," I said then; "I paused but to gaze and be dazzled. I retire, you will forgive."

But at the word my dromedary, whom I had steered close to the wall, mistaking it for the signal to advance, moved from beneath me, and with his rocking motion pitched me across the lofty wall. A smothered cry escaped the girl, but when she noticed that I lay quite motionless, she succeeded in disentangling herself from the vine, and began to scamper away. Here was a predicament indeed, I should be infallibly taken, and my life was not worth a fillip. But the moan that passed my lips softened her kind heart; she turned, hesitated, stole nearer, and at last bent over me where I lay on the smooth turf.

"His excellency is injured?" she said; "be sufferers?"

But in a moment her quick eyes perceived that in falling I had turned my ankle. She brought water from a fountain, lifted it gently, and having laved it, bound it about with her own scarf, and then sitting down, gazed in my face for several minutes. I shall not repeat to you what I heard her murmur to herself, words complimentary enough, but unconsciously spoken. At last she rose and said:

"There is a recess in the thicket; I will bring shawls and spread in it; I will bring cakes and meats and fruits. I will conduct you there, and come as now by night and tend you."

She spoke with trepidation, evidently thoroughly unsophisticated, an ardent, ingenuous child of the South. She assisted me to rise, begged me to lean on her, and led me to another place beneath the lee of the wall, where, parting the shrubbery, we entered that recess of which she spoke. It was dry and soft, and cushioned with moss. Here she left me for an instant, and then I heard her timorous companions in the distance questioning her, and laughing, and wondering. With what answer she turned them off I am ignorant, but directly afterward, she returned, bearing two costly shawls, and a basket of delicate viands. Arranging the former for me, she placed the basket within my reach, and said,

"Eat, I will supply," and vanished.

In the morning I found appliances for a bath in one corner of the recess, and food supplied during the night. It was the next evening before she timidly ventured in again. As she sat before me I repaid the glance, frank and innocent, with which she regarded me. She was very young, very beautiful. I need not tell you that I was already wonderfully in love. Moreover, I was her prisoner, truly in the spirit, literally in the body. I was at her disposal for life or death. She sat long in silence that I did not dare to break; it would have been a kind of profanity to hint of this adoration of mine to her. At last some trifling noise broke the spell, she spoke and laughed, in a moment more we were talking gaily. Thus we sat for an hour. Finally steps were heard; she rose hurriedly.

"They seek me, I go," she exclaimed. "But I return at daybreak. Sleep, Reshid Ali (for I had already told her my name), and dream, so that sleep may bring health."

"If I dream of you, sweet lady," I returned, "I should desire never to wake."

"You would change me then for the Houris. I should be happier to serve you living, than that they should, dead." So saying, she parted the thicket and retired.

The next morning before sunrise this same beautiful face, radiant with youth and joy, peered through the cover of leaves. I saw her and welcomed her, laughing to reassure her as I spoke. She entered half bashfully, and hung on the boughs what she had brought.

"You are better?" she asked.

"I am well in seeing you, lady," I replied.

"Call me Fatima," she said. "And since you recover—yet recover slowly."

"You tempt me to do so. How shall I ever desire to leave so delightful a haunt?"

"Ah, sir, you are captive. You do not go out and smell this delicious air—what a balm is in it! How soft and fresh, and dewy the wind, as if just off the sea! Hark, how all these birds sing, see how blue the sky is, how sweet this early sunshine. Ah how pleasant is the world," she sighed. "And why is it pleasanter than ever before?"

Again she vanished. At noon I slept, and when I woke it was to find a vase of cool water, a flagon of sherbet, and iced sweetmeats replenishing the basket. At nightfall Fatima again sat beside me. She was now free and airy as a child. All the restraints of our customs she had thrown aside as nature prompted. Her gaiety was contagious. Her veil, tossed back revealed all her beauty heightened by enjoyment; artless as infancy, not for a moment did she conceal an emotion. I exerted myself to my utmost to please her to a corresponding degree, and with success, I hoped. I was still young; if my skin were dark, the cheeks wore a crimson that redeemed the brown; eyes large and black as mine could receive as well as bestow admiration, and had they reflected half my ardor they had been glowing and fiery as Hesperus; my lips were seldom closed and were flushed with the fever that at once tormented and enraptured me. If Fatima were beautiful, Reshid Ali may say without vanity that he was no less well-looking.

So for nearly a week these delicious stolen hours glided by. Long before the conclusion, I was healed, and yet I lingered. But one night, after she had left me, I heard her little foot racing along the alley again, like the wind, and she entered breathlessly.

"Come," she murmured. ".Come; you must fly! My father fancies some one is concealed in the garden. They are searching. I will let you out through a little gate near at hand into the street. Come, or you will be murdered—I have the key!" She seized my hand to lead me.

"Stay," I said, "I am here, and here I remain, unless I go prosperous. What is life worth, Fatima, without love? And my life without yours? They may take it unless—" Here I silenced myself and gazed at her with all my heart in my eyes.

"Unless what?" she said, imperiously.

"Unless you love me, Fatima."

She hung a moment on her foot, then bending forward looked as earnestly into my face. How could I resist the glance, how answer her mute question, how await her reply? I caught her to me passionately, and sealed my lips on hers.

She wound her arms about me, and for an instant we forgot the world and its dangers in this bliss, and in the perfection of the moment. Before one could breathe, she tore herself away.

"Go, go," she said, sobbing. "Hasten, you have my love. I am yours, Reshid Ali; I am here till you claim me." Again she threw herself into my embrace, then drew me to the little gate, and immediately I found myself in the street.

The next day by an utter necessity I was forced to leave Damascus, nor could I return for a year, and then vainly had I searched the city for the object of my passion, and now on the morrow I was to depart again without it. Some alteration had effaced every mark, yet I fondly hoped that in my return trip I might yet be successful. Thus when Drasour Sala spoke of his daughter Fatima, thus recalling my own Fatima, it is no wonder that I felt sad.

"Yes," said Drasour Sala. "May the light blind him and the dark sting him. Before Allah, I believe Caliph Hassan has my daughter!"

Now so far as the ex-bashaw's daughter was concerned, I had good reason for declaring this to be false; but instead of so doing I mildly asked my friend the reason of his asseveration.

"Shortly before she left me," he replied, "the city was visited by a man who managed his business so clumsily that it became more than suspected that he was a lieutenant of the Caliph Hassan. You would know him in ten thousand; he dressed gaudily, his tawny beard did not hid a projecting mouth, and the fierce desert heat seemed to have blistered his bleared eyes into greater prominence. A blue scar in which you could lay a finger traversed his cheek laterally."

"Ah," I said.

"When he learned that he was discovered," continued Drasour Sala, not noticing my interruption, "he fled. But my daughter that day disappeared, torn by force from the arms of her attendants."

"Describe to me your daughter," I said.

This my host joyfully did. A great suspicion flashed across me while he spoke.

"I may be of use in the desert," I exclaimed. "Caliph Hassan is no such terrible fellow. Wait patiently."

Drasour Sala rose, put both hands on my shoulders, and looked in my face.

"You are tall and young, and well-knit and brave. You may do well. I respect you, though I am ignorant of your birth. Bring me back my daughter and I give her to you with half Damascus for her dowry."

This was a delicate situation. If his daughter

were not my Fatima, I should be indeed miserable in success; to decline, would be to incur the enmity of the most powerful man in Damascus.

"See this pipe," continued the ex-bashaw. "It can have no price named which its worth does not exceed. All its long stem is wreathed with precious stones; its smoke is cooled in a diamond cell; the mouth-piece is one enormous ruby. There was another ruby precisely similar to this mouth-piece and pendant to it, but it was torn away by the wretch who stole my daughter. Many a time have my darling's fingers filled it for me. Should she see it, she would know you came from me; take it, my friend, and may the prophet preserve you."

The next morning by early starlight my caravan wound through the silent streets and out upon the deserts. It was no part of my plan to continue long in this company, pleasant as it was. There was no portion of the desert, I flattered myself, with which I was unacquainted, and I had merely accepted their convoy as a cover to the secret affairs on which I was bound. We had proceeded very slowly two days upon our journey, and as we halted on the previous night, great fears of the King of the Sands had been entertained among the different merchants, and they had conversed very seriously concerning measures of defence; the apprehensions had been increased by a large fire upon the horizon, which, however, proved to be the rising moon, and the guides said nothing had been seen of the Caliph Hassan for some months. The next afternoon, as we proceeded leisurely in the furious heat, my pipe, the priceless pipe of Drasour Sala, slipped from my bridle, to which it was attached, and fell upon the sand. Turning my camel aside from the track, I slipped from the saddle and proceeded to search for it. The others passed while I explored the hot sand for the ruby mouth-piece that had fallen off. The caravan lessened in the distance, while I sifted the burning grains through my fingers. A little breeze puffed up and whirled the lighter sand in eddies over the smooth pavement of the rest; the light began to fall more softly. At last I clutched the precious thing and rose. Beside me was my faithful beast, twilight was approaching, all the waste was cool, no glimpse or vestige of the caravan appeared. I was alone in that vast succession of arid plains.

Well, that did not alarm me. There are a hundred marks on the desert, which its lovers know. I was soon mounted, and the joyous camel was increasing my distance from the caravan every moment. I rode some three leagues

before I came to a single tamarisk bush, followed by a clump of others and a well. About another league beyond this there suddenly rose a perpendicular cliff, unaccountably towering there, of gray limestone. Three sides of this cliff, which was at least a mile in circumference, and which may have been some volcanic island of a primeval sea, were entirely perpendicular, the fourth side was jagged and irregular, with a thousand peaks and crags jutting into the air. It was safest to trust the instinct of the camel here; so folding my arms, I suffered him to take his own course, and accordingly up the steep face of rock from jag to jag the careful beast climbed. At last he turned into a fissure, and conducted me through a long, hidden, narrow passage, then again he ascended, and having traversed a longer and narrower defile, above which now and then a star flashed, he emerged on a sloping field of green herbage, which he commenced cropping, while I again slipped to the ground. What a quiet scene of peaceful life and apparent happiness lay below me! A plain of nearly a half miles extent, green and fertile, enclosed by walls of lofty rock and illumined by the climbing moon. The date, palm, and the orange, the mango and the aloe waved rich branches, wild figs grew from the clefts of the rock, grapes wove themselves from bough to bough, long fields of grain stretched away beyond. Round an angle of the wall could be dimly seen a hundred white tents, but what chiefly arrested my eye was a pavilion stretched at a distance from all these. A pavilion of crimson damask, large and lofty, glittering in every device, and a banner emblazoned with three silver crescents on a bloody field, drooping above it languidly in the falling dew. From within this pavilion a soft light beamed, and made the ever-cloudless sky darker and richer by contrast. A stream ran through this little paradise, and if the four rivers sent up dew enough for the watering of the first Eden, then all the fertility of this nook might be ascribed to the limpid brook.

Without a doubt this was a retreat of the Caliph Hassan, and here, should he be besieged his archers could climb the interior walls and shower down their fatal arrows on his foes, even presuming that there were no subterranean passage by which he could drain off his whole force to safer fortresses. I had previously visited this place, I knew how to plant my feet, and cautiously descended to the grand pavilion. I lifted a curtain and looked in. A woman of slight and elegant figure, but veiled face, reclined among cushions at one extremity; countless slaves of every shade of beauty and grace attended her;

incense burned in the place. I knew she did not belong here ; it remained then to discover her identity. Was it Drasour Sala's daughter, and had the dreaded Caliph Hassan's lieutenant stolen and brought her here in his master's absence ? I moved round towards her between the curtains, and the pipe of the ex-bashaw I slipped through the folds and placed before her. As she moved, she perceived it, caught, examined, and caressed it. There was no longer any doubt. She eagerly inquired, but in whispers, who had brought it, yet to her astonishment, when she turned with her maidens, it was gone. Just as I had refolded and fastened it again in my girdle, a second curtain lifted, and a man entered these sacred precincts. From the description given by Drasour Sala, any one might have recognized in him the lieutenant of Caliph Hassan. He had then no right to stand in this pavilion ; his place was without. He turned the trust reposed in him to his own advantage. He abused a weighty confidence ; he was a traitor. He intruded on regions sacred to his master, and regions to that master the most sacred in the world. So the lieutenant entered and stood in another man's harem.

" It is four months since I took you from Damascus," said he, approaching the lady, and condemning himself from his own lips. " I have used every artifice to win your love, meantime ; and failing, now I command it ! You will give me your last answer to-night. I wait in the next apartment for one hour. Let it be favorable, for then if you refuse, I swear to hurl you headlong down the rocks that will rend you to atoms ! "

Whether sight of the pipe had whispered of secret relief and inspired the maiden with courage or not, I cannot say. She sprang into the centre of the room, all her jet hair falling from its jewelled fillets as she moved, her veil sweeping impetuously along with her like a cloud. She pointed at the curtain, through which he had entered, with the quivering finger of her extended hand, and though I could not see her face, I fairly felt the withering glance that fell on the lieutenant, and flashed, I could have said, on the enormous ruby in his turban. The pendant, it was, I saw, torn from Drasour Sala's pipe, and torn by him. He repeated his last words with an oath, and withdrew. When he dropped the outer curtain, and stood in the entrance of the next apartment, I, also, stood before him. The lieutenant's face turned whiter than a fog at midnight. His knees trembled. He clutched his caftan nervously, then raised both hands extenuatingly, while I silently looked upon him. He

vainly essayed to speak, and approaching me in this posture, the dog ! bowed ever lower and lower. Stooping with these salaams, his neck bent below me. He never rose again ; but while he fell heavily, his blood streaming over the mat beneath his feet, I wiped my dagger and replaced it in the sheath.

Dragging the scoundrel's corpse outside, I drew a diagram in the turf around it, that the Arabs might know who had been there, and on what errand, selected from another spot, the whitest and fleetest of dromedaries, entering, took the surprised and fainting lady in my arms, mounted, and again was borne safely up and down the precipitous ways. At length safely on the broad floor of the desert, we flew forward. The lady found her destiny not to be the dreadful fate she had imagined, and sat passive but attentive, while we made arrowy speed. Very different was this swift progress from the slow march of the laden caravan, and the dawning day flushed all the minarets and mosques of Damascus before us. Finally we entered the gates, and threaded all the tortuous streets till the narrow portals of the palace we sought opened for us. We passed through the dark, low passage, descended, and entered the courtyard, where three nights previously I had sat with Drasour Sala. From hall to hall I passed, still leading the maiden, till Drasour Sala himself, notified of our arrival, approached.

" Welcome ! welcome !" he cried, forgetting half his dignity, and darting forward. I stepped behind the lady, and raising her veil an instant, I dropped it again, and said, " Drasour Sala, who is this ? " The embrace with which he seized her, and the caresses lavished upon her answered well enough ; but immediately he remembered himself.

" You have given me back life," he cried. " It is Fatima ! It is my daughter, Reshid Ali."

At the name the girl turned and bent toward me. All the way I had borne her, I had never spoken, nor had she, and one end of the scar had lain across my face. Now a great doubt remained for me, but while I hesitated, she solved it.

" My father," murmured a voice sweeter than the ring of silver, and dearer than all sounds to me, " what reward for Reshid Ali ? "

He deliberated, gazing at her anxiously. " Yourself, you, Fatima," he returned, somewhat timidly, " you are Reshid Ali's bride."

As he spoke, the white yashmak, the silver gauze, lay flashing on the floor, and Fatima, beautiful and peerless as when she first sparkled,

on my sight from the window—Fatima, my Fatima—sprang to my arms.

Drasour Sala's liberal dowry bestowed among other things on my wife, a palace next his own, the gardens joining, and there I frequently reside. Gentlemen, if our customs did not forbid, I would invite you all to witness the gambols of my beautiful princess and a half dozen cherubs, among whom she is herself the blitheest, the gayest, and, one would say, the most infantile. Still I pursue my affairs in the desert, and often in the hot summer months we find cool air in that cliff-sheltered nest, and in the pavilion where four months of dreadful imprisonment once obliterated for my wife both night and day.

When Reshid Ali had finished his story, one of his hearers took his narjilah from his lips, saying,

"The caravan with which you began your expedition, did it not start the month of the great freshet, in the fifth year of the present sultan's reign?"

"The same," answered Reshid Ali.

"Ah, I remember it well," continued the other merchant, "I was one of the owners engaged in it. We made a good journey."

"And I," said another, "and thou too, Babad, and Chasid as well. We four were there."

"I recognized you, gentlemen, before I began," said Reshid Ali. "You recalled to me this particular adventure."

"And how?" said Babad and Chasid together, "how did you know of this retreat of the Caliph Hassan, how dared you enter it, and how dared you kill his lieutenant?"

"How?" said Reshid Ali, rising and folding his cloak round him as he passed toward the door. "How?" said he, pausing and looking back over his shoulder. "Because I am the Caliph Hassan!" So saying, he disappeared in the throng, and was seen no more at Cairo.

GRADUATED HOSPITALITY.

One day Talleyrand had a dozen guests to dinner, and after the soup, he offered some beef to his visitors. "My Lord Duke," said he to one, with an air of deference, selecting the best piece, "may I have the honor of offering you some beef?" "My Lord Marquis," he said, in a second, with a gracious smile, "may I have the pleasure of offering you some beef?" To a third he said, with an affable air, "Dear Count, may I offer you some beef?" With an amiable smile, he asked a fourth, "Baron, will you take some beef?" To a fifth, who had no title of nobility but was an advocate, he said, "M. le Conseiller, will you have any beef?" Finally, to the gentleman at the bottom of the table, pointing to the dish with his knife, he called out, with a jerk of the head and a patronizing smile, "a little beef?"—French *Anecdotes*.

PRESENTLY.

Never say you will do *presently* what your reason or your conscience tells you you should do *now*. No man ever shaped his own destiny, or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in *presentlies*. Look at Nature. If she never hurries, she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their rising or their setting. The comets, even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments: and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make *now* your banker. Do not say you will economize *presently*, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement *presently*, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that, in at least three cases out of five, *presently* is TOO LATE.—*Home Journal*.

DARK HOURS.

There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in many millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hour disappeared and fled heedlessly. The most cruel ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm. And what a parable is this in human life—of our outside world, where the heart works in its shadowing of the dark hour, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development, and the storm bears it more rapidly on to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up; while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be honest and struggle on, and it will work well.

FEES-SIMPLE.

Real or landed property is either held in *fee* or for an estate of *freehold*, or for a term of *years*. The *fee* or *fee-simple* includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge, who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, "I'd have you to know," and "I'd have you to see," asked a learned sergeant why he had been absent when the court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of *Coke upon Littleton* into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the sergeant thus gravely delivered:

A tenant in *fee-simple* is he
That need fear neither wind nor weather;
For I'd have you to know and to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs forever!

Lord St. Leonard's Handy Book.

[ORIGINAL.]

AT THE GATE.

BY WILLIE H. PABOR.

I see the gate half-open swing,
And then the smiling face of one
Who waits the setting of the sun
The footstep of the loved to bring.

I think how many years for me
Stern silence sentinel the gate;
That there no smiling one did wait
The face of the beloved to see.

Inward, and outward, and around,
That nameless sense of something lost,
Or wanted when 'twas needed most,
And looked for long, yet never found,

Had sway within my heart. But now,
How changed!—for from affection's shrine
An incense rises so divine,
That hourly I in worship bow.

O, travel near, or travel far,
And seek the hidden things of earth,
Or go where wondrous deeds have birth,
Or reach the heart of yonder star,

And search you early, search you late:
Yet in your searching ye shall find
No sweeter face or gentler mind
Than hers who watches at the gate.

[ORIGINAL.]

JENNY'S FAITH.

BY CHARLES W. DENNETT.

"HORRIBLE! horrible! how can they breathe here?"

"There's a good many breathes here, Euny."

"O, but these awful bars! these awful passees! God help the poor prisoners!"

"They shouldn't come here then, Euny," returned the man, shortly.

"O, but some of them, *some* of them are innocent."

"P'raps so, p'raps not. Any rate, they're considered so till they're proved guilty. Here's a condemned cell; would you wish to see it?"

"O, Heavens! there's a man in it."

"To be sure—and we've got more of 'em with men in 'em. He's to be hung this day week!"

"Mercy! mercy! to be hung in the air—to be choked to death!"

"That's the way we finish 'em," said the man, coolly. "It's hard for the poor devils to stand there and count the days. He doesn't seem to care though—sometimes he's whistling, merry as a lark."

"All but the show of courage, depend upon it. He must suffer."

"O, no! He's a villain, that fellow is. Suffer! Why, he's condemned for two capital murders, and three more he's suspected of."

"The wicked wretch!" exclaimed Eugenia.

"Guess he is. Sympathy is all wasted on such a scamp. Has clergymen in there every day praying with him. Makes half of 'em think he's converted, and the other half he drives off by swearing at 'em."

"Isn't he insane?"

"Insane! Yes, with wickedness. Did you see him scowl as I went by? Wouldn't he like the pleasure of finishing me? Well, I guess he would. That's a case I pity now, ever in that cell."

"Heavens! Mr. Linden, there's a beautiful face at the bars—a woman's face."

"I know it. That's his sweetheart."

"Whose sweetheart?"

"Why, the man that's suspected of murder, and all but condemned. To-morrow I suppose they'll clap on the verdict. Then, nothing remains but the black cap and rope-collar."

"What, is he a murderer? O, what a lovely face that woman has!"

"Yes, she's a beauty, there's no mistake—a good girl, too—a poor, virtuous, hard-working girl. I'm sorry for her. I've known her ever since she was that high, and I dare say, there aint hardly her equal for beauty and goodness. She's a vest-maker—supports her old mother, and was just getting ready to be married. Poor thing, it's enough to make anybody's heart ache!"

"And he."

"Well, I never heard anything against him, probably nobody else. He's an industrious young fellow—has worked hard and earned good wages. He was just going out West, when it happened, to buy him a snug little spot of land and settle there. She told me all about it—how they were going to carry the old mother with them. It's a hard trial—a hard trial." The old man sighed. "I wonder it don't kill her, but she looks cheerful and happy, and says he wont be hung. He thinks he shall. I must say circumstances are mighty against him—mighty against him."

"And he—is he anyways fine-looking?"

"You shall see, if you wish. They are in rather a larger cell than the others, and she will be pleased to speak with you, no doubt. She is there sometimes two or three hours. Poor girl! poor girl!"

The jailer and his lady friend turned a short corner, and came upon the parallel passage, where the young mechanic was imprisoned.

"Jenny," said the jailer, in a fatherly, kindly voice, "this lady would like to speak with you."

Eugenia blushed, feeling somewhat awkward, thus introduced, but she made some commonplace remark, to which the young girl answered with pretty, smiling modesty. If Jenny had looked beautiful across the passage, how much more so did she appear as Eugenia saw her face to face. A fair, smooth complexion, large, hazel eyes, brown hair banded neatly back, a soft, peachy pink on either cheek, and an expression of sweet intelligence diffused over all—this was the face of Jenny. In her hand she held some work upon which she appeared to have been busily engaged. A little further back stood Henry Islington. He was tall, slender, and exceedingly good-looking. There was nothing striking in his countenance, save the deep sadness by which it was overspread. Eyes and hair were very dark, and his mouth was especially firm and well shaped. Pen and paper were on the table beside him, and he had evidently been writing. He, too, spoke to Eugenia in a voice very low, and as sad as his face.

Poor Eugenia! The sight overcame her. She was hardly more than a child yet, scarcely sixteen, and very impressionable. The dark eyes of the young man, so sorrowful, were impressed upon her heart, her memory.

"He cannot be guilty!" she said, with vehemence, as they moved away. "I don't wonder she believes him innocent—I would, too—I would take my work and sit with him. O, poor fellow!" And she burst into tears.

"I don't know what to say," replied the jailer, dubiously shaking his head. "There's no such thing as judging by their looks. We've hung as fine appearing fellows as him, but I'm inclined to believe Henry Islington is innocent, because—well, hang it, it aint like him, that's the fact. He came of good stock, too, and there was never any disgrace in his family. The Lord pity his brother, if he is executed! The poor fellow is nigh about crazy."

"And is he accused of murder?"

"Yes; and pretty nigh convicted, too. I expect to-morrow to put him in the condemned cell—to-morrow, or the day after. It'll go agin my heart dreadfully, for I've known him ever since he was a baby."

"You see," continued the jailer, after locking the last door, and seating his pretty niece in his own pleasant office, "the young man that's killed and this young man were cronies till Burgess saw Jenny Anderson, when he was silly enough to fall in love with her. Well, instead of acting like a man, when he knew that Henry was en-

gaged to her, he acted like a fool—tried to cut Henry out, you see. That naturally angered Henry, though he acted very well about it—for he's a generous fellow, and no doubt pitied him,—until Burgess began to throw out some hints that were unfavorable to the girl. Then Henry got mad, stinging mad, but still he kept his hands off. Burgess grew more and more insatiate, however. He visited Jenny at all times, till his strange conduct began to frighten her. He laid himself along places where she was going, and came out all of a passion-like, begging her to love him; giving out insinuations about Henry.

Well, one day he carried this thing too far, and Jenny went and told it to Henry. I wish she'd come to me; I'd stopped it. But women are imprudent sometimes, as well as men. Henry didn't take that very calmly—he had hard words with the fellow, and there came near being a fight. It was stopped in time, however, but not before Henry, in his anger, had said some very hard things, that go agin him now.

"Well, 'twasn't more than a fortnight after that, Burgess was found dead in his bed, struck through to the heart with a knife. He had been behaving singular for some days, but nobody had seen that Henry took any notice of it. On the day before the night of the murder, it seems he had sent Jenny an insulting letter, which was read in evidence yesterday in court. Well, as I said, he was found murdered. Blood was tracked to the door of Henry's room—they boarded in the same house—blood was found on Henry's shirt, face and hands, and a knife was stuck in an old stove among the ashes, that was covered with blood—and that knife had Henry Islington's initials on its haft, cut in deep. Another knife was found under the bed of the murdered man. That's the whole story. A fine fellow roomed with Henry. He says he woke at the same time Henry did, roused by his exclamation—'My God! what is the matter with me?' He says he never saw such a horrified face, and you can't make him believe poor Henry had any hand in it at all. In fact, they have tried hard to clear the poor fellow, but his threats—very unwise they were,—the letter that Jenny had shown him, the knife, the tracks, all go against him, although it is thought that he must have done it in his sleep, to go back to bed in that fashion. It's six months now; the lawyers have put it off, and put it off, in hopes that something would turn up to clear him, but nothing has as yet, and I'm afraid nothing will."

Eugenia sat and listened with tearful eyes, and when she went away, carried the impression of the sorrowful face home with her. Meantime

Jenny stitched away in the dim cell, and Henry wrote. There had been a long silence. It was broken by Jenny, who said, in a light, cheerful tone :

"Wasn't that a pretty young lady, Henry?"

"Very," was his reply. Then, pausing suddenly, he laid down his pen, saying : "Jenny, can't you possibly realize the danger I am in?"

"Don't believe anything about it," said Jenny, quietly, and in the same cheerful tone.

"But, my dear girl, you must. My lawyer told me this morning that I was as good as convicted. I love you for your faith in my innocence, your faith that it will be proved—but, alas, dear Jenny, there is—no hope!"

He bowed his head on his hands. Jenny looked at him once ; all her face quivered with anguish, but with an almost superhuman effort she commanded her features again.

"There is hope!" she said, stoutly. "I wish you could feel it as I can. I wish you could see into the misty future as God has given me to see."

"Jenny, when I am gone you will copy this, and send it round to those who loved me," he said, gathering up the manuscript.

"You will outlive me," she said, quietly.

"Strange you are so blind to my danger—strange you will not see where I stand. But, Jenny, if I do die—that horrible death—" he shuddered—"there will come a time when my innocence shall be proved clear as the noon-day."

"You will not die. Your innocence will be proved—even when you stand—" Her lip quivered now, her chin trembled convulsively.

"Jenny—Jenny, my brave girl—my beautiful beloved, you do fear, but you would hide it from me. That is well," he said, as she fell sobbing into his arms. "Your heart would break, Jenny, if you did not weep."

She looked up, smiling even through the falling tears, as she exclaimed :

"My faith is just as strong as it ever was. God will interpose!"

Henry Islington was convicted. He sat in the condemned cell. By permission Jenny was with him sometimes. Her face was a shade paler, but her smile was just as sweet. She talked in a low, earnest voice—she sang to him, read to him. There were many visitors called to see him, among them several clergymen. To them he always said, "I am ready. An innocent man, who has feared his God and loved his neighbor as himself, need not tremble at the prospect of death." His calmness, his resignation, were the theme of all tongues. His spiritual advisers had no doubt of his genuine piety.

Jenny still said, "he will never be hung." It seemed almost a mania born of despair, this desperate belief. It made stout men weep to see her shining eyes—to hear her quiet protestations.

"But to-morrow, my dear child," some one would say, as the time lessened, "he will perish; nothing can save him. You had better prepare your mind for the worst."

To which her reply was : "To-morrow night he will be with me, his innocence proclaimed."

"Will she kill herself?" they asked each other.

The fatal day came. How bright, how beautiful the morning was ! Earth never seemed more regal. The birds sang, the sun spread his luminous mantle over the green fields, the flowers gave their sweet and subtle odors to the breeze. Forth from the cell window looked the man who was condemned to die. He was still calm, still serene, thinking with wonder over his last interview with Jenny. How could she smile when he held her to his bursting heart for the last time ? How could she leave him with that unclouded face ? Well, Heaven was kind if it spared her one pang. Then he looked at himself, held out his strong right arm, corded with sinews, struck his foot boldly against the flags as he walked, and murmured :

"Young, healthy, strong—O, my God, what a fate!" Tears and groans convulsed him—prayer calmed him.

The hour drew near. All the preliminaries were gone through with. Some superhuman strength was surely given him. The jailer gazed at him with awe and dashed away tear after tear.

"How is it, Henry?" he asked, when he could command his voice.

"Well, well," replied the young man, with slow, prolonged utterance. "My poor Jenny—see to her;" the lip trembled. The jailer took his hand with almost a crushing pressure.

"I'll do it, Henry Islington!" he said,—"I'll do it. My own daughter sha'n't have more care."

"Thank you—now I am ready."

He stood out there in the bold sunlight—his face lofty, beaming with a strange light. They were adjusting the rope, when orders were given to suspend the execution—to lead the condemned man back to his cell. There was great shouting. Henry Islington looked about him like a man lost to the things of this world. He was not prepared for life.

"God be thanked, boy," said the jailer, as he crushed his hand again—he could hardly speak—"there's a chance of your acquittal, after all—more than a chance."

"Tell Jenny!" cried Henry, as he fell fainting in the jailer's arms.

Only that morning had a good ship arrived from sea, after a six months' voyage. The first thing that the sailor calls for, if he is a good industrious man, is the newspaper.

Jack Bunce was second mate of the Neptune. It was eleven o'clock before he had a chance at the "Daily News," and there he read a summary of the trial, deportation of the prisoner up to nine o'clock, etc., etc. No sooner had his eye gathered in the most important testimony, than he sprang into the cabin like one mad.

"Hold, Jack! What are you rummaging about?" asked the first officer.

"Don't say a word to me, captain, for Heaven's sake," cried Jack; "they're hanging an innocent man!" And out he dashed again, having donned a long-shore hat and coat.

Up to the mayor's office ran Jack, out of breath, gasping, choking, as he cried, "I'm Jack Bunce, second mate of the Neptune—just got in. You're hanging the wrong man; he's as innocent as a baby; I'll prove it."

And while Jack told his story the messengers were sent to remand Henry Islington to jail.

Shall I tell you in Jack's own words?

"Jim Burgess was always a crazy fellow, I tell you, your honor; I aint no manner of a doubt about it, not a mite. I board at Colonel Springer's when I'm at home, cause you see I aint one of them low sort of sailors as can go anywhere. I knew all about the fun. Henry's sweetheart was a pretty fair girl, worth a quarrel or two. But, well there, be blessed if ever I thought he'd do it! Burgess came to me one night—I was getting ready to go to sea then. Yes, it was the fifteenth of February—squally weather—two days afore I went. Says he:

"'Jack, do you want to know how I'll have revenge out of Hen Islington?'

"Said I, 'No, Jim, you better let him alone. You had no right to bother him in the first place.'

"'I don't care,' says he, 'I tell you I'll be revenged, and I'll do it this way. I'll get bullock's blood—no I wont, I'll draw my own, I know how to do it—' Them's the exact language he used. 'I'll get his knife,'—Lord, he swore infernally—'and I'll track his floor, and daub his shirt and bands, and then I'll stab here.' Then he laughed, with his hand on his heart. It almost made my hair rise to hear him; it sounded more like the yell of a mad dog.

"Says I, 'Burgess, you're a fool for telling it,' never once supposing, you see, that the fellow was in earnest. Well, I went to my mother's that night, to say good-by, and I told my cousin that was there courtin' Ann—that's my sister—and I told Ann too.

"Says I, 'do you suppose he would ever attempt any such thing?'

"Says Zeb, 'no,'—that's Zebulon, my cousin, a foremast hand on board the Neptune—'he's always talking in that light-headed way.'

"There, there's my story. You can send for Zeb, who went to Taunton this morning, before he or I read the news about it; you can send for Ann, who's been gone six months to the West, and didn't git home till yesterday, to be in time for the Neptune. What I've told you is a fact. I'm second mate of the Neptune, and folks will tell you down our way what a character I bear for veracity—and any of my shipmates—ask 'em. I tell you Hen Islington is as innocent as the un-born baby. You'll hang one of the best men, your honor, God ever made, if you hang him."

The story was so coherent, the sailor's manner so truthful, his character so far above reproach, that every word carried weight in court. His sister, blushing like a peony, gave the same evidence, although there had been no collusion—so did his cousin. Indeed it was one of those cases where everybody was willing to be convinced, from the judge down to the shoe-black, who had heard the progress of the trial from an intelligent newsboy. The prisoner was dismissed with a verdict of not guilty in deed or intention.

How shall I describe the meeting between Jenny and her lover? She, poor thing, who had kept herself so calm during the whole terrible ordeal, shrieked like one in delirium when she saw him, still pale, but restored to life and to honor. It was even feared for some little time that her brain was shocked, her reason shattered. In the excess of her joy her life had nearly paid the forfeit.

"Was my faith in vain?" she asked, again and again. "Are you not sorry you doubted me? Did I not say God would be with us?"

Henry was fully remunerated by generous men for all he had lost. Jenny was presented with a beautiful silver pitcher, on which was wrought the form of a kneeling girl, smiling towards heaven—underneath, the inscription "Jenny's faith."

Henry was given a frame-house complete, to carry with him to the West, and on one bright summer's evening the two fond hearts were united at the residence of a gentleman who had taken a more than ordinary interest in the trial, and used great exertions to clear him. They are to-day citizens of a thriving town in the land towards the setting sun, and Henry Islington is in a fair way of being elected representative of the State of O—." Thus Jenny's faith was not in vain.

[ORIGINAL.]

PASSING AWAY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

But yesterday how bright his eye,
As, resting on the scenes he loved,
It told the full heart's ecstasy,
Which thus their cherished beauty moved.
How is it now?—dull, cold and pale
Expression, thought and beauty gone.
O, language feebly tells the tale
Of joys that with the loved are flown!

O, who that knew that living form,
Moving in earth's glad scenes of light,
Saw that so soon the cloud and storm
Would cast o'er it the shades of night?
Who that had marked the beaming eye,
And that white brow so calmly fair,
Could dream the spirit thus would fly,
And leave the wreck that slumbers there?

And who was he that so began
His early day in joy and mirth:
The race of being briefly ran,
And left so soon the scenes of earth?
Stranger, we only know that he
Was one who came and went—we know
That the worn frame is silently
Borne to its resting-place below.

We only know that he was one
Of many that are daily seen,
Whose sands of life so swift are run,
Men marvel they have ever been.
That he had hopes we doubt not, too,
For all have felt their kindly sway;
Passions, for these all beings know;
Griefs, they are scattered o'er our way.

He mingled with this earth's vain show,
And found it wearisome as vain;
Had pleasures, too—and in their flow
He quenched remembrance of the pain.
Then his to drink the bitter wave
That flows from chilled affection's scorn;
Yet madly sought the smile that gave
To his lone heart a deeper thorn.

But more than this we know not!—where
The wearied spirit's lot is cast,
Or what its thoughts or feelings are—
We only feel its woes are past.
Past—for though bright the path he trod,
Yet darkness sometimes hung above;
And in some new and bright abode,
We know his home is one of love.

Heine says, each country has its peculiar cookery and its peculiar womankind—and contemplates from a high idealized stand-point, the women of anywhere have a certain agreement with the country of the country. The English women, healthy, solid and natural, are like their food, and the French women all taste, grace and elegance, like the

[ORIGINAL.]

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

MINE was a sorrowful childhood. I was but seven years old when the angel of mercy, Death, led my poor mother to her long Sabbath in the grave, and to this day the memory of that beloved parent is associated with pain, for I feel that she lay down broken-hearted to her eternal sleep. Being early affected by surrounding circumstances, my heart grew old with the griefs of age, and with the utter despair of sorrowing childhood, I yielded up my faith of ever knowing happiness in this world.

Of my father I have little to say, but that his unfortunate addiction to the wine cup was the cause of all our misfortunes. My heart has kept no sweet remembrance of home, for mine was one in name alone. We lived in a narrow, straggling, dismal street in the great city of New York. The old wooden house that scarcely sheltered us was the most dilapidated dwelling in this wretched neighborhood. There my poor mother breathed her last, and with her dying blessing consigned me to the care of my father's only sister.

In that solemn hour that husband and father was revelling with his boon companions, unconscious of the heavy grief that awaited him on his return home near midnight. My aunt knew his step, and met him at the threshold, telling him that all was over. "Poor Catharine is dead!" she sobbed. He heard her with a vacant look, as if he knew not the sad import of her words, then suddenly comprehending the truth, he rushed into the room, and holding the lamp over the bed, gazed breathlessly on the dead face of his wife, whose saintly spirit may have been pleading for him at that moment, where a sinner's repentance makes joy among angels.

"This is my work!" he cried with a sudden burst of anguish. "O, Catharine, my wife! I broke your heart! I crushed its life out by slow degrees—that heart, so fond, so forgiving, bearing with heavenly patience the wrongs of my infliction—" The lamp fell from his hand and he lay senseless on the floor.

The remorse of that hour was short-lived, and but a few weeks had elapsed when he returned to his old habits. I dare not conjecture what would have become of me then in my forlorn state, but for the motherly care of my good Aunt Betsey Clyne. Previous to the death of my mother, my aunt had been living at C—, in the capacity of housekeeper to a wealthy in-

valid bachelor, but casting aside all thoughts of self, she resigned her pleasant and lucrative situation to toil for her poor brother and his helpless orphan. My father's unfortunate failing caused her the keenest sorrow, but his peremptory manner forbade expostulation. Resigning herself sorrowfully to the belief that he was utterly irreclaimable, she sought with love to redeem my lonely heart from its premature affliction.

My aunt had been with us three years when my father's constitution yielded to the destroyer, intemperance—I thank God that he died a true penitent. Every word of love addressed to me by my father during the closing days of his life, more than repaid me for his past neglect, and never was I aware of the depth of filial love that lay chilled within my heart, until his first fond look unsealed the fountain frozen for years to flow and sparkle evermore.

Scarcely were the last sad rites paid to my poor father's remains, when my aunt was advised by her acquaintances to return to her old place in C——, and resign me to the care of my mother's relatives, who were in affluent circumstances. To this she replied, that as long as she could work for my support, I should never beg for charity from my cold-hearted relatives. Young as I was, I appreciated her sacrificing love for her poor desolate niece. I was aware that my mother had never applied for assistance to her family, when for weary years gaunt poverty sat beside her on the hearthstone, for well she knew that vain would have been her plaintive knock at the marble doors of their hearts. By her marriage with my father, who was but an humble mechanic, she became an outcast from the roof tree, that had sheltered her childhood. Her parents never forgave her, and dying soon after they bequeathed all that they possessed to their only son, who continued to cherish the most implacable resentment towards my unoffending mother. "She dishonored the family by her low marriage," said he, "and I disown her forever." My father, as I have heard, then presented a fine specimen of manly beauty, while he possessed a cultivated mind and a conscience free as a child's. The first year of their married life was as bright as the sunshine of love could make it, but, one evil companion effected his ruin. Insensibly, as it were, he was led through the open gates of destruction, and, having once passed their fatal bounds, he was utterly powerless to retrace his steps; and like millions, who had entered before him, he perished.

Shortly after my father's death my aunt removed to neat but humble lodgings in a pleasanter locality, and being an adept at the needle,

she earned sufficient for our support. We had been living on in this way for about four years, when a circumstance occurred, which marred our peace at the time. One serene afternoon an elegant private carriage drew up before the door of our humble home, a lady and gentleman alighted, and immediately after our landlady ushered them into our only apartment.

My uncle, Lemuel Law, Esq., was tall of stature, with a thin, sallow visage, which had an expression at once cold, haughty and repelling. His wife, who was still handsome, though she had passed the "gulf of thirty," was no less unprepossessing than her husband, pride—the ignoble pride of wealth—being stamped in every lineament of her face. Yet, dressed with faultless taste, she was really a *distingué*-looking woman.

The object of their visit was soon made known. My uncle, who was the last surviving member of his family, being childless, wished to adopt me on conditions that I was to hold no further intercourse with my father's family. Alike formal in their manner towards me, my uncle and aunt appeared almost unconscious of the presence of my dear Aunt Betsey, whose painful embarrassment in the presence of my arrogant relatives was received by them as a tacit acquiescence to their proposal.

Passing some rude and unfeeling remarks on the poverty of the place, with a condescending air Mrs. Law asked me how I should like a home in M—— Square. "It will be a change indeed," she said, with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous glance around the room. Without waiting for a reply, she turned to my uncle and remarked that I bore a strong family likeness to him.

"She looks like her mother, as she appeared at her age," he returned. "I hope she does not resemble her in mind as well as person." This was said bitterly.

"If I had a disposition like my dear mother, sir," I exclaimed, my eyes filling with tears of indignation, "I would be everything that is good and beautiful."

A sneering smile was on his lips as he turned to his wife, and addressed her in an undecent. Mrs. Law made some gestures of impatience and I heard her say in a tart tone, "It was a ~~part~~ my will that you came here." She rose suddenly, saying to me that she would send a dress-maker immediately with materials to procure a suitable attire for my appearance in my new home.

"But my Aunt Betsey, ma'am," I cried, my heart stung with grief and disappointment at my aunt's unbroken silence.

"O, she shall have no cause to regret you, child," broke in my uncle, "and as your hands testify, I think you have seen few idle hours. Madam," he continued in a haughty tone, "what remuneration do you expect for your care of my niece?"

Opening his portly wallet he approached my aunt, who, with a flushed, indignant face rejected his proffered gold; and bounding to her side I cried:

"O, aunt, my own dear aunt, speak and tell me if you wish me to remain with you?"

Pressing my hands caressingly, she said with a sigh:

"Your uncle can do more for you, Bertha, than it will ever be in my power to do. I can but love you, my darling."

My doubts dispersed, I wished for no other assurance than that it was for my welfare that my aunt had given her silent assent to our separation. Had my uncle and aunt met me with love, I would not leave her, who had been to me as a mother. The proud indifference with which they treated her, their cruel proposal that I should part from her to know her no more, thrilled me with generous indignation. Looking up into their frowning faces I declared that nothing could ever induce me to leave my Aunt Betsey.

"Her mother's counterpart in obstinacy and mean ideas." My uncle muttered this between his teeth, then with a heightened color he resumed, "Do you know, miss, that you injure yourself alone, when—"

"Lemuel Law," interrupted his wife, angrily, "you forget yourself! Leave her to the life for which she is fitted."

"Are you aware that—that my intention of adopting her is known to several of our friends and acquaintances? What will people say?" Losing all control of his temper he stamped impatiently on the floor.

Pale and agitated my Aunt Betsey broke the silence that followed, and in mournful accents that seemed to rebel against the low uttered words, said:

"I will not stand between you and the happy future opening on your young life—a future that will give to you all the advantages of an education, which, alas, it is not in my power to bestow. Your uncle—I hope—will not persevere in his determination to estrange the love of my darling from—" She broke down.

"O, aunt, say no more," I cried, "for I will never leave you."

The door closed with a loud bang upon my offended relatives, and pressed to my aunt's

heart I listened to her blessed words, that the will of Heaven alone should part us.

The March wind moaned mournfully without, and rattled the window sashes as if pleading for admittance, which it partially gained through the crevices of the ill set window frames. Chilled by its breath, I tremblingly drew nearer to the dying embers in the stove. My aunt slept the uneasy sleep of illness. For six dreary months she had lain on her bed a helpless invalid, in meek resignation bearing her sufferings. Worn and weak as I was from long and weary watching, for I was her only attendant, I sat unmindful of physical suffering, thought was my deepest pain. Since my aunt's illness she had been drawing her scanty savings from the bank, and, as the necessities of life were at prices that rendered purchase almost impossible to the poor, her anxieties increased as her funds diminished. I was now not "sweet," but sad sixteen, for such to me was that "laughing time." It added to my care and anxiety that as yet I was of no pecuniary assistance to my poor aunt, but in her helpless state my time was principally devoted to her, so that I had no opportunity to seek for some light employment.

"Bertha—" At that feeble voice I started from my sad reverie, and going to the bedside I observed that she had been weeping, traces of tears were fresh upon her pale cheeks. "Bertha, my darling, you will soon be released from your burden of care. Your poor aunt will not weary you much longer."

"O, aunt, why do you speak so?" I cried, reproachfully. "If you die I have nothing to live for. No one cares for me but you, aunt."

"Bertha, my dear child, it is breaking my heart to see you grown so pale and thin from hard work and confinement. Your constitution gives way under such labor as you perform. It was not till yesterday that I learnt from Mrs. Eems, our new neighbor, how you spend the time when I do not need your assistance. O, my darling, how it grieved me to think that when you ought to have been out recovering your lost strength, you were wearing your young life away with hard work. Look at your poor hands—O, how it goes to my heart to see them grown so large and coarse! When Mrs. Eems was praising your industrious habits, she expressed her surprise that with your other duties you could do the washing and house cleaning. You need not have done so, Bertha," continued my aunt, reproachfully, "didn't I supply you with money to pay old Polly for doing such work?"

"Dear aunt, I could not conscientiously spend

the money which you earned and saved to pay for having it done, when I was able to do it. Besides, Aunt Betsey, the money, if thus expended, could not have provided for you the delicacies of which you stood in need."

"Bertha, I am very ill, give me a drink," gasped my aunt, overpowered by the exertion of speaking.

Trembling with apprehension, I administered a cordial, which partially revived her, and soon after she fell into an uneasy slumber.

Through all that long night, I watched beside my beloved aunt, listening to her frequent moaning, while I endeavored to banish from my mind the harrowing thought that death might soon take her from me. At length, towards morning, tired nature sank exhausted into the arms of the beneficent angel, sleep, and walking in the sunshine of dreamland, I forgot the inverted seasons of my heart, winter howling there instead of spring.

Merciful and inscrutable are the ways of Providence. A few days effected a favorable change in my aunt's health, her cheerfulness returned, and there was day again in our little home.

The first of May was ushered in with the softest of breezes, and blandest of skies. Children were abroad sporting in the streets with hearts as bright as the sweet May sunshine itself. Themselves were like sunbeams playing amid the dark forms that passed and repassed on the sidewalk, some bent with age, but many with care. My aunt who was now enabled to arise for a few hours, each day, was seated in an easy chair which Dr. Blount, her physician, had kindly sent her. I sat at the window, unmindful of the bright season, for my spirits were weighed down with care and anxiety, thinking of our failing means of support and the poverty-shadowed future arising before us. To my aunt's repeated wish that I should go out and take a walk I yielded reluctantly, as I felt averse to leaving her alone. But I had another object in view. It was my intention to seek for employment at the establishment from which my aunt had obtained needle-work.

I went out into the sunshine and free air, and the influence which they possessed over me was delightful and exhilarating. My heart beat lightly as if with joy, and the bleak memories that were ever busy in its chambers, weaving shrouds in which to bury each newborn hope of the present, slept for the while. Mentally asking the blessing of Heaven on my newly-conceived resolution, I bent my steps towards the establishment of Messrs. Grip & Hardman.

A start, and the ready tears trembling on my eyelids may have revealed my deep and sad dis-

appointment when my application met with a harsh refusal. "We never give work to strangers," said the senior partner, turning away, while his cold, deliberate tones sank heavily upon my heart. But poverty stared me in the face, and struggling against the pride that prompted me to depart without again meeting the look of suspicion and contempt with which the moneyed man regarded me—a poor, shabbily attired girl seeking for the means of subsistence—I followed him into the counting-room. Perceiving the presence of another, I stood at the door hesitating to enter, but that hurried glance revealed to me that he was young, with a peculiarly pleasing expression of countenance. I have great faith in the "human face divine," and at that moment I felt strangely and irresistibly attracted towards that calm, intellectual student, for, as such I deemed him. The magnetism of my unconscious look caused him to lift his eyes from the paper which he was reading, and, at that quick, earnest glance I felt the warm blood tinge my cheeks. Mr. Grip perceived me now. Apologizing for my intrusion, with trembling accents, I recalled my aunt to his memory, telling him that she had been in his employment for nearly five years and had always given satisfaction. "I hope, sir," I faltered, "that you will not consider me as a stranger."

As I looked into his stony face I felt that my appeal was all in vain. Pained and mortified, I scarcely heard him say that if I called in about six weeks he might be able to give me employment; but, that he would require a deposite for any work I should receive. I felt that the eyes of the other were upon me, and yielding to an unaccountable impulse I lifted mine to his face. Never shall I forget the look of kindness and sympathy that beamed upon me, and with a strange commingling of disappointment and undefined pleasure in my heart, I stood again in the street uncertain whither to turn.

Burns, in his great humanity, has frequently said that he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life, than a man seeking employment. How far more painful is the position of a tender woman in a like situation! Bitterly did I feel this, as after begging from store to store for leave to toil, and having the poor petition spurned, I hurried homeward, fearing that I had neglected my poor aunt by my prolonged absence. As I entered the street in which we lived, I observed with surprise and alarm a horse and chaise drawn up in front of the house. A glance showed me that it was not Dr. Blount's; at the same time I recollect that on the occasion of his last visit he mentioned that on this

week he would be in Albany, attending a meeting of the medical faculty. My fears increased as on entering the house I encountered a gentleman, a stranger to me, coming from my aunt's apartment.

"Another physician has been called—O, my poor aunt!" I gasped. With trembling steps I entered the room. My aunt still reclined in her easy chair, her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer. The expression of her face was that of joy unspeakable as she turned to me and said in a broken voice:

"Bertha, my love, there are tears in your eyes—you look worn and weak. Thank God, my darling, for your days of toil are at an end."

"O, aunt, what do you mean?" I cried, throwing my arms around her. Returning my caress she said:

"Poor Mr. Wise, whose housekeeper I was before the death of your dear mother, is no more." Wiping the tears from her eyes she continued, "The executor of his will has just been here, and informed me that Mr. Wise bequeathed me seventy thousand dollars."

Dear reader, you can imagine the effect this communication had upon me. Though Mr. Wise's disposition was kind and charitable, my aunt had incurred his displeasure by resigning the charge of his household in the time of our troubles and loss. His munificent bequest proved how entirely he had forgiven her. That night we sat up later than usual, my aunt relating to me many instances of Mr. Wise's benevolence, and, for the first time I learned that formerly he had made an offer of his hand and heart, which she gratefully declined. In her seventeenth year my aunt was to have been united to one whom she had known and loved since childhood. Her wedding morning found her awaiting her beloved with feelings that come but once in a lifetime. Alas, he never came! He was instantly killed by a fall from his horse when hastening to join her, whose young life was so early blighted. Her first love was her last; and with a sublime resignation her widowed heart looked upward through all the storms of years, waiting for the hour that would unite her to him who had gone before her to heaven.

Time passed on. My aunt and myself were domiciled beneath the hospitable roof of Dr. Blount. The cheerfulness which she now experienced was more effective in restoring her health than the skill of the kind physician, who was unremitting in his attentions. My aunt's greatest desire was for my welfare, and she now had me instructed in the varied accomplishments that

give to a refined woman such powers of attraction. Among my school companions was one of those rare beings, who, insensibly as it were, draw all hearts towards them, winning even the cold and proud to own the power of love.

Emily Ladd was an only child, and the joy and pride of her loving parents. From the first I felt attracted towards her, while she forsook her lively companions for my more thoughtful society, and before long we regarded each other with the sweet, cherishing love of sisters.

Two years sufficed for me to graduate from Mr. Day's school. I was now in my nineteenth year, and the reputed heiress of my aunt, who, as is generally the case, was considered far wealthier than she was. Happy in her society, my books and music ever afforded me an elevated enjoyment, and I seldom heeded the inducements held out to me by my young companions to join them in their search for pleasure. Emily's eighteenth birthday was approaching, and I had promised her to attend the party, which was to take place on the occasion. I learned with pleasure that Dr. and Mrs. Blount, who were friends of Emily's parents, were to attend and I was to accompany them, Dr. Blount saying that he would be my chaperon. The evening of the party arrived, and my toilet being completed, I sought my aunt and found her at her usual occupation of knitting.

"I have chosen your favorite dress for this evening, aunt," said I.

"That simple muslin dress is more suitable to your youth than costly satin or silk," she returned. "White is indeed very becoming to you, Bertha."

"Yes, dear aunt," I laughingly returned, holding up my hands, on which I had drawn a pair of white kid gloves of the largest size.

"Ah, Bertha," she sighed, with a melancholy shake of her head, "hard work has spoiled your hands."

"Dear Aunt Betsey, I shall take lessons in vanity from you," I said, still laughing. "What was the unrevoked sentence passed on the 'grand old gardener' and his posterity? and I have but partially fulfilled that decree when I learned to toil in the days of our poverty. Believe me, aunt, I am prouder of my hands, large, coarse and red as they are, as they were made so in the performance of my duties, than if, by idleness, they were as small as sweet Emily Ladd's."

"It is enlivening to see you looking so merry, Bertha," said Mrs. Blount, entering the room. "I am afraid, my dear, that the sad, thoughtful expression which your face ever wears will not win a cavalier to your side. Young gentlemen,

now-a-days, are charmed by gay and even frivolous manners, while the dignified and intellectual pass unnoticed."

"That is a somewhat sweeping assertion," laughed Dr. Blount, appearing at the door. "Come, my dears, the carriage is ready, and the driver will not like to be kept waiting."

Arriving at Emily's residence, the dear girl received us with her usual affection; and I could scarcely restrain my admiration, so lovely and graceful did she appear. Elegantly and becomingly attired, her wealth of auburn hair was tastefully arranged, and displayed to advantage her small but finely formed head. Her sweet brown eyes reflected the light of love within her heart.

"And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth, You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth."

The greater part of the company present were strangers to me, and Emily moved among them the personation of gladness.

"Dear Bertha," she said, coming to my side, "I have a sweet pleasure in store for you. You have been most enthusiastic in your praises of the contributions which have appeared from time to time in the Northern Review over the signature of 'H.', vainly wishing to learn the name of this favorite of the tuneful nine. It was not until yesterday that I learned who had bewitched our Bertha—I mean whose writings," she added, smiling archly.

"A truce to your nonsense, pussy," laughed Mrs. Blount. "Do you not see that Bertha is dying to learn the name of this fair youth?"

"Then, you must summon your skilful husband to her aid," she rejoined, playfully, "as I shall not reveal it. And you, dear Bertha, must establish your powers of discrimination, by singling out a modest genius, from among the crowd of ordinary mortals who surround you. This American Carlyle is here present."

"Miss Grip has been asked to play," said a gentleman coming forward and claiming Emily as his partner. Wishing me success in my search for the unknown, she left me to trip on the light fantastic toe.

The young lady who was seated at the grand piano, was the daughter of Gregory Grip, Esq., of the firm of Grip & Hardman. From my first acquaintance with Miss Grip, I perceived that she treated me with marked coldness; but being Emily's cousin, I endeavored to gain her good will, a vain attempt, for the prejudice she had conceived against me soon became a rooted and ill-concealed dislike. She took every opportunity to wound my feelings, disdainfully alluding to

my former poverty, of which she was informed, while the size of my hands did not escape her sarcastic remarks.

"Bertha, my dear, will you make one of a party at whist?" said Dr. Blount, approaching. "I have a partner engaged for you."

I accompanied him into an ante-chamber where several of the company were amusing themselves at cards. We approached a table at which sat a lady in conversation with a young gentleman. At this moment Dr. Blount presented me to Mrs. Law. My aunt, for it was she, started on hearing my name, and fixing her penetrating eyes upon me, inclined her head slightly, and turning coldly away, addressed herself to a gentleman standing near. Dr. Blount next introduced to me my aunt's partner, as Mr. Sumner. Our eyes met, and I saw before me a face which had long haunted my memory, for in Mr. Sumner I recognized the gentleman whom I had seen in the counting-room of Messrs. Grip & Hardman, some three years previously. His earnest look of surprise half assured me that the recognition was mutual. I had little time for reflection, for with a peculiar and benevolent smile, Dr. Blount said:

"Your partner is here, Bertha!" A gentleman advanced, and as I anticipated, I beheld my uncle.

I was scarcely conscious of the introduction that followed. My uncle betrayed some surprise, and bowing with an indifferent air I heard him repeat my name in an undertone. Mr. Sumner had handed me a chair, my uncle seated himself opposite to me, and Dr. Blount, whose presence during this trying scene had been 'a relief, returned to the drawing-room. After a while my uncle's formality towards me gave place to easy politeness, and my aunt, who evidently studied his wishes, soon followed his example. But I was conscious that the deep, dark eyes of my aunt's partner were observant of all that passed. Before the rubber was over the other card tables were deserted. Soft strains of music coming through the open door charmed away the votaries of Terpischore, to join in the dance.

At the conclusion of the rubber, Mr. Sumner was called away. Left alone with my uncle and aunt, I felt that that moment would decide my future intercourse with them. My aunt trifled with her fan, but my uncle's eyes were cast down, while he seemed struggling with some strong internal influence. The silence became painful, and moving towards the door I was arrested by my uncle's voice. There was a subdued haughtiness in his tones, as he said he had but lately arrived from Europe, where he had been travel-

ting for some time, and since his return he learned my aunt's good fortune.

"I see," he continued, "that she has acted liberally in giving you an accomplished education, without which the personal advantages which Nature has bestowed upon you with no parsimonious hand, would have been of no benefit to you in the society in which I am proud to see you moving."

My uncle paused and extended his hand. Tears of joy were in my eyes, as I bent forward and pressed my lips to his cheek. He appeared momentarily affected, and with a kindly smile presented me to my aunt, who, however, received my warm caress with a cold kiss that thrilled coldly to my heart. At this moment I observed Mr. Sumner standing at the door; I met his eyes, as he turned abruptly away, and felt convinced, by their expression of half-revealed surprise, that he witnessed the reconciliation. I entered the drawing-room with my uncle and aunt; Dr. Blount stood near the entrance, his benevolent eyes sparkling with pleasure, and as I passed, he said in an undertone:

"That little scheme of mine succeeded admirably. I knew it would."

After supper, Mr. Sumner formed the centre in a group of which Emily and myself were included. The conversation turned upon English celebrities, Mr. Sumner delighting us all with his graphic descriptions of eminent persons whom he had met during a protracted stay in England. Speaking of his visits to Goro House, he said, among the many treasures of art which adorned it, a marble model of the hands of the beautiful hostess, which lay on a book on a centre-table, had peculiar charms for him.

"You admire beautiful hands, then?" said Dr. Blount.

"Certainly, sir."

His eyes rested with a look of admiration on Emily's little hands, and for the first time in my life, I felt a wish to conceal my hands; yet, while I shaded them with my bouquet, I scarcely acknowledged to myself my motive for doing so.

"How do you like Mr. Sumner?" Emily asked, an hour later, when parting from her. "Is he not pleasing and intellectual?"

"I think I have discovered your secret, and who H. is," I returned.

"I knew you would say so," she replied, laughing; and Dr. and Mrs. Blount appearing, I took leave of the dear girl.

A few days after, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from my uncle and aunt. Their manner to me was very friendly, and towards my Aunt Betsey they were more familiar than I ex-

pected, her wealth effecting what her worth could not accomplish.

"By the way, Bertha," said my uncle, "your aunt and myself attended the opera, last evening, and met there your friends, Mr. Ladd and his family, and also Mr. Sumner, who, if report speaks true, is engaged to Miss Emily. They were not a little surprised, when I informed them of our relationship. I thought it necessary to say that a family coldness had existed for some time between us." Speaking of Mr. Sumner, he said: "Though a young man, some years ago he filled the position of Secretary of the Legation at the Court of St. James. While in London, he formed an acquaintance with many distinguished scholars, with whom he now holds correspondence."

When I again met Mr. Sumner, it was at my uncle's. Emily and I were seated in the recess of a window when he joined us, and turning playfully to him, she said that he had come in time to witness a breach of confidence on her part.

"I have mentioned to you before, Hamilton," she said, "Bertha's desire to learn the name of the inspired H., most of whose productions she knows by heart. In pity I'm going to reveal it."

"I never heard of but one of Eve's daughters who could keep a secret," he returned, with a smile.

"Will you not favor us with the appellation of this paragon of steadfastness?" she laughed.

"Miss St. Leger, the female Freemason."

"My uncle motions me to come to him, Emily," I said, seeing that he did so. "You will both be kind enough to excuse my absence."

"Stay a moment, dear Bertha; I would remind you that Hamilton's name begins with an —no, I mustn't tell! the poor youth blushes like a child," said the happy girl. And I left them alone.

Frequently in the society of Hamilton Sumner, I could not but appreciate and admire his many noble qualities, while I felt that there was a charm in all he said that lingered on my mind for days after. His observations had all the freshness of originality, while his wit and eloquence were irresistible. In his society I was almost always silent, ever fearing to utter my commonplace sentiments in the presence of one whom I felt to be so far above me in intellect. I think he must have noticed my distant manner towards him, for at first friendly, his attentions were altered into a cold reserve.

Some months passed away. I was spending the evening at Emily's home; Emily had been asked to sing, and at once complying, Hamilton

led her to her favorite instrument, the harp. The sweet tones of her voice, mingling with the silver accompaniment of that ancient instrument, fell soothingly upon my ear and partially lulled to rest the undefined sadness that was stealing over my spirits. Emily ceased amid a murmur of applause, and approaching me, she entreated that I would perform on the piano-forte. I could not refuse her, though I would have been most willingly excused. Playing from memory an air that harmonized with my feelings at the time, my whole soul was in the music, which was but the expression of my heart's unbreathed thoughts. The plaudits of the company fell unheeded on my ear, while I met Hamilton's eyes in a look which, though I could not define, thrilled with unutterable joy to my heart.

"It is his sympathy with the music," thought I, a moment after; and hope vanished. Again I was asked to play, and not wishing to disoblige, I complied, though with a secret reluctance. I was playing one of Labitzky's beautiful waltzes, when Clara Grip came and stood beside me. Hamilton Sumner sat near, and in a low, entreating voice, I heard her exclaim:

"O, Mr. Sumner, you must come here to see Miss Clyne's fairy fingers gliding over the keys! Her execution is most brilliant."

Hamilton approached and stood beside me. Unobserved by him, I perceived that he started with surprise when his eyes rested upon my hands. The blood mounted to my temples, I could no longer follow the notes, which were before me, and playing out of time, added to my confusion.

"Does she not play finely?" was her next exclamation, in a tone which I too well understood. Despising the vanity which prompted me to be ashamed of my hands, and blushing in the face of my self-respect for being so, with an effort I overcame my feelings, and entering with spirit into the piece, I concluded amid murmured praises.

Soon after, when in conversation with Emily, Hamilton and other young friends, Clara approached, with a laughing countenance, holding between the tips of her delicate fingers a large-sized kid glove.

"Can you find an owner for this glove, Emily?" she said, pleasantly. "I have inquired of several gentlemen, but it does not belong to any of them. I found it reposing in solemn state in the shadow of the piano stool."

"It is mine, Miss Grip," I said, calmly smothering the last spark of vanity in my heart.

"Yours, Miss Clyne!" she articulated, in a tone of surprise. "Excuse me, I am sorry for

having hurt your—I—I had no idea to whom it belonged."

"There is no occasion for an apology. I am obliged to you for finding it."

I held out my hand to receive the glove, which she still retained, but blushed in doing so, for I met Hamilton's eyes, and again their expression was undefinable. Why did I seek his eyes?

The summer returned, and with that sweet season came Lieutenant Clark, after two years spent cruising in the South Seas. Lieutenant Clark was a cousin of Emily's, and six years her senior. Tall and commanding in aspect, his fine countenance, browned by exposure to a tropical sun, was lit up by a flashing and sparkling pair of black eyes. Emily appeared to regard him with sisterly affection, but I felt that her image alone occupied his heart. Lieutenant Clark was distantly connected with Dr. Blount, and, a frequent visitor at his residence, he generally came accompanied with his friend Hamilton Sumner, both gentlemen being especial favorites with the good doctor.

It was the last evening that I was to spend with Emily for some time, as she was to depart with her parents on the following day for Newport, whither they were going to spend the season. I found her in the library, looking lovelier than ever. Hamilton, Lieutenant Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Ladd were also there, and smiles of welcome greeted me from all but Hamilton, whose eyes I instinctively avoided meeting, as we exchanged our mutually cold salutations. Noticing by Emily's manner that she was anxious to communicate some news to me, I took occasion to withdraw with her into the recess of a bay window. Silently embracing me, and resting her dear head on my shoulder, while a few stray tresses floating over her face partly hid her blushes, she murmured: "Dear Bertha, I did not tell you before—Hamilton's gift!"

Holding up her little hand, I saw sparkling on the engagement finger a diamond ring. Shrinking back into the shadow of the window curtains, that the darkness might cover the misery which I knew was painted upon my face, I listened to her words.

"In two months, Bertha, I shall be his wife, and you, my dearest friend, will complete my happiness by promising to be my bridesmaid. It is Hamilton's desire, also, and you will not disappoint us—But you are ill, my darling Bertha!" she exclaimed, pressing her warm lips to my cheek. "You are cold and trembling."

"I was slightly indisposed—a sudden spasm," I found words to say. At this moment Ham-

ilton's deep tones reached me, asking for Emily.

"Go, Emily!" I gasped, dreading that he would seek her and witness my distress, which she overlooked in her great happiness.

"You have not promised yet, Bertha."

"I will be your bridesmaid, Emily. From my heart, I wish you every possible happiness."

This was spoken calmly, and returning her hasty caress, I was left alone in the shadow, listening to the mingling voices of Hamilton and his future bride. Then, for the first time, were the virgin pages of my heart's book laid open to me, and I read its secret story—I loved Hamilton Sumner. Emily's joy I did not envy; she was more dear to me than ever. I even felt a sad pleasure in thinking he had chosen one so worthy of him for a partner in this life's unequal happiness, and eternal bliss hereafter.

I know not how the next two hours passed. After tea, Mr. Ladd was called to attend to some business affairs, and Mrs. Ladd, excusing herself, withdrew to overlook the package of many articles that she could not trust to the housekeeper. Emily sang her sweetest ballads; Lieutenant Clark, who possessed a fine tenor voice, accompanied her. Hamilton lingered near Emily, and I sat apart, longing for the retirement of my own chamber, where, unseen, I could give vent to the feelings that oppressed me. But that was not to be, Emily having previously planned that I was to remain with her that night. Scarcely conscious that she had left the harp, I started on hearing her entreating voice asking me to sing; but when Hamilton approached and joined in her request, I could not trust my voice to decline doing what I was then so incapable of performing. Emily paused, looking with thoughtful fondness at me, and moved away. O, the wretchedness of that moment! Tears were gathering in my eyes, "tears from the depths of a divine despair," and my head drooped low to conceal them.

At length pride came to my aid, and on looking up, I met Hamilton's eyes, and his alone. Emily and her cousin had left the room.

"How painful are even temporary partings from those we love!" he observed, while the tones of his thrilling voice brought a fresh gush of tears to my eyes.

"Emily is very dear to me," I faltered, somewhat relieved at offering this excuse for my motion.

"And you are equally dear to her, as you are to all who know you," he returned, agitatedly. "O, Bertha, you bestow the treasure of your affection on all your friends, while I, who regard you as the only being on earth capable of inspir-

ing me with deathless love, receive but cold indifference."

'Trembling with amazement and indignation, I arose and demanded what he, affianced to Emily, meant by addressing me thus. But before he breathed a word in his justification, his noble, ingenuous countenance revealed to me the blessed truth that in my after joy I wept again on hearing. Emily and he were but as friends, and to Lieutenant Hamilton Clark she was betrothed. With what feelings did I hear the outpouring of true love from him, whose image I had worshipped so long and unconsciously! and when he besought me to bestow my hand upon him, saying he would deem it the proudest moment of his life, holding it out instinctively, I asked him if he would accept that toil-roughened hand.

"Bertha, my own beloved," he exclaimed with emotion, taking my hand in his smaller one with a look of mingled love and reverence, "I love you the more for those dear hands—hands that, rejecting wealth when love and gratitude were the sacrifice, suffered bitter toil in the years of mere childhood. Your aunt, whose consent I have to win your love, has told me the story of your young life."

At this moment Mr. Ladd's voice was heard, as he ascended the stairs; and when Emily returned, a few minutes subsequently, with eyes brimful of happiness she drew me to the bay window, and throwing her arms around my neck, whispered that she had long since discovered Hamilton's secret and mine. And then her sweet eyes filled with tears, and she laughed them away again when I told her the pain I suffered a few short hours before in the shadow of the window curtain, where I now sat wondering at my happiness.

Two months later, I stood at the altar as Emily's bridesmaid. The sacred ceremony concluded, and leaning on Hamilton's arm, I passed down the aisle. Delayed near the door for a few moments, I perceived Clara Grip among a group of young persons who gazed with admiration on the lovely bride. As I passed her, I overheard her exclaim, in a contemptuous tone:

"What taste Hamilton Sumner has! Only look at her hands!"

Hamilton heard her words, and meeting his dark eyes, I translated their expression, which in other days I could not define. But now I held the master key of his heart, and that mystery was love.

—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—

VIRTUE

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her aspect.
BYRON.

[ORIGINAL.]

BURY ME IN SPRING-TIME.

BY EMILE J. SAWYER.

O, bury me in spring-time!
O, let the green grass wave,
And lovely flowerets blossom
Above my lowly grave.

O, bury me in spring-time,
When brightly shines the sun
Across the meadow where I am laid,
When life's last race is run.

O, bury me in spring-time,
In some sequestered nook,
Where waves the weeping willow,
Where runs some laughing brook.

O, bury me in spring-time!
And may the blooming flowers
Spread richest fragrance all around,
In bright and sunny hours.

O, bury me in spring-time!
And may some wildbird keep
A low, sad warble o'er me,
Above my dreamless sleep.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOST CHILDREN.

A TRUE STORY.

BY T. C. SPAULDING.

"JIMMY, Jimmy!" called Mrs. Bronson, from her cabin door.

"Yes, mother," responded a cheery young voice, and a lad of twelve years appeared from the rude cowshed near the house.

"I want you and Sam to go for the cows right away," continued the mother. "Your father won't be home from mill till late, and I shall have to milk; so I want them home early. Run right along, that's a good boy."

"Yes, mother, but can't Bessy go with us? It's a beautiful afternoon, and we want to show her that great bed of violets we found last night."

"I don't know," answered the mother, hesitatingly—"I don't like to trust Bessy so far from me as you may have to go. She's but a wee thing at the best," added she, fondly patting the cheek of a delicate-looking little girl, who now stood with her sunbonnet in her hand, looking wistfully up in her mother's face.

"Please, dear mother, let me go," said she, in a voice of peculiar sweetness—"I want to go very much."

"Well, then, birdie, run along—and remember, Jimmy, my last words to you are—take good care of your sister."

"Trust me for that, mother.—Here, Bessy, take hold of my hand—come along, Sam." And the three children ran gaily up the mountain path behind their father's cabin.

It may seem to some of our readers that Mrs. Bronson was very unnecessarily cautious in so simple a matter as sending her children for the cows; but my scene is not laid in the quiet pastures and bushy green lanes of our dear old Massachusetts, but amid the rugged mountains and savage glens of the western part of Canada. There, far from civilization, and except two or three scattered cabins at from one to ten miles distance, isolated from the rest of mankind, Hugh Bronson had built his "lonesome lodge," and hither he had brought from his own native England the wife who loved him so well, that she could truly say from the depths of her serene heart, that even in the howling wilderness she could think without longing or regret, of the comfortable and cheerful home in one of England's sunniest vales, where she had left father, mother, brothers and sisters, to follow him whom she called by the fond name of husband. The three children whom we have introduced were all that remained of ten who had blossomed in that forest home, and of whom seven had been transplanted in earliest childhood to bloom forever in the garden of the Lord.

Mrs. Bronson was a fond and devoted mother; but upon Bessy, the youngest and fairest of the whole flock, she lavished a wealth of passionate fondness, which conscience certainly bid her to restrain, lest she should wound the feelings of her boys by showing too cordially the partiality of her mother's heart. She seldom allowed Bessy to accompany her brothers in their continual wanderings among the forest-clad mountains and gorges which surrounded their picturesque home, for the woods were reported to be infested by dangerous animals and snakes, and it was not unfrequent for a party of Indians to pass through the country, in migrating from one hunting ground to another.

As the mother still stood looking anxiously after her children, now almost hidden by the intervening leaves and branches, she heard a step behind her, and turning quickly, recognized the burly form of Ephraim Saunders, their nearest neighbor, who, with a sack of corn across his shoulders, was making his way along the rude cartpath which passed both cabins, and which was the only "king's highway" within many miles.

"Good evening, dame," said Saunders, pausing as he spoke. "Is your good man at home? He said yesterday that he should be going to

mill this afternoon, and I thought we could be company for each other through the woods."

"It is too bad, Neighbor Saunders," said Mrs. Bronson, in a tone of regret, "but my man set out an hour and a half ago, and must have reached Miller White's by this time. He would have been very glad of your company, and perhaps will wait while you have your grist ground, and so come home with you."

"Well, I'm main sorry," said the stalwart farmer, as he resumed his journey—"I shall try to make him wait for me, as you say. Why, Andrew, where did you come from?" continued he, as a handsome, daring-looking boy, somewhat older than Jimmy Bronson, came running along the wood after him.

"Ma'am said I might go to mill with you," panted the boy. "The cows are feeding close to the house, and Aunt Molly wanted to bory Susan White's gownd to cut out hern by, and forgot to ask you to git it."

"All right, man—come along," said the farmer, with a nod to Mrs. Bronson.

And father and son pursued their journey.

Glancing at the old silver watch, which with six teaspoons comprised the plate and jewelry of the family, Mrs. Bronson perceived that it was nearly four o'clock.

"I hope the children wont be long of finding the cows," soliloquized she, "for I would not have Bessy out in the woods after sundown for the world."

Taking her sewing, the mother seated herself at the door, in the interval of her busy stitches gazing now up the wood to the mill, now at the hillside path, and anon at the fast-sinking sun. Two hours or more had passed in this way, when a quick, light step was heard coming along the wood, while the clear, young voice of Andrew Saunders resounded through the silence, as he uplifted the loyal stave of "God save the king."

"Here I am again, Mrs. Bronson," said he, as he approached the matron. "Sukey White had gone a visiting, and worn her new gownd off; so when dad and your man sat down 'on a log to talk politics, I took the back track, and am going to have a play with Jim and Sam, till dad comes along."

"The boys have gone up the mountain to look for the cows, Andrew, and if you would like, you had better follow up the path, and you will soon find them. It is time for them to be home now, and poor Bessy will be tired to death going so far."

"Is Bessy with them?" asked the boy, eagerly, and the mother marked with a larking smile,

the blush that spread over Andrew's handsome face and up to the roots of his light, curling hair—for Andrew was an only child, and from calling Bessy his little sister, had within the last year confided to Jimmy his determination to make her his wife as soon as they were both old enough.

"Yes, Bessy is with them," said Mrs. Bronson, "and I really wish you would go and hurry them home—it is past six already." And she glanced at her watch with growing uneasiness.

"O, don't worry, Mrs. Bronson," said Andrew, already moving in the direction indicated, "I shall soon find them, and will be back in no time. Bessy sha'n't be tired neither," continued he, laughing and reddening again, "unless she's too shy to let me carry her."

He was gone, and as the lonely woman resumed her work, she murmured:

"He's a good boy and a merry, and a handsome one too; who knows if in ten years more, he and Bessy both live—but nonsense, I am as childish as they are."

Nevertheless the mother continued sewing, with a dreamy smile upon her lips, until the slanting rays of the setting sun shone in her eyes for a moment and then disappeared.

"Sunset, and the children not here," exclaimed she, starting up and running out of the door eagerly looking up the path. Neither sight nor sound rewarded the strained senses, and with a sigh that was almost a groan, she turned again toward the house, and commenced the preparation of the evening meal. With forced calmness she set plates at the accustomed seats of her husband, herself, and the two boys, but as she placed upon the humble board the gaily painted cup and plate which the father had journeyed twenty weary miles to bring as a present for Bessy on her last birthday—the nervous, agitated feelings of the mother came to a climax, and sinking into a chair, she hid her face and burst into tears. "O, I shall never see her—she will never come back—why did I let her go? And my boys, my noble boys—!" and rocking herself to and fro, she wept and moaned as one without comfort.

It was not altogether the outward circumstances which thus affected her, for although the children had been gone much longer than ever before on a similar errand, there would still be nearly an hour of daylight, and the full moon was already silverying the treetops, so that there could not be much fear of their losing their way among the familiar landmarks that surrounded their home. Nor was there much to be apprehended from wild beasts at this season of the year; nor

had there been any report of savages in the neighborhood for some time. No, it was none of these fears, but a sudden, strange presentiment, an inner foreboding of ill, which had leaped into the mother's heart, filling it with a devouring dread. So sat she, while unnoted time glided on. So was she found by her husband, when with cheery step and voice he entered the cabin, hours after, accompanied by his friend and neighbor, who had stopped to drink a mug of ale on his way home.

"Why, dame—why, Mary, wife—" were the exclamations of the two men as they entered.

"O, my children—our children, Hugh!—they are lost—lost—lost! We shall never see them again, the cruel wolves and bears will devour them! O, my Bessy, my baby, my own poor lamb! O God, God, I shall go crazy!"

Soothing the agitation of the almost frantic woman with tender words and caresses, Hugh Bronson at last drew from her the cause of her alarm and agitation. As she concluded her faltering and interrupted story, the two fathers looked at each other with a mutual determination in their stern and sorrowful countenances.

"We will go this very moment, Saunders," said the elder and more bereaved, taking at once the direction, "and try by ourselves. Then, if we do not find them, we will summon our few neighbors and extend the search."

As he spoke, he took down from above the fireplace his old musket, and slung his powder-horn and bullet-pouch across his broad chest.

"I shall come too, Hugh," said Mary Bronson, suddenly, as she rose and threw a shawl about her shoulders. "Don't say a word," continued she, as her husband was about to remonstrate. "Do you think I can sit idly here, while perhaps the wolves are rending my poor little Bessy's white flesh, and she calling upon us in vain?"

"I hope, Mary, you do not forget the rest, in thinking of Bessy," said her husband, in a tone of reproof.

"God forgive me if I do. I know it is a sin, but, O, she was my darling—my baby—my own little angel!" And again the mother broke forth in a passion of excited sobs and tears.

All the remainder of that summer night did three bereaved parents roam the forest paths, and force their way where no path was, shouting and calling the names of the wanderers, and at intervals firing off the musket. Eagerly after each report did they listen for the answering shout; but save the melancholy voice of the whip-poor-will and the distant howl of the wolf, no sound met their ears.

About daybreak they returned to the cabin, an-

imated with a faint hope that the children might be awaiting their return. Eagerly did the mother press forward, but the door stood open as they had left it, and nought but desolation met her inquiring gaze. On the hearth the cold, gray ashes—on the table the little cup and plate said too plainly "they are not here."

Without pausing for refreshment, Saunders took the path toward his desolate home, knowing that his wife and sister must be in a state of great anxiety at his prolonged absence. Before they parted, it was agreed that each man should summon all the neighbors within reach, and that they should rendezvous at the cabin of Hugh Bronson that day at noon, to institute a more thorough and methodical search. The appointed hour saw a dozen hardy and determined looking figures collected in the cabin, inquiring the particulars of the loss, and arranging measures for the pursuit. Each man was provided with a gun of one description or another, and it was finally resolved that they should form a line of the whole force abreast, leaving an interval of perhaps an eighth of a mile between man and man. That in this manner they should proceed, hallooing and shouting at intervals, to arouse the attention of the lost ones, and if any one should discover either of the children, or traces of their presence, he was to discharge his piece and halt; the signal being drawn along the line in the same manner. Mrs. Bronson, who seemed animated by superhuman strength and endurance, would not be left behind, but closely followed her husband, carrying in her hand a little basket of refreshments, including all the delicacies of her humble larder, and which, struggling against her own convictions, she said were intended to strengthen the children on their homeward journey. The sun, from beating vertically upon the heads of the searchers, threw long shadows of their forms along the little open spaces, which they occasionally crossed, and struck his slant rays through the leafy canopy above them, illuminating the dusky recesses of the woods with a flood of golden radiance. Then leaving the earth in shadow, the glorious beams lingered a moment in the highest treetops and disappeared. By this time a distance of fifteen miles had been traversed, and at the blast of a horn carried by Bronson, who was the acknowledged leader of the expedition, the party collected to compare notes, and consult as to their future course.

Most of the party argued that to continue the search was useless, and that the fatigue still to be encountered in reaching home, would be as much as nature could support in the strongest of the party. It was finally, however, decided, at

the earnest solicitation of Bronson, that the party should encamp where it was till dawn, and then, moving a short distance at right angles with their present course, they should resume their line of march, and return in a course parallel to that hitherto pursued. This plan was adopted, and when weary and discouraged, the little band again assembled at the desolate cabin, without one trace of the missing ones, the bereaved parents surrendered their last faint hope, and mourned their children as lost indeed.

Fifteen years rolled on, and with them brought some few changes to the childless homes, which that sunny June day had made so desolate. Mrs. Saunders had died the next winter after the loss of her only son, and after an interval, her husband had supplied her place with a buxom lass, who was now the mother of three flaxen-headed,rosy-cheeked children, who so filled the father's heart that he but rarely remembered that son of other years, whom he had so long mourned as dead. Hugh and Mary Bronson had no such solace in their loneliness. No more children supplied the place of those who were gone, or filled the aching void in the mother's heart. These fifteen years had done the work of thirty upon Mary Bronson, and as she again sat sewing in her doorway, the fifteenth sad June from that which made her heart so desolate, she looked an old woman, instead of the vigorous and mature matron to be expected from her age, birth, and habits of life.

Her neglected sewing lay idly upon her lap, and with her hands folded upon it, and her eyes fixed dreamily upon the ground, her woman's heart fled back through the long, sorrowful years to that happy time when childish forms flitted about her home, and childish love and prattle filled her heart and ear. As thus she mused, a light footstep sounded close beside her, and looking up with a startled movement, she saw an Indian, whom by his paint she knew to be a Huron, standing before her. She rose hurriedly, and with a movement of alarm.

"Why is the pale-face squaw afraid?" said the stranger, in comparatively good English: "Mah-ta-chee-go comes to sing a pleasant song in her ears. Does not the mourning mother long for tidings of her lost nestlings?"

"O, good God!—my children—can you tell me of them? Speak, good savage—O, tell me!"

"There were two young braves, and a maiden fairer than the flower of the Odahmin, and from that we named her 'the wild strawberry blossom.'"

"My Bessy—O, is she—"

The mother could not finish—the doubt overcame her, and her sobs completed the question.

"She lives," said the warrior, briefly, and in a tone of more emotion than is the wont of his nation to betray, added; "Tongwa, the young chief of the Hurons, held forth his hand to her, and she sits in his wigwam."

"The wife of an Indian!" exclaimed the mother, in a tone of dismay.

"Did not the white squaw love her young braves, that their names do not rise to her lips?" asked the Indian, in a tone of slight reproof.

"O yes, my boys—a mother's heart loves all alike," answered Mrs. Bronson, coloring as she spoke.

"He of the fair hair and white skin."

"Sammy!" murmured the mother.

"He earned no name among the Hurons," responded the warrior, sadly, "for when the first snow covered the earth, after he came among us, the Great Spirit called him and he went."

For a moment the mother's voice was drowned in her fast-flowing tears; then she murmured, "My poor, pale little Sammy, he never was strong, and how he must have missed his mother before he died!"

The warrior stood silent, apparently determined to give no information without direct questioning. At last, Mrs. Bronson raised her head, and said:

"Little Bear, you are named wrong; your people should have called you the Raven, for all your song is of death. Now tell me of the evil which befell my eldest son—my brave and noble boy—him who would have been the staff and stay of his old father and mother—what of him?"

"He lives," answered the warrior, in a slow voice, guttural from suppressed emotion. "He grew up among the young men of the Hurons, but they denied him any name, except the pale-face, until the last snow, when alone, and almost unarmed, he slew a bear and her cubs; they then named him Mah-ta-chee-go."

The woman looked hurriedly up in his face, but it was passionless and void of all emotion. His eyes were calmly fixed upon the setting sun.

"Mah-ta-chee-go—but you told me that was your own name."

"The lips of Little Bear know no lie. I am that little boy, who fifteen snows ago, left this very wigwam at your bidding, and who comes back to find himself forgotten."

Mah-ta-chee-go spoke these words with a bitter sadness in his tone, which went straight to the heart of the mourning mother. She seized his arm as he turned away, and tried to read beneath the paint and savage acontrments, the well-

remembered features of her boy. But naturally of a very swarthy complexion, and with coal-black hair and eyes, fifteen years of Indian life and habits had produced so close a resemblance to those with whom he lived, that for another moment the mother doubted.

"Tell me the last words I spoke to you, Jimmy," said she, half fondly, half hesitatingly.

"You bid me take good care of my sister Bessy," said the young man, for the first time turning his eyes full upon his mother.

The glance of the well remembered dark eyes penetrated at once to her heart.

"My son, my son," cried she, throwing her arms about his neck, "it is indeed my son!"

For some minutes no articulate words were spoken, while with fond caresses and murmured thanksgivings, the mother sought—and with almost entire success—to efface from the heart of her son any lingering suspicions that his return was a matter of indifference.

Before the emotion of the meeting had subsided into calm, the father returned; and although not so demonstrative, his joy was even more satisfying to the hungry heart of the wanderer, than that of his mother—for if Hugh Bronson had encountered one who could tell him of his lost children, the name of his eldest son would have been the first to cross his lips.

In the long conversation that followed, the wanderer related to his parents the prominent points of their capture and subsequent life.

Stephen Saunders had found the three Bronson children in a mountain pasture about three miles from home, whither they had followed the track of the cows. After a few words together, they, the children, proceeded to collect the animals, and while thus engaged, a party of Indians, four in number, sprang from the bushes, captured and bound them. Not, however, without many struggles on the part of the elder boys. Then, driving their captives before them, they took a northerly direction, and the same night regained their tribe, a division of the Hurons who were then proceeding to the banks of the Ottawa for their summer encampment. Only a few days after their joining the tribe, a boy about Stephen's age, had, in the wantonness of boyish mischief, chosen Bessy's white neck as a target for his blunt-pointed arrows, and although not seriously injuring, was very annoying, and somewhat hurting her. Stephen with angry gestures bade him desist, but the boy with the instinct of the tyrant, redoubled his insults, and finally struck the little girl a smart blow upon the cheek. Quick as thought Stephen felled the aggressor to the earth, and was proceeding to chastise him some-

what severely, when the boy's father (who possessed the same disposition as his son) happened to come in sight of the scene of action. Without hesitation the savage poised his tomahawk, and the next instant the noble but ill-fated Stephen fell lifeless at the feet of Bessy, the object of his boyish devotion, and the innocent cause of his untimely death. The murder was not considered a matter of much moment by most of the tribe, but yet there were kind hearts among them who feared not to express disapproval of the cruel deed, and the remaining three children were adopted into different families, and kindly treated. Bessy at sixteen years of age, had become an object of admiration to most of the young warriors of the tribe, and had finally been chosen by the eldest son of the chief, as his first wife, and was now the mother of a boy, which still more increased her consequence in the tribe.

For the first time in fifteen years, the tribe had taken the same direction in their wanderings which had brought them so fatally near the Bronsons' cabin before, and were now encamped within a mile of the house.

"Then I can see Bessy," exclaimed the mother, eagerly, and rising as she spoke.

"Yes, mother," said James, somewhat sadly. "You may look upon the face and hear the voice of the 'Strawberry blossom,' but let not your heart fail you if she knows not your face, and turns away from your arms. She is no longer Bessy, but the wife of Tongwa, and the mother of his son."

The mother groaned. But after a moment's thought she said :

"Bring me where I can see and speak to her, my son, and I will try the power of a mother's love to bring her back."

James, who could not at once lay aside his habits of taciturnity and brevity of speech, answered but by a sign of assent, and with some little preparation, the father and mother followed the noiseless footsteps of their son. Swiftly and silently they traversed for some moments the woodland paths familiar to all three, and then striking off, made their way for some distance through the pathless forest. At last, the yelping of the curs and the glimmer of distant fires betrayed the Indian encampment about a quarter of a mile below them, as they stood on the brow of a steep hill.

"Wait here, and I will bring her to you," said their guide in a low voice. And he disappeared among the trees.

Long and weary seemed the time to those waiting hearts and straining ears, before a light crackling of the fallen twigs betrayed an ap-

proaching footstep. In another moment, their son again stood before them, accompanied by a slight, handsome girl, whose features seemed at first very unlike those of the delicate child whose image dwelt in the mother's heart.

"Bessy, don't you know me?" asked the mother, timidly, after a moment's pause.

Here James signified his intention to act as interpreter, and presently gave from his sister the following reply.

"Mah-ta-chee-go says you are my mother; but it is long ago, and Odahmin does not wish to remember." And the girl pressed her hand with an air of painful abstraction upon her forehead, as if the vague memories crowding there annoyed her.

"Bessy, Bessy," exclaimed the yearning mother, in a voice of piteous entreaty, "don't talk so—don't say you don't want to remember. You're not Odahmin, but my own sweet little Bessy, and this is your brother Jim." And with love that would not be repelled, the mother threw her arms about her child, and pressed wild kisses upon her smooth, young brow, upon the dark, wondering eyes, upon the cheek of dusky rose, and upon the small and ruby mouth.

Odahmin submitted passively to the caresses, but at last withdrew herself somewhat decidedly from them. Then perceiving that her mother was grieved at this repulsion, she hastily unbound from her back a little bundle tied with strings of gay wampum.

"Let the pale face look upon the son of Tongwa and be glad," said she, disclosing as she spoke, the little brown, patient face of an Indian baby.

Mrs. Bronson regarded it with a strange and mingled feeling of love and repulsion. Then, thinking to win the love of the girl-mother by kindness to her infant, she took it in her arms, kissed it, spoke soft and loving words to the little unconscious stranger.

"Bessy darling," said she, tenderly, "you will come home and live with me, and bring baby too," added she anxiously, as Odahmin (after her brother had translated this appeal) shook her head. "O, do not refuse to love and know

O, child, child, you will break my heart!" exclaimed the mother, passionately. "Are you not my own child? Did I not raise you at this bosom, hold you in these arms, work for you, pray for you, mourn for you?—and now will you deny me the one reward I ask for all—your love?"

Odahmin regarded wonderingly this burst of emotion, so foreign to Indian habits of self-control. Then, as her mother seemed waiting for her to speak, she replied, in sweet, cold tones:

"Odahmin hears the voice of the pale face squaw, but she knows not her words. Perhaps the pale face may be her mother, but she knows her not, and her heart is not with her." Tongwa will be a great chief, and Odahmin is his wife and the mother of his child. Her heart is full, and there is no room there for the squaw of the pale faces."

With these words she took her papoose from the arms of her father (who had been silent, partly from emotion, and partly because he deferred to the superior tact of his wife in conducting such an interview), and when the weeping mother raised her head, the slight form had disappeared, and with it the secretly nourished hope of fifteen long years. She gazed a moment in the direction of the encampment, then turning to Jim, who stood still as a statue near her, she said:

"And you, my son, do you also desert us?"

"Never, mother, while the Great Spirit grants me life will I leave you; but the ears of Tongwa and his father are open, and their eyes see far. I cannot steal away from them, but I will go and say, 'here is the wigwam of my pale face father and mother; let me go and live with them'; then if they say yes, I will come."

"But if they say no," asked the father eagerly.

"Then will I come too—but before many suns a swift arrow will find my heart," said the youth.

No sleep visited the log-house that night, but father and mother sat anxiously awaiting the return of their son with the answer of the chiefs. As morning broke, he quietly entered the open door, and stood silently before them.

"The answer?" exclaimed both, in a breath.

"Tongwa says, 'Mah-ta-chee-go is a man and a warrior, and he needs not to ask another what he shall do, or where he shall go—let the Great Spirit speak in his heart—if he says go, then let Mah-ta-chee-go obey him.'"

"And did you ask him to let Bessy come if she would?" inquired the mother, with a faint hope that nature might yet revive in the estranged heart of her child.

"I spoke her name," said Jim, "but Tongwa said, with a dark brow—'it is different—a squaw stays in the wigwam of her husband, and his will is hers.'"

James Bronson remained contentedly with his parents, gradually losing his Indian habits and modes of expression. In process of time he brought home as wife, a comely, industrious and sunny-tempered girl, who relieved her mother of all labor and care, and in due time placed in her arms a little Bessy, whose soft and tiny hands at last healed wholly the deep and aching wound another Bessy had inflicted.

[ORIGINAL.]
REFLECTIONS.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Sweet valley, once again I come,
To linger in thy quiet bowers;
To dream away, mid haunts of home,
The weariness of noon-tide hours.
Once more with bounding pulse I view
The scenes so loved of other years;
But thoughts which childhood never knew,
Keep rising with my heart's warm tears.
O, leave me now!—these scenes are all
With holy memories strangely fraught;
And let my longing soul recall
Those gleams of joy my spirit caught,
When far above the shining leaves
An azure sky looked calmly down;
While yet the glowing sunlight weaves
For distant hills a glory-crown.
My past!—one flood of gorgeous light
Hath richly beamed o'er all the way;
And witching sounds, and visions bright,
Sing only of the glad to-day.
Those brilliant dyes are round me still,
Lifelike and rich their varied hue;
They have not ceased my soul to thrill,
But darkness mingles with the blue.
Forget, my soul, forget that life
Hath aught of tears or haunting sighs;
The soft blue hills shut out the strife,
Then rest beneath these summer skies.
O, no, I cannot all forget!
One burthened song rings sadly lone;
Grief, statue-like, sits brooding yet
O'er idols I have called mine own.
I must be happy—hence, vague dreams!
Ye bind my spirit close to earth!
Can I be sad when rosy beams
Like these are melting into mirth?
Not here among these purple hills,
Love, trust, and hope, and joy be mine;
O, memory, every heart-string thrills
At one low-murmured tone of thine!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PEARL NECKLACE:
—OR,—
A QUEEN'S GIFT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

ON a pleasant, English summer, three centuries ago, a retinue of riders on steeds whose housings were of blue and gold, wound along the wide highway and up a broad, oak-shaded avenue leading to a baronial hall, till they halted before the door, on whose threshold stood royalty to receive her guests—the Princess Mary, at Newhall. Foremost among the train of beautiful ladies

who rode with gallant cavalier at her saddle-bow, and distinguished above all for the pensive beauty of her countenance, her varied accomplishments and learning, and the rare sweetness of her disposition, was she whom the English princess stooped to kiss and salute with the words, "Welcome, fair cousin!"—she, whom in later years the same hand that then clasped hers, affixed the signature of England's queen to her death-warrant—Lady Jane Grey.

But this was years before, when both were young, and the heart of the one had not grown hardened and revengeful under ambitious iron fingers, and the other was guileless and trusting as she was amiable and beautiful. At sixteen, Lady Jane Grey was one of the loveliest women in England. There are old paintings of her which show this fact—giving evidence of the fair, broad brow on which genius sat enthroned, the exquisite mouth, denoting a sensitive, affectional nature, the delicately-arched eyebrows of jet, the luxuriant tresses escaping from the high head-dress of the times, and the countenance of meek, pensive beauty. A Holbein portrait of Lady Jane, still extant, perhaps gives us the truest idea of her exceeding loveliness. In this, the towering head-dress is not seen, and her soft hair falls low on the back of her white, round neck—and the throat and shoulders are not shaded by the stiff partlet, or standing collar, which the fashion of the times demanded as a finish to every lady's square-necked gown. There are jewels and necklaces for her adornment; but the sweet beauty of the fair face is more attractive than costly gem or bauble. And in this Holbein painting, as a modern historian has said, "there is a pensiveness which would almost make one suppose that when it was taken, she anticipated by presentiment her sorrowful fate."

But, returning to the shade of Newhall that summer morning, while the retinue of Lady Jane dismounted at the entrance of the palace, whither she had journeyed to pay a visit to her royal cousin, let us follow her into the spacious receiving-room, thence to the suite of apartments the Princess had caused to be put in readiness for the reception of her summer guest. Sinking into a tapestried, oaken-backed chair, and removing her riding-hat with drooping plumes, the slender figure of the youthful Lady Jane was revealed in a riding-dress of dark green, whose sweeping folds lay on the oaken floor of the chamber.

"I faith, fair cousin, thou art weary with thy journeyings," said the princess, bidding a tiring-maid assist in the lady's arrayal in some lighter

robe. "Or wert thou so beguiled with thy cavalier's converse as to unheed dust or heat, fair Jane?" And an arch smile sat on Mary's haughty lips.

The lady blushed slightly, but replied in a quiet voice—"Nay, good cousin, I must confess to weariness—so thou seest that cavalier's converse hath scarcely charm sufficient to ward off fatigue of body. And, please you, I will rest now until the noonday hour."

"Certes, cousin Jane! Katharine will show you to your bed-chamber, where I charge thee sleep soundly till thou art summoned to meet thy Dudley again." And once more the princess smiled at the mention of a name which brought crimson into her cousin's cheeks, while the fair Lady Jane followed the waiting-maid to refresh herself from the fatigues of her journey to Newhall.

When Lady Jane had followed her attendant from the apartment, the princess turned to a jewelled casket upon the toilet, and drew forth a splendid necklace of pearls and gold, which she slipped through her fingers.

"What think you, Lady Wharton," she said, to a stately dame, who just then entered the apartment—"this is my present to our young cousin Jane, whom I have invited thither to pass her summer holidays—will it not become her exceeding beauty?"

The lady addressed took the necklace, and looking upon it, replied :

"Of a truth, Princess Mary, thou art passing royal in thy gifts to this young cousin, and indeed it will set off her rare loveliness, for, certes, report hath not lied in proclaiming Lady Jane Grey the most beautiful maiden in the whole kingdom. But, my princess," and the stately dame drew nearer, and a shade of interest deepened over a face naturally austere, if not gloomy, "would it not be well while thou seekest the outward decking of thy young kinswoman, to inquire into her religious tenets? for I am told that she converses openly with scholars and learned men, and talks on the knottiest points of the Protestant creed equal to the doctors of the schools. That old doting schoolmaster, Roger Ascham, ~~had~~ poisoned her mind, else we might win her over to our true faith."

"Of a truth, my Lady Wharton," replied the princess, whose pale, plain face grew a shade paler, and whose haughty lips a trifle more rigid, "I will confess to you that the chief object for which I bid my cousin Jane here on this visit is, that thy converse may lead her over to our Catholic creed. And to this end, I would favorably influence her affections towards me first

by gifts like these. Jane is youthful, thus easily moulded; and 'twixt you and I, Wharton, I doubt not we may convert her to the true faith. I hate these Protestants, one and all!" And the princess's eye darkened, and her face grew almost livid with fierce emotions one would not suspect in that slender frame—"Ay, I hate them, and though policy dictates a show of liberalism in my religious belief now, yet the day may come when England's queen (for, list you, Lady Wharton, the crown is mine, and I will wear it yet), when England's queen shall dare speak openly of the Catholic faith, which she now must perforce cover and conceal! But, a truce to this mood!" And the princess cleared her brow as she lay back the necklace in the casket, which upon awaking from her brief slumber, the young Lady Jane found upon her toilet. "It behoves us both to ascertain how far this Protestantism is imbued in my fair cousin's faith, and to uproot it, till she and I acknowledge the same religious tenets, even as we do our common ancestors."

And while—that night after she had lain back the pearl necklace in its casket, when she returned from the spacious drawing-room where the princess had entertained her gathered guests—Lady Jane Grey knelt with unaffected piety and offered up her evening prayer, she little dreamed of the league into which her hostess and the austere Lady Wharton had entered against her.

One afternoon while the guests of the Princess Mary lounged through the various apartments of the palace, or strayed among the blossoming gardens, rich in shrubs and flowers and bordered avenues, a twain walked slowly through the aisle of the domestic chapel at Newhall—Lady Wharton, and she whom she has ostensibly made her pet and protege, the youthful Lady Jane Grey. The crimson light falling through the stained windows in the soft hush of the golden summer afternoon, and slanting across the altar rich in massive silver decking and embroidered altar cloths, while it gave a subdued aspect to Lady Wharton's usually austere features, lighted up the soft, pensive features of the beautiful girl with a rosy glow. The twain had conversed long together of various matters—of the failing health of young Edward, the gentle boy sovereign—of Lady Jane's recent presentation at court—of the brilliant ceremonial which had welcomed the arrival of the queen dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, at Whitehall, in which the young Lady Jane had taken public part—of the purse knut of gold and silver Lady Jane's mother had presented young Edward,

and the three gilt bowls with covers the monarch had presented the Duchess of Suffolk in return, till finally, the conversation turned on the young king's failing health, and the probable succession to the throne in case of his death.

"Thou seest that thy cousin, the Princess Mary, is likely to heir the English crown, Lady Jane," said Lady Wharton, "and I believe of a truth, despite all she hath suffered, the crown of Henry will yet return to his daughter. What thinkest thou, Lady Jane?"

Perhaps the girl saw the artfulness of this query through its apparent simplicity, for she replied deferentially, thus leaving open no avenue by which wrong construction might be put on her words:

"I have never thought on these weighty subjects, my lady. The mind of a simple girl has never soared to affairs pertaining to the state and crown."

Lady Wharton bit her lip, but playfully tapping Lady Jane's cheek with her fan, said, with an apparently careless smile: "But they do report that my little Jane hath dared dispute with the learned men of the kingdom pertaining churchly affairs! How is't, Jane? Ascham, Sturmius and Bullinger are correspondents of thine, and in thy letters with these scholars, I dare affirm thou art not silent on thy points of religious faith. But when thy cousin Mary rules the kingdom, how wilt thou reconcile thy creed to hers?—for thou knowest the princess is a good Catholic, as I wish thou wert also, my little Jane, and as I hope to see thee ere thou leavest us."

"Jane Grey will never quarrel with her royal cousin, I dare say," smiled the girl. "Religious tenets were not made to dispute about, either in the schools or among kinsfolk, Lady Wharton."

This evasive answer for a moment foiled the lady; but only served to strengthen her desire to ascertain more closely Lady Jane's real creed, and further, to win her to her own.

"But why may not thy sentiments be brought into harmony with Lady Mary's?" she asked. "Why dost thou shun converse with her on these points?"

"Nay, that is unfair," replied Lady Jane. "Thou sayest my cousin is a good Catholic; and knowing that the Duke of Suffolk hath instilled other belief into his daughter's mind, expectest her to go over to the other's ranks. But, Lady Wharton, hath not the Princess Mary acted a double part, in that she hath failed openly to avow this Catholic creed, which thou confessest, as others have suspected, she holds; while she hath permitted the belief to go throughout

England that she somewhat favors Protestantism?"

Lady Jane Grey's simple, straightforward question suited not the scheming Lady Wharton, though policy taught her to dissemble in her reply:

"In good sooth, thou art not yet versed in worldly policy, my little Jane," she laughed, "else thou wouldst not put such a query. See'st thou not that our good princess hath lived, as it were, in a straight place, wherein she hath scarcely dared to turn? Henry's daughter hath had some sore trials—enough, I trow, to learn her a politician's tact and a cardinal's wisdom—and should ever her skies brighten, as the portents even now show, I vouch for the wisest reign our England hath known under many sovereigns, and the establishment of a most holy faith in the church of England, to whose tenets I could wish even now, your heart might lead you, my dear Lady Jane. But, I' faith, we are well nigh spending the day in these discussions," said Lady Wharton, apparently heeding for the first time the waning sunlight slanting through the stained Gothic windows. "Let us to the palace. I charge thee, my little Jane, to make no mention of our converse to thy mates, else they might ridicule our holy religion, or report us to the princess, who, I fear, might grow wroth."

This artfully worded request led the youthful Lady Jane to give her promise of secrecy.

"The princess hath been very kind to me," she said, involuntarily raising her slender fingers to the pearl circlet about her fair neck, "and I would shun that which might anger her. But why do you curtsey?" she asked, as Lady Wharton made a low obeisance in passing the altar. "Surely the Princess Mary is not present in the chapel?"

"No," replied Lady Wharton, pointing to the host upon the altar. "I curtsey to Him that made me."

"Nay," said Lady Jane, "but did not the baker make him?"

A firm, rigid look settled about Lady Wharton's mouth, as this light answer passed the girl's lips, and a glance of hate shot from her cold, gray eyes; but they walked back to the palace, where Lady Wharton parted from her with a show of affection. But later, when closeted with the Princess Mary, and repeating word for word the afternoon converse in the chapel, the bigotry of these Catholic women was plainly imprinted on their countenances. A hard, cold smile deepened over Lady Wharton's face, as she noticed the effect the relation of the incident before the

her had upon the princess ; and Mary, never ugly or attractive, and daily growing into a hardened, ambitious, bigoted woman, plainly showed that the words would not soon be forgiven, or forgotten. A historian has recorded it thus : " This dialogue was repeated to the Princess Mary, who was offended with Jane, and never afterwards loved her."

In the beautiful English May, the nuptials of Lady Jane Grey with Lord Guilford Dudley were celebrated at Durham House, in the Strand, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. What time so appropriate for the consummation of the loves of the fair Lady Jane and her gallant, handsome, noble young husband, as this spring season, when the hawthorn was white with blossoms, and the sky was blue and sunny above ? Alas, that the sky of her young life was ever darkened, and this innocent, unambitious girl left to fall a victim to scheming, aggrandizing men, who played with the crown of England as with a bauble, tossing it hither and thither at will. There were two other marriages solemnized at Durham House at the period of Lady Jane's, respectively, those of Lady Katharine Grey, the sister of the bride, and Lady Katharine Dudley, the sister of the bridegroom ; and at these illustrious bridals much of pomp and pageantry prevailed. A vast concourse of invited guests, brilliant in blazing jewels and orders and insignia of rank, assembled in the chapel ; crowds of peasants drank to the noble couple in countless flagons of ale when the news was borne to them ; and history has chronicled—" When the ceremony was performed, and it was known to the people in the streets of London, there was a general rejoicing."

Edward himself—the beloved, gentle, young king—though surely dying under the wasting influence of that terrible scourge, consumption, rallied for a little, and with the last smile ever worn on his pallid face, was borne to witness the ceremonial by which Lady Jane Grey, loved as his sister, was made the wife of the young Lord Dudley. And publicly the young monarch declared his favor, by ordering the master of the royal wardrobe to bestow sumptuous dresses embroidered with gold and splendid jewels, on Lady Jane for the bridal outfit.

And when the marriage festivities were over, and the grand court pageantries had ended, Lord Dudley and Lady Jane stole away from the gilded scene to pass their honeymoon amid the beautiful, sequestered shades of Sion House, the ancient seat of the Dudleys ; while the young king, alas, wasting daily under the grasp of that

fell destroyer, whose icy fingers nor gold, nor rank, nor power can unloose, was borne back to the bed he had quitted to witness the last earthly scene of pageantry his eyes ever beheld—but which he never quitted more till they bore away the royal dead for royal burial !

And so the weeks sped by, till spring leaped into summer, and the month of roses—sweet June—had waned ; and when the sultry July had set in, to the cool shades of that country retreat where the youthful pair had passed halcyon days in the enjoyment of each other's affection, the pursuit of classic literature, and the ease of elegant opulence, came the news that young Edward was dying. Perchance a saddened heart and tearful eyes proclaimed Lady Jane Dudley's grief at the tidings concerning the amiable youth, whom she had learned to love as a young brother, while she respected him as a mild and gentle monarch ; but there were in these hours no foreshadowings of the station to which his death would summon her from her retirement—no forebodings of the unsought crown which would be thrust upon her brow. For while Edward lay dying, the crafty Northumberland was at his work, artfully plying the young king's feeble mind with tales of the succession—portraying the evils which must come upon the realm if the Princess Mary, a bigoted Catholic, were chosen queen, and poisoning him also against the Princess Elizabeth—then setting forth the claims of the Brandon branch, and representing that in consequence of the Duchess of Suffolk's transfer of her own right of succession to her eldest daughter, Lady Jane Dudley was the only proper person to wear the crown of England. And Edward, weak, feeble, and easily-persuaded in his dying hours, consented to draw up his will as the ambitious Northumberland at his bedside dictated ; the great seal of royalty and of the members of the council was affixed to it ; the young Edward VI. died and was buried ; and then amid the beautiful retirement of Sion House, the astonished Lady Dudley was saluted as the future Queen of England—and offered a crown, from which, true to her noble and unambitious nature, she shrank trembling away. History's pages record no more fitting answer to the proffers of scheming men than hers when the crown was pressed upon her acceptance :

" The laws of the kingdom and natural right stand for the king's sisters, and I will beware of burthening a weak conscience with a yoke which belongeth to them ; I understand the infamy of those who permit the violation of right to gain a sceptre ; and it is mocking God and deriding justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling, and

not at the usurpation of a crown. My liberty is better than the crown you offer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever it be framed. I will not exchange my peace for honorable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious fitters; and if you love me sincerely and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted position exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall."

But, spite of her reluctance, and not wishing to withstand the express command of her father, which she had been educated to believe a most wicked and undutiful act—neither daring, in her Protestant faith, to incur the risk for England, should the crown be given to the Catholic Princess Mary, Jane Dudley yielded; and at the early age of sixteen years, "gentle and broken in spirit," she consented to become the Queen of England.

It is related that until her husband joined his voice with the persuaders, she withstood them; but when Lord Guilford Dudley, whom she loved with the fondest affection, urged her acceptance, and in the consequent service she might render Protestantism, she meekly yielded, and became a passive victim in their hands. Alas, she was no more a victim when she bent her fair, young head upon the scaffold!

The reign of Queen Jane had begun; and in the Tower of London, at once a prison and a palace—the Marquis of Winchester brought to her the crown of England. "But she only wept sorrowfully, and lifted not a finger to place it upon her head, but passively waited for others to hold it there." Alas, gloomy forebodings seemed to have haunted Lady Jane throughout all;—from that hour when they first sought her in the quiet shades of Sion House, and urged her forth to play the principal part in this pageantry—a terrible weight seemed to oppress her heart.

The queen was crowned; her proclamation was read to the inhabitants of London. In the meantime, the Princess Mary, who in reality held sway in the hearts of the people, noticing the coldness with which the queen was received, gathered fresh courage, and, surrounded by many nobles who flocked to her standard, put forth her claims to the crown. But readers of history are too familiar with the brief tragedy crowded into those few following weeks, that I need refresh their memories here. There were acts of cowardice by those who had constituted themselves Queen Jane's protectors; Northumberland presented the pitiable spectacle of a man

distracted by fears for the consequence of the position into which his own rash ambition had led him, and when the people in the streets shouted for Queen Mary, his voice joined in the chorus, and he wept, as he asserted, "tears of joy," though in reality weak tears of cowardice. The Marquis of Suffolk, too, the young queen's father, at whose instigation she had accepted the crown, manifested the same lack of manliness; and when Mary was proclaimed in the streets, emerged from the Tower and proclaimed Mary "the lawful Queen of England"—then returning, bade his daughter depose in favor of the new sovereign. Thus, ever, does he who follows the bent of popular favor turn when he sees the wind shifting against him; and in the lives of both Northumberland and Suffolk we have examples of political veering from the true principle of right, which other politicians of a later day have imitated fearlessly, because the terror of the scaffold-axe was not before their eyes.

The sad tragedy was culminating; Lady Jane, manifesting no symptom of fear, but wearing the same calm, sweet, sorrowful countenance as of old, laid down the crown more willingly than she had accepted it, and remained a prisoner in the Tower where she had taken up her abode as queen; and on the third day of August, upon a splendid white horse, Queen Mary attired in violet velvet, entered the streets of London amid the shouting of the populace. Then followed weary days to the prisoners at the Tower. Lord Guilford Dudley had been arrested at the order of Queen Mary and confined in the Tower, and the Lady Jane was removed to one of the warder's houses inside the prison walls, kept by "Master Partridges," where followed long, dreary months of imprisonment and separation from the husband of her love, Lord Dudley. In "the saddest time of all the year," the dreary November, came on the trial of Lady Jane—and though she was remanded back to her confinement, doubtless at that time Queen Mary's heart was not so lost to pity and every womanly emotion, as to decree her death. But again the Duke of Suffolk's mad ambition led him to determine to wrest the crown from Mary; and that act—his placing himself at the head of an immense army, which at length was utterly routed—sealed, not only his own fate, but that of his hapless daughter.

On the 7th of February, "the queen, standing on the spot still damp with blood, in Temple Bar, signed the death-warrant of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley."

Loving and united in life, save during those few dreary months of imprisonment, they were

to be further separated. Death, to Lady Jane Grey, was more merciful than had been Northumberland's ambition or the kinship of England's Catholic queen.

It is not our intention here to record those scenes of gentle patience, angelic sweetness and Christian resignation, which marked the closing days of Lady Jane's life. All, who read this are familiar with the example writ on history's pages, an example the like of which the world never presented before—of a young, lovely and accomplished woman of sixteen, receiving death at the hands of her enemies with the saint-like resignation of a martyr. But when the innocent Lady Jane had died upon the scaffold, Queen Mary must have sometime reverted in memory to those early days, when, under the quiet roof of Whitehall, she received her girl-cousin as her guest; and mayhap she shuddered with horror when looking upon the jewels wrested from Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley on pretence that some of the crown jewels were missing, she discovered side by side in the casket with the "fyshe of gold, being a toothpick, a like pendant having one pearl and three little pearls at it, a dewberry of gold, a collet with five pearls, a tablet with blue and white sapphire, eight guardes of gold and a tassel of Venice gold, five small agates with stars graven upon them, a chain with jacinths, table diamonds set in gold, etc., etc.—side by side with the crown jewels of England, she discovered the gift her own hand had bestowed on Lady Jane Grey in those summer hours at Whitehall—"THE PEARL NECKLACE." Alas, that the hand that gave it should have signed her death-warrant!

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A CLINCHER.

This word is frequently made use of, when some circumstance is related which it would be an insult to the understanding to believe. It had its origin as follows: Two journeymen mechanics were one day contending for superiority in the art of invention, and at length laid a wager which of them could coin the greatest lie. When the stakes were deposited, he that was to begin swore vehemently that one moonlight night he threw a ten-penny nail with such force that it went quite through the body of the moon, which was then at full. "That's true," said his opponent, "for I was on the other side at the very moment, and, with my claw-hammer, clenched the nail." The last fellow was adjudged the wager, and from that time, every outrageous falsehood has been termed "a clincher."—*Boston Herald.*

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INNOCENCE.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

EVE, MY QUEEN.

◆◆◆◆◆
BY MARTIN L. SWAN.

She came to me like a shadow—

The angel of my dreams:

A shadow silently out of heaven,

She came in the white star beams.

My heart leaped up so wildly,

And throbbed and throbbed to her own,

As she folded me up in her soft brown arms,

Beneath her starlit throne;

And I felt the soft rain of her eyes

A-cooling my brain of fire,

And the flames leaped back, and a dreamy surprise

Usurped the place of desire;

And I tasted the cool breath of her lips,

So fresh with the scent of flowers;

And I tossed and sighed 'neath her veiled eyes,

And dreamed this dream for hours.

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[ORIGINAL.]

THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

◆◆◆◆◆
BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

THE front door of Lysle Hall shut so heavily that it shook the house, startling a young girl and boy, who sat in the deep embrasure of a window, apparently waiting for some thing or some person. The girl was dark-haired, dark-eyed, and extremely pretty, though her lips curled rather haughtily, and an imperious glance shot from her large, dark eyes, which told of a proud spirit. The boy was pale and golden-haired; wholly unlike his companion and sister in feature, though his pale, thin lips had the same haughty curl, and his blue eyes grew dark with pride—a poor, weak thing was Alfred Lysle—his right arm and leg being withered—had been so from his birth. He was gentle, affectionate, high-spirited and talented, the idol of his widowed father and proud sister. There were times when his spirit chafed, and he almost cursed the poor maimed body which was such a clog to him.

Alfred read aloud, while his sister Agnes busied herself with a piece of embroidery, giving, if the truth be told, a very divided attention to the words of her brother.

"Was not that a glorious description?" asked the boy, raising his face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm.

"Yes. I think I never heard a cataract described more beautifully."

"Why, Aggie! I got long past the cataract, and reached the meadow."

"O, have you, dear? Well, Alfred, to tell you the honest truth, I got thinking of something else. Be so kind as to read it over again, and this time I will surely listen to you."

The boy laughed gayly, as he answered:

"No use, Aggie—your wits would be wool-gathering again before I had read three lines. I will not torment you any longer. Shall I talk to you, instead—or would you rather be silent?"

"Talk, if you please, Alfred."

"What think you, sister Agnes, will be the result of this conference?" asked the boy, in a low tone.

The girl raised a troubled face, and answered, very slowly:

"Indeed, Alfred, I scarcely dare think. The Dudleys are not famed for generosity and—"

Bang! bang! It was the hall door closing so heavily, that it stopped her words and caused both the young persons to start.

"Gone at last!" exclaimed Agnes. And she rose to her feet just as the door of the room where they were sitting opened, and an old gentleman entered.

"What now, father? I thought Mortimer Dudley would never go. How is it settled?"

"The matter stands just as it did before. He will not abate one inch of ground, nor will I. He thinks his claim as good as mine, and day after to-morrow we meet on the debateable ground, and with sturdy lances, settle the question."

"Good, father! I feared you might be compelled to yield, and I couldn't bear to think that in your old age you would be obliged to give up your home and go among strangers. The case has been carried from court to court, and years have passed away in futile waiting; now, a well-directed blow and the proud Earl of Dudley will be overthrown. Ay, charge at him, father, and may God and Saint Mary guide your weapon so that you come off conqueror."

The old man smiled and patted the glowing cheek of his pretty, spirited daughter, then seated himself beside his son and read with him.

Sir Henry Lysle was about fifty-five, handsome and high-spirited, an upright, honorable and kind father. For two generations, between the houses of Dudley and Lysle had been a long-standing quarrel concerning some property, two-thirds, including the buildings, of the Lysle estate. The dispute had been carried from court to court, without any decision being made in favor of either party. Lately Robert, Earl of Dudley, had died, and his son, a dashing young man of twenty-five, had, tired of the old time quarrel, proposed to settle the debate by single

combat, to be held on the debateable territory—then, in the fourteenth century, a very common method of settling disputes. Thus the matter stood, and with conversation and reading, the three passed the evening.

After Alfred had retired, Agnes lingered behind, seemingly averse to leave her father. Sir Henry noticed her hesitation, and putting an arm round her waist, and stroking her dark, curling hair, he said earnestly:

"Day after to-morrow, Agnes, I shall mount my good steed and battle for my rights and our home. If I fall, as fall I may, we are homeless. Should anything happen to prevent me from engaging in this conflict—"

"But nothing can happen to prevent you, father," eagerly interrupted Agnes.

"Nothing but sudden illness, or death, my child."

"O, father!"

"We must look at possibilities, my dear child, and I trust you do not shrink. If, as I say, anything shall prevent me from fighting my fight, I know not what you will do. A little money I have; you will find it in the ebony cabinet, beside my bed. With that, you must go with your brother to our relations beyond the border. Never mind, my child; I feel that you tremble. We'll look only on the bright side, and now—good night!"

Thus they parted, with one fond embrace. As Agnes ascended to her chamber, her heart was heavy with presentiment of coming evil.

About midnight, Agnes was roused from a deep, though troubled slumber by a hand laid firmly on her shoulder. It was Margery, the old nurse.

"O, dear, Miss Agnes! Get up—wake—as quick as you can, for you are wanted."

There was trouble and despair in the old woman's voice, and Agnes sprang from her bed and began to dress as hastily as possible, while she eagerly questioned Margery.

"What is the matter, Margery?"

"Sir Henry, your dear father, is ill—taken suddenly."

"With what?"

"O, dear miss, I don't know! James, who always sleeps in the next room, heard a kind of groaning, and rushing in, found my dear master in some kind of a fit."

"O, merciful Heaven! spare my father to me!" exclaimed the trembling Agnes, as, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she flew, rather than ran down stairs. At the door of her father's room, she paused and turned to Margery, who had followed as closely as she could.

"Has any one gone for the doctor?"

"Yes, James went, as soon as I could go to master."

Agnes entered the dimly-lighted chamber, and approached the bed where her father lay so white and motionless, while the frightened servants stood round mately. Sir Harry Lyle was a good, kind master, and the servants were devoted to him. Summoning all her courage, Agnes neared the bed. At the first sight, she trembled, for she thought her father was dead. Bending over him, she laid her hands upon his heart, and was rejoiced to feel that it pulsated still—though very, very faintly. Ignorant what to do, Agnes bathed her father's face, and was in despair at the failure of her efforts, when the physician entered. Dr. Thompson pronounced it to be a paralytic stroke, and proceeded to bleed the patient. Soon Sir Henry opened his eyes, and seemed conscious of all that was going on. He endeavored to speak, but that being impossible, paper and pencil were brought him. In large, irregular characters, he scrawled:

"Doctor, will I be well enough to go out to-morrow?"

With wistful eyes, he watched the physician as he deciphered the characters, and his face expressed bitter despair, as Dr. Thompson shook his head. Again he wrote:

"I cannot meet Mortimer Dudley, and we are lost, Agnes."

Agnes read the irregular writing, so different from his usual firm, clear words, and she could scarcely repress the tears; but bravely mastering her feelings, she said, bending over the stricken man: "Can you hear and understand what I say, father?"

A faint nod was the answer.

"Then rest in peace, dear father, for a champion will be found who will strive as manfully as you—and God grant that he may be as brave and skilful!"

A smile of contentment passed over the sick man's face, and he calmly closed his eyes. Too ill to question or doubt, he believed his daughter's words.

Towards the close of that day, Agnes returned from a short and rapid ride, and sought in the stable for old Arnold, her father's trusty esquire. The old man turned, as he heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and was only in time to see Agnes spring lightly from the saddle. He doffed his cap respectfully, and waited for his mistress to speak.

"You know, Arnold, that it was my father's purpose to ride forth to meet young Dudley at daybreak, to-morrow?"

"I know—I know, Mistress Agnes; but he is ill—stricken down—and cannot go," answered the old servitor, in a mournful voice.

"I know of a champion," and the girl's pale face flushed as she spoke, "a rather inexperienced youth, but one who has a brave heart, keen eye, and ready hand. All that he has, but no armor, and my father's is all too wide for him. Know you any other?"

"Up in the garret is a suit, long unused. It belonged to your father when he was a mere stripling, scarcely stouter than you, dear lady."

Agnes bent her head in thought, then raised it.

"That will do very well, I think. Have it brightly polished, all in order, and lay it on the couch in the red room."

"It is as bright now, Mistress Agnes," replied the old man, respectfully, though with an accent of pride, "as the day your father last wore it, nearly forty years ago. I loved the armor my young pupil wore, and no speck of rust dulls its bright surface, no stay unloosed, or dinted plate."

"Ever faithful, good Arnold. All is well. To-morrow, at daybreak, be at the hall door with black Rudolph, father's horse, yourself in armor ready to accompany the young knight."

"Your bidding shall be done."

"And, Arnold, should the young knight lack aught in riding, or in the handling of the lance, direct him as you did my father."

Agnes turned and walked quickly to the house, wholly unconscious of the curious gaze which followed her. Old Arnold looked after her with wistful eyes, then murmured aloud:

"Proud step, like her father, yet light as a fairy's. Where has she found a champion? Jessie has been ridden smartly, I see by her reeking flanks and heaving sides. It can't be that poor young Master Alfred is going to try—that would be madness, though I know he is equal in spirit to it—poor fellow—no, no—that can't be, for his arm is neither steady nor strong. I can't think—"

"Arnold, old fellow," exclaimed a cheery voice, "don't bother your old brain, but obey orders. To-morrow will solve your doubts. God and Saint Josephus grant that our poor master's cause may be victorious."

"Amen, Joseph," responded Arnold. And he turned and went slowly towards the hall.

Just before daybreak, the next morning, obedient to orders, Arnold, clad in armor, holding black Rudolph, stood at the hall door. His own horse was held by Joseph. Both men watched, with anxious eyes, the opening of the heavy oaken door.

" Mayhap the young knight oversleeps himself, and is dreaming now of his lady-love," mockingly whispered the yeoman to the old esquire.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the door swung back upon its hinges, and the ring of a mailed heel was heard upon the stone steps. Eager eyes were raised and—lowered in great disappointment, for the visor was tightly closed.

Perfectly silent, the unknown knight mounted the spirited war-horse, took the lance, and started off at a smart trot, closely followed by Arnold. The yeoman shook his head, as he gazed after them, and muttered, while watching them till out of sight among the trees :

" It's nobody I know. He mounted none too glibly, though he rides well. A slender youth it is, to combat with that fiery young Dudley. Success to him !"

In perfect silence the knight and the esquire rode the short distance to the field of combat—a plain in the farthest verge of the Lysle domain. As they neared the field, the young knight said :

" You must lead the way, Sir Esquire, for I know not but I may go wrong."

The voice was deep and clear, but in vain did Arnold strive to remember having heard it before. Silently he obeyed.

At last the ground was reached, and the stranger rode into the field on one side, at the same moment that Mortimer Dudley entered on the other. A few people were assembled to witness the struggle. The unknown knight and Mortimer Dudley gravely saluted, then backed their horses to the extremity of the field, and waited with lances in rest for the signal to be given. A stout man, Sir William Delorme, gave the required shout. On an instant both horses sprang forward, and bore their riders on. Once they met, yet neither was struck—the second charge, the lance of the Earl of Dudley touched the shoulder of the young knight, who visibly reeled. Arnold was in despair, and murmured :

" All's lost ! The next charge, he will fall !"

A third time they rushed forward, and in a cloud of dust one went down. Arnold closed his eyes, and fairly groaned, when a shout made him re-open them—" Lysle forever ! Lysle forever !"

Sure enough, it was the proud Earl of Dudley who was unhorsed, and beside him knelt the stranger knight.

" Now yield you, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley."

" I yield," said the young earl; " but I would know to whom, for that you are not Sir Henry Lysle, I am sure."

The friends of both parties stood around, and Arnold among the foremost.

" Rise up, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley, and you shall know who has been able to conquer you."

The young nobleman rose, and with folded arms looked at the slender mailed figure before him.

The stays were unloosed and helmet thrown back, and the sun streaming through the clouds, which had until then obscured it, shone full upon the uncovered face. Mortimer started, while a loud, triumphant shout rent the air. The young man gazed in wonder and admiration upon the delicate face, long, waving brown hair, and heaving bosom of young Agnes Lysle !

A red flush rose to the brow of the haughty earl, and he bit his lips with rage.

" Be not chagrined, brave Dudley," said Agnes, in her rich, sweet voice, while the long, dark lashes drooped on her cheek which was now paling, and she extended her mailed hand. " You have but bowed to the fate decreed to all mankind. From the beginning to the end of time, brave men will yield to the power of women, and degrade not their manhood by so doing. I battled for my home, Sir Earl, and God guided my arm. Hereafter, let us meet as friends who have proved each other's mettle. Shall it be so ?"

Unable to resist the sweet voice and bewitching smile, Mortimer seized the mailed hand, and kissing it, whispered so low that none of the bystanders heard :

" Yes—a thousand times, yes ; and from my fall, I will rise and soar higher than ever, seeking only for your love and approbation."

A bright blush spread over the beautiful face, and for one moment the dark eyes were raised—only for a moment—then, with a half-murmured farewell, Agnes mounted her father's horse and prepared to leave the field as quietly as she came. But this was not to be, for all the people present turned, with one accord, and in triumph accompanied her home. She tried in vain to remonstrate against this—her words were unheeded. At her bridle rein rode the proud Earl of Dudley.

Upon his bed of illness, lay Sir Henry Lysle. The shouts of the returning party reached his ears, and by signs he inquired the cause.

" The stranger knight returns victorious !" exclaimed Margery, in delight. Alfred, who sat beside the bed, rose up, exclaiming, while his frame fairly trembled with excitement :

" O, father ! all the joy isn't come yet. Wait till you know all. Shall I go and lead the proud conqueror to your bedside, dear father ?"

An eager sign of assent was given by the invalid, and Alfred hastened, as fast as his lame-ness would permit, from the room.

With a step less firm, and a varying cheek, Agnes, led by her brother, entered Sir Henry's chamber. Her visor was closed. Coming forward, she knelt beside the bed. At an eager sign from her father, she strove to unloose the stays, but her trembling fingers refused to do her bidding. The Earl of Dudley, who still kept by her side, undid the fastenings, and Alfred threw back the heavy helmet, disclosing the blushing, agitated face of Agnes Lysle.

The shock was great, and effected a cure, for Sir Henry rose up in bed and exclaimed:

"Agnes! Agnes! My Agnes! In armor! coming here victorious!"

"Yes, father," exclaimed Alfred, "Agnes it is, surely."

Mortimer Dudley here stepped forward.

"Gently, Sir Henry. Lay back upon your pillows. Like a hero, your daughter donned armor, and bravely combated for your rights, and unhorsed me. I, the proudest nobleman in England, am here to say it. I yield to her all—my heart and fortune, the devoted love of a lifetime, here, in your presence, I lay at her feet, praying that she may not give me my death-blow, for refusal will kill me."

With deep, devoted love shining from his eyes, the haughty Mortimer Dudley waited her answer. Rising from her knees, all clad in clanking armor, and her face brilliant with happiness, Agnes Lysle came forward and placed the tiny hand, so lately encased in a mailed gauntlet, in the hands of the young earl, saying, with her fascinating smile:

"If I vanquished you, Mortimer Dudley, you have conquered me for all time."

Mortimer folded the young girl in one fond embrace, then turned to Sir Henry, who lay upon his pillows, smiling but weak.

"Your blessing, Sir Henry Lysle. This day your daughter has won back your inheritance and robbed me of the things most valued in this world, my heart and liberty—two feasts."

Thus Agnes Lysle became the wife of one of the proudest nobles in England, and the memory of herfeat is still cherished, for the crest of the Dudleys is "out of a ducal coronet of gold, a woman's bust, her hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head, with stay or throat-lash down," and a MS. in possession of the Dudleys, of Northamptonshire, preserves the story of THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

A PICTURE OF TEXAS.

The following is an extract from a letter of Bishop Pierce to the New Orleans Christian Advocate: "Texas is a curious country—a paradox. Everything is in the speculative, or contradictory, or marvellous. It is the richest and the poorest; has the best land and the poorest water; is the hardest country to live in, and has the most to live on; the days are the hottest, and the nights the coolest; here are the most rivers, and the least water; the best roads, and the slowest travel; the finest building material, and the least use made of it; there are more clouds, and less rain; more plains, and less timber; more ropes to tie horses, and yet more estrays; a poor country for farming, and yet the most productive; the least work, and the largest yield; the horses are small, and the cattle big; the frogs have horns, and the rabbits have ears like mules; the people are intelligent, without general education; inventive, without being tricky; refined, without mannerism; bold, generous and brave. In fine, here is an empire in extent and resources, but in the slowest process of evolution, and yet destined to population, wealth and power. There is much to admire, but little to deplore; many things to enchant, but few to offend; and for the people and their institutions there is a splendid future."

BILLIARDS FOR THE INSANE.

At the South Boston Insane Asylum there are a few patients who have now, as they had in happier days, a fervent passion for the game of billiards, and to gratify an innocent desire of such, the directors of the Institution have recently caused the introduction of a billiard table. While much harmless amusement is thus derived by many, an opportunity is afforded of witnessing the workings of that singular power of human nature which permits the most flighty and turbulent dispositions to be rendered intelligent and submissive under the influence of some object that engages the attention, pleases the fancy and excites the sympathy of one of an unstable mind. There are admirable players among them, and one, it is thought, would be no mean match for Phelan himself. This movement we record with gratification, for in it we detect another evidence of that increased enlightenment which during the past few years has effected such decided improvements in the condition and treatment of the insane.—*Boston Journal*.

Useful Receipts.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.—Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds, and not rinsed.—If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.—Oat straw is the best for filling beds; it should be changed once a year.—If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.—A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.—Sooted snuff put on holes where crickets come out will destroy them.—Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.—A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

The temperate are the most truly luxurious.

[ORIGINAL.]

I LOVE THEE!

I love thee, because thou hast ever
A smile and a kind word for me:
When those who should cherish me, never
Can aught but my fables see.

I'll quench not the flame that arises
From perishing hopes of my youth;
If reason the weakness despises,
At least 'twill be cancelled by truth.

Thy love o'er my sad spirit beameth,
Like the moon on the dark brow of night;
Till again in its glory it seemeth,
And even its ruins are bright!

How sacred the hope which I've cherished,
That still, in some region divine,
When all that is earthly has perished,
My spirit shall mingle with thine!

M.

[ORIGINAL.]

A WIFE'S STORY.

BY FRANCES A. COREY.

He—my husband—was not handsome, but I loved him. His features were somewhat coarse and irregular, and his hair, though black and glossy, was very straight. But he always parted it so smoothly above his broad, white brow, that to my fond eyes it seemed almost lovely. And then there was such a tender look about his mouth, and such a loving light in his black eyes, that, however ugly he might seem to other people, he was at least beautiful to me. We settled down quietly in our cottage home, and for three short months were very happy. We did not receive much company. My husband said my society was all he required, and while he had that, he cared nothing for the world outside. And as for me, I could have lived contentedly in the dreariest waste, or the barrenest desert, could he have been ever by my side!

Yes, for three short months we were very happy; but it was not always to be so. At last the serpent found its way into our Eden, and destroyed all our newly-found blessedness. Yes, the serpent came at last, in the form of Roscoe St. Orme, my husband's cousin. We did not think, when he came to us with such a sweet, beautiful smile around his finely-chiselled lips, that he was to be the destroyer of our peace. We did not think that the serpent lurked deep beneath that strangely beautiful face, with the bright, rich curls of golden brown clustering so profusely round it. We did not think the face,

so fair and innocent to look upon, concealed a base, bad heart. We had been married but just three months when he came to us. We neither of us quite relished, at first, this breaking in upon our old privacy and retirement, but at last we grew accustomed to it, and began to like him. His manner was so kind, so gentle and so free, we could not long keep our hearts closed against him. At first, he said he could make but a short stay with us, but the days slipped by, and at last even weeks rolled on, but still he did not go.

At last—it was the first drop in my cup of bitterness—my husband's manner grew strangely cold towards me. He seldom spoke, and when he did, it was in a tone of bitter reproach I did not understand, and which my proud nature could ill bear.

I was sitting in the garden one calm, quiet summer's night, with my face buried in my hands, thinking of all this, and almost sobbing in my grief and perplexity, when I heard a quick, hasty step upon the gravelled walk, and the next moment, when I looked up, Roscoe St. Orme stood beside me.

"You are grieved, dear cousin," he said, gently taking my hand and looking searchingly down into my face with his great, strange eyes. "Is there any way in which I could serve you? What is the matter?"

"O, Roscoe," I cried, letting fall the tears which I could no longer restrain, "I am grieved, for my husband no longer loves me."

I should not have said this, for a wife's griefs should be sacred from all other ears. But I had spoken carelessly, unthinkingly, under the impulse of the moment.

"I think you must be mistaken," he said, calmly, "for only now as I passed his window, I saw him take a package, which I knew to be letters, from his desk, and after pressing them fondly to his lips and heart, carefully replace them. They were probably some you had written him long before. You must have misunderstood him, for only a true husband, and one who loved the writer fondly, could have done so."

"A package of letters!" I exclaimed, my tears instantly ceasing to flow, while my features became strangely rigid, "I have never written him one during our whole acquaintance! But tell me—by your hopes of heaven, tell me—did you see him do this? O, tell me truly!"

"Look up into my face, Mabel, and see if I have spoken falsely."

I did look up. The moon shone full upon him, as he stood there the very personification of manly beauty, and his face seemed more

lovely, more innocent, by its pale glare. God forgive me, but I did believe him, and doubted my husband then.

"I think you have spoken the truth." This was all that I said, and I spoke it calmly. No one, to have looked into my face then, could have told of the raging fire which coursed its lava-tide through my veins. No one could have told of the fierce Maelstrom of passion that had been aroused in my bosom. I was strangely calm, cold and proud. My husband had wronged me, was untrue to me, and my heart was turning strangely away from him.

"Mabel—darling Mabel—" Roscoe said, at length, kneeling down before me, "there is one heart, at least, that loves you truly. Why, O, why, Mabel, do you think I have lingered here so long? Why have I watched your every motion so earnestly, and listened so entranced whenever you have spoken? Why should it be, but that I love you—madly, sincerely love you? Your husband is false to you, he loves you no longer, and even his every action shows it. Then fly to my arms! Here you shall ever find a welcome resting place. O, come, my Mabel!"

Blind fool that I had been, I might have known all this. I might have read it in the earnest glance he sometimes fixed upon me, and in his protracted stay. But I had not even dreamed of it!

"Roscoe—Roscoe St. Orme," I exclaimed, "how dare you speak to me, a wedded wife, thus? How dare you breathe such words into my ear?"

"I might have known it would be so," he said, sadly—"I might have known you would reject all such proposals, and it was base in me to make them. But, Mabel," he continued, "if you should ever tire of your unloved life, and sigh for a single heart that is all your own, then come to me. I shall wait for you. Farewell."

I did not seek to detain him, and in a moment he had gone; and then, with a strange, bitter feeling at my heart, I entered the house. I met my husband in the hall, and there was an angry light in his eyes, as he turned them towards me.

"How long have these clandestine meetings continued?" he asked, angrily. "Let me tell you now and forever, Mabel, never to see or meet that fellow again!"

"And let me tell you, Ernest St. Orme, I shall associate with whom I please, and at any hour or place I may prefer!" I answered, scornfully, my own proud nature flashing up.

"Then, from this hour you are my wife no longer. I cast you off. You have chosen your path, and shall walk in it—go!"

"I will go gladly. You have chosen an easy

way to get rid of me, and I give you joy at your success. You never loved me!"

"No!" he exclaimed fiercely; "I hate you!"

I went to my own chamber, with those bitter, bitter words still rankling in my heart. I would go. He should yet live to learn the value of the heart he had slighted. I hastily collected a few articles of clothing, and after packing them into my carpet-bag, and putting on my bonnet and shawl, I crept softly down stairs, and out into the calm summer's night. As I passed the library windows, I could see the light shining from within. The windows were low, almost touching the ground, and the curtains had not been drawn, so that I could plainly distinguish everything. Ernest sat by the table, with his proud head resting on his hand, and his black, mournful eyes fixed on vacancy. His face was deathly pale, and he looked so miserable that I would have entered, and thrown myself at his feet and begged his forgiveness, but for a voice which seemed to whisper in my ears those bitter words, "I hate you!" This closed my heart against him, and I hurried hastily down the gravelled walk into the street. Still I hurried swiftly on through the gathering darkness. I had come without pausing to think that I had no home to go to—no parents, no friends, I could rely upon at such a time.

At last, I recollect of an aunt, the only near relative I had living, and I determined to go to her. But she lived at the extreme end of the city, and it was a long, long, walk for a weak woman like myself, and at any other time I should have shrunk from it. But now the bitter thought in my heart shut out all others, and my pride buoyed me up. It seems very strange to me now, how I could have dared to pass through all those long by-lanes and alleys, many of them the homes of intemperance and sin, at such a time of night alone. But I did not think of this then; and when, at last, I reached the stately dwelling of my aunt, I rang the bell with a firm, steady hand. It so happened that my aunt had not retired, and it was she who answered the summons.

"Why, Mabel, is it you?" she asked, as she saw my pale, tired face by the light of the lamp she carried. "What can have brought you out in such an hour, and alone too? Is your husband ill?"

"No—O God—no!" I cried, bitterly.

"Come up stairs with me, Mabel. I am sure something troubles you. Come and tell me all."

I took the hand she offered, for I had begun to grow weak and faint, and she led me up to her own chamber.

"Now tell me all," she said, as she placed me upon the sofa and sat down beside me.

And I did tell her all. Told her how I had left forever the home which had been for so short a time an Eden to me. Told her how I had left the one who was dearer to me than life, never to go back again. She listened calmly until she heard me through.

"You have done very wrong in deserting him," she then said.

"But he bade me go—he said he hated me."

"He was angry, Mabel, and did not know what he was saying."

"I wish I could think so," I said, shaking my head sadly; "but I believe he spoke truly."

"It may be so. But, Mabel, I am sure he loves you—at least, I know he once did."

"Yes—but that is all over now," I returned, bitterly. "But I will never go back. He has wronged me, and he must atone for it."

"You are too proud, Mabel. You know Ernest St. Orme's nature. You know that he is quick and hasty, and also that he is proud. If you are ever to be to each other what you have been, one of your proud hearts must be humbled. One must ask forgiveness of the other. You are a woman, Mabel, and it should be your task to do so. You have each wronged the other. Then why should not you, the weaker of the two, ask his forgiveness, even though he has doubly wronged you, and forgot all the past? Believe me, Mabel, you would never regret it."

"I would never do so—even though it should lay him in his grave!" I replied, proudly.

"I hope you will think better of this to-morrow," she said, looking sadly into my face. "Your mind will then be clearer, and I trust you will see how you are wronging yourself and your husband. But you are weary and should retire now. I will show you to your room."

I slept little that night, and when I went down the next morning, my proud heart was as firm as ever.

"You are ready to go back to your husband now, are you not?" my aunt asked, when she came down.

"Never!"

"Be it so, then," she said, while a sad light shone in her pale, kind face. "It may be for the best. At least, come what may, you shall ever find a welcome home here."

For one month I stayed there quietly, and then there came over me an irresistible longing to look upon the place where I had spent three such happy, blissful months once more, and, if possible, to see again that face so dear to me. I told my aunt of my longing, and she bade me

go. It was the first time I had been out during the whole month I had been there. I had lived so quietly that only one or two of the trustiest servants knew that I was under the same roof with themselves.

It was with a strange feeling at my heart, that I neared the home I had left so strangely one month before. I had directed the coachman to drive slowly past, that I might cast one last, long, earnest glance upon the scenes I loved so well, despite all my pride. My eyes were bent so eagerly upon the small white house, with its creeping vines and lovely flowers, that I did not know when the wind swept my thick, heavy veil away from my face, until a voice I could never forget, pronounced a single word, and that word was "Mabel!" And a moment afterwards Ernest St. Orme had leaped the low paling against which he had been leaning, and stood almost by my side, with his arms stretched out as though they would encircle me, and his earnest eyes gazing on me imploringly.

"Mabel,—my own darling Mabel," he said, "come back—come back to my home and heart once more!"

I was almost ready to spring into his open arms, and bury my aching head upon his manly bosom, when a voice again seemed to whisper those bitter words into my ear. It was enough, and again my heart rose in bitterness against him.

"Never!" I said, "It was your own hand that drove me forth, and I will not return!"

In a moment I had passed him, but he still stood as I had left him, only a look of such keen and bitter agony had settled on his face, as it made my heart ache to look upon. And then, when I thought how white and emaciated he looked, I was almost ready to turn back and forgive him all. As I rode home that day, my heart began to soften towards Ernest St. Orme, for I had begun to think he was not so much to blame after all. Who would not feel angry at seeing his young wife so often in the society of such a man, and one of such great beauty, as Roscoe St. Orme? But then came the thought of the letters Roscoe had seen in his possession. There was the great separating link, and I felt until they had been explained, I could not go back and trust him. The moment the carriage stopped before the home so lately made my own, I sprang out, and running up stairs, laid my throbbing head upon my aunt's bosom and told her all in a voice choked by tears.

"I cannot stay here," I said, as I concluded. "He must know that I am near, and I am liable to meet him at any moment now; and, O,

God, I could not bear another meeting ! I must go at once!"

" If you will never go back to your husband, —to him you have promised to love, honor and obey through life, this is indeed no place for you. But wherever you may go, I will accompany you. Where shall it be ?"

" Anywhere you may prefer, so that it be a long ways from here."

" We will go South then. I have relatives there, and if your husband should search for you, he would never go so far."

And so it was settled. We were to go the next week, and I was very busy packing trunks and making ready for our departure. But at last everything was done—I was again idle. Then, and not until then, did I fully realize the step I was about to take. I was to leave home and husband—all that I held dear on earth, perhaps forever, and it seemed like separating one of my own heartstrings to tear myself away. It was true that I never saw my husband where I then was, but the thought that I was in the same place with him, even though he had ceased to love me, came like soothing balm to my wounded heart. Then what should I do when it was no longer so ? I suffered enough as it was, and I felt assured I should die if I went away. I was thinking of all this, and of my unhappy, bitter lot, once so bright and sunny, but then so dark and gloomy, when my aunt came to me.

" Mabel," she said, taking my hand and leading me to a seat, " I have something dreadful to tell you—can you bear it ?"

" I can bear anything now."

" But this is something very terrible."

" My heart is already as wounded and sere as it can well be. Tell me—nothing you can say will have power to inflict any fresh wounds."

" Then listen, and I will tell you all. Ernest St. Orme is very ill ! He has been so ever since that very day you last saw him. They have almost given up all hopes for his life. His mind has wandered all the time, and he is constantly calling for you."

I had stood white and calm as a marble statue while she had been speaking, but soon recovered myself. O, how much of agony—how much of happiness there had been for me in those few words ! Agony that he was sick, almost dying, and happiness that he had called for me, for, from that hour I did begin to almost think that he loved me after all.

" He shall call no longer in vain," I said, " for I will go to him."

" I am very glad to hear you say so," my aunt said. " Yes, you must go—a wife's true place

at such a time, is by the sick bed of her husband."

" And henceforth I shall be in my true place," I answered. " While he remains sick I shall stay to nurse him. When he recovers—if he ever does,"—I shuddered as I spoke this last—" I will return to you once more."

I saw that my aunt looked disappointed, and I well knew the cause, though we said nothing more than upon the subject. The carriage was called, and without waiting to take a single change of clothing, I hurried away. Our drive was a short one, although it seemed hours to my impatient spirit, and in fifteen minutes from the time we started, we drew up before the place which had once been my happy home. How familiar everything looked, and what old memories came thronging up in my heart as I gazed around ! But I had no time to lose, and I hurried hastily up the steps and entered the house. In the entry I met Dr. Lewis, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

" Dr. Lewis," I asked, hurriedly, " do you think presenting myself suddenly, would in any way injure your patient ?"

" O, no. His mind wanders, and I do not think he would know you."

When I received his answer, I hurried up into the chamber which I once called mine, where I removed my wrappers, and then went down into the sick room. Ernest lay upon the bed with his head resting wearily upon the pillow, and his eyes gazing wildly around him. His face was very pale and deathly, and there was a strange glitter in his dark eyes which startled me. I approached the bed and laid my hand softly upon his burning brow.

" Go away !" he said, pushing me from him. " I don't want you here—I want Mabel. Her hand is, O, so soft and smooth. If she would only bathe my brow just once, I feel that it would ease the pain here." And he pressed his hand upon his brain.

" But I am Mabel," I said, concealing by a great effort of my will every emotion.

" Are you ?" he asked, looking up eagerly into my face. " O no, you are not. Mabel has gone away and left me, and she said she would never come back again. Go away—I do not wish to see you." And he turned his face wearily towards the wall.

How every word he had spoken smote upon my heart ! What a cruel monster I had been to desert him so ! I knew that he loved me then, and my heart thrilled strangely with joy, as the blissful thought came home to it. Every doubt had been removed. Roscoe St. Orme had spok-

en falsely in regard to those letters, doubtless to separate my heart from my husband, thinking perhaps, that I in my bitterness might fly to him. But whatever had been his purpose, he had failed, and I gratefully thanked God for it. Both day and night I watched by the sick bed of my husband, for one short week. During all this time he had not known me. O, what would I not have given then for one glance of recognition from his loving eyes, and one word of forgiveness from his lips? I suffered deeply, bitterly, but still there was a kind of blissful pleasure in being ever near him, and ministering to his wants. On the seventh day the crisis came which was to restore him to me—to reason and to happiness, or terminate his life. O, how anxiously I watched over him in the sleep which was to tell his fate. How anxiously I counted the seconds, as they glided slowly by, while I watched the sick man with almost suspended breath. Dr. Lewis had told me if he awoke to reason I might hope for the best. But if otherwise—O, I dared not think of it. At last he awoke, and blessed be God, the light of reason shone in his eyes, as he looked up into my face.

"Have I been sick, Mabel?" he asked, glancing first at me, and then at the cordials upon the stand by his bedside.

"Yes, my husband," I answered, concealing the wild joy which thrilled through me, "you have been very sick."

"Ah, yes, I remember now," he said, passing his hand across his brow. "But I thought you had left me, Mabel. I thought you had gone away forever."

"I did go, Ernest," I answered. "But I have come back to stay with you forever, if you can forgive me, and take me to your heart once more."

"You are there already," he cried, pressing my hand between both his own.

"May God bless you for this, Ernest! You shall never, never regret it. But try and sleep now, dear—you will feel better when you awake."

For two hours longer he slept, and I watched over him with such a feeling of thankfulness in my heart as I never felt before. Just after he awoke the second time, the doctor came. I met him at the door and with tears in my eyes, I told him all.

"Mr. St. Orme," he said, approaching my husband's bedside, "I am very happy to find you so much better. You have been very sick, and but for the careful nursing of your wife, you must have died. You owe your life to her."

My husband did not speak, but he gave me such a grateful, loving glance, as made my heart

bound for joy, and I felt amply repaid at that moment for all I had suffered. Now we are happy once again. Ernest quickly recovered, and forgave me all, as I in my heart had long before forgiven him. We still live in our Eden, as calmly and as happily as before the serpent came. And we do not fear its fangs now, for we have both learned a lesson from the past, which will teach us to bear with each other in the future.

TEA.

Some writers have asserted that the tea is roasted upon plates of copper, and that its color is owing to verdigris, with which it thus becomes impregnated. But those travellers who are most entitled to credit, affirm that the plates are, without exception, of iron—and Dr. Lettson, after a great number of experiments made with chemical tests, never detected any trace of copper; so that the suspicion appears to be unfounded.

Such is the diversity of temperaments and constitutions, that it cannot otherwise happen than that an article of diet which is taken by one person, and even with benefit, shall in another, occasion disagreeable and even serious consequences. Dr. Cullen considered tea as decidedly narcotic and sedative in its effects; but the most superficial observer must see that tea has very little in common with other narcotics. The excitement which it produces upon the mind and upon the organs of digestion, is of a durable and permanent kind, and it never, like other narcotics, leaves the system in a state of somnolency and intoxication. These remarks are to be understood of tea in the state in which we consume it, that is, the state of perfect dryness. In its green or recent state, it is said to possess a decided narcotic quality, capable of producing intoxication and other deleterious consequences. This property, however, is of a volatile nature, and is lost in the process of drying.

Tea, as it is brought to us in its dry state, has the effect of creating a lightness and exhilaration of mind, an increased action of the stomach in the process of digestion, and, above all, a vigilance and increased power of mental exertion. Dr. Johnson is recorded to have made the tea-pot the companion of his lucubrations, and to have taken immense quantities of its contents, to sustain the energies of his powerful mind during the prodigious labors which he accomplished. In its other properties tea is astringent and antiseptic. It visibly produces no injurious effects upon the generality of persons who take it from infancy to old age. It is remarked by Desfontaines, that no vegetable is known, the infusion of which can be drunk so often, and in such large quantities, without disgust. The Chinese regard it as highly salubrious. They mix it with neither milk nor sugar, but drink it pure, sometimes holding a piece of sugar in the mouth. The constant use which this people have made of it for so many ages seems to prove that, when rightly prepared, it is destitute at least of injurious properties.—*Dr. Bigelow.*

FORTUNE.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

CUMBERLAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE KEEPSAKES.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

'Tis a dark and stormy evening,
And I'm musing here alone;
No voice, save of the mountain breeze,
Is answering to my own.
The rain against the casement beats,
And the wind my lattice rends;
But my thoughts are turned to other days:
To dear and cherished friends.

And here within this little box
Are relics of them all,
Which I have kept from infancy,
E'en to the cup and ball.
Here is a little lock of hair,
Which I most dearly prize:
A mother's gift in a parting hour—
Her home is in the skies.

A bracelet, too, which Anna wrought
With greatest skill and care;
And here is the same diamond pin
Which decked my sister's hair:
A sister dear, who shared with me
The sports of childhood's hours;
Dear sainted one, her spirit passed
To yon celestial bowers.

And here 's a book, a Bible, too—
A gift from father dear;
The precepts which our Saviour taught,
The darkest hours to cheer.
This ring of workmanship most rare,
Of many a colored gem,
Which Lizzie always used to wear,
Would grace a diadem.

Here is a miniature of one
I never can forget;
His love—it was my guiding star,
But O, too soon it set!
O, no one knows the reason why
My lonely path I tread,
And the love I bore that faithful friend
Who sleeps among the dead.

Though many weary years have passed
Since the parting word was spoken,
I promised them to be his bride—
That pledge shall ne'er be broken.
O, there is yet a blessed land
Where ties are never riven;
So let me live and meekly wait
To join that friend in heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BARBECUE:

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

At five P. M., on a sultry July day in the summer of 1850, our party selected their camp ground in a bottom called Goose Valley, which is to be found somewhere among the western

range of the Utah Mountains. Our party consisted of ten persons, inclusive of myself, whom we will introduce as occasion requires, without at present troubling the reader to call the roll. Our stock consisted of one yoke of oxen, three horses, and nine mules.

While we were yet occupied in staking our cattle, we observed a party of Digger Indians, some eighteen or twenty in number, emerge from a canon of the mountain, and descend in single file to a bench some distance above us, but in plain view of our encampment. Here they halted and made a variety of signs, all significant of a general predisposition to peace, to all of which we responded with similar signs and gesticulations, which were highly satisfactory, I presume, from the fact that they again set themselves in motion, and commenced their descent from the bench into the valley. They approached us at first with some slight degree of hesitation, but finding, at length, that we were what we professed—friendly—they gained courage and entered our camp. They were low of stature and exceedingly black and ugly. One of their number, who appeared to be the chief or leader, could speak a very little English, although his manner of articulation was exceedingly cramped and labored. He was taller, lighter complexioned, and much better looking than his associates; and some of our party conjectured, that, instead of being a native of the Digger country, he might be a renegade from the Snake nation. He was the only one of the party who wore clothing over his entire person, while some of them were very nearly in a complete state of nudity. They were armed with bows and arrows, with the exception of the leader-in-chief, who carried a Spanish stiletto and a rusty firelock.

The first thing they called for was whiskey, which we gave them sparingly, for the article was already at a premium with us, and our black visitors expressed their unanimous satisfaction by smacking their lips, accompanied by sundry gurglings in the throat, and unctuous exclamations of pleasure, shaking of hands, and other extravagant pantomime. After they had passed through this representative state of exhilaration, they fell to examining everything within their reach, and they were pretty sure to reach everything which was calculated in the least to gratify their idle curiosity, before we could prevail upon them to go about their business. At length when the sun was about half an hour high, they drew off from our encampment and commenced ascending the mountain till they arrived at the canon from which we had first seen them emerge, when they presently disappeared.

We took the trouble, however, to post one sentinel. We considered that one would be amply sufficient in an open valley like the one we were in, to guard us from the approach of an enemy. In fact we had no idea of being molested after the civil reception we had given the black rascals. But we formed a wrong estimate of their character, as will presently be shown. The grass around us was comparatively abundant, and some of the company thinking there was no danger of their strolling far from the encampment, we concluded we would turn the cattle loose and suffer them to graze at will till morning. We had a rather severe day of it, and as soon as we had despatched our suppers, we were glad enough to retire for the night and allow Vincent all the honor of guarding our lives and property. But I suspect the poor fellow was as sleepy as any of us, and might have been caught napping at his post, had we taken the trouble to send a patrol to look after him; which of course we did not. On the contrary we all slept on remarkably sound till morning; but when we arose, what was our consternation to find that the black rascals had stolen a march on us in the night, and appropriated all our horses, several of the mules, and one of the oxen?

Vincent, poor fellow, who, we had no doubt, had slept soundly all night, looked rather foolish when questioned, and did not like to talk more of the transaction than he was obliged to. He could form no conjecture at what time of the night the animals had been stolen, though he stoutly protested that he had not forgotten his duty for a moment. It was evident they had wandered some distance from the camp, which allowed our Digger friends an excellent opportunity to smuggle them off under cover of night. Had they stolen no more than one horse, or even two, we might have suffered them to go on their way rejoicing, but this wholesale operation had clogged the wheels of our enterprise so that it would be impossible for us to proceed further without recovering our property. There was consequently no other alternative left us but to set forth immediately in pursuit of them.

We accordingly selected seven of the most enterprising of our company, leaving the remaining three to guard the stores, and with our indomitable friend Jackson for a leader, the strongest and most determined man of the party, we started up the mountain, after first discovering the trail of the savages, which we struck some eighty rods northwest of our encampment. As we proceeded on our way, winding round, or cutting in among the spurs of the mountain, the trail became wider, seemingly, and far less diffi-

cult to follow. After the first mile or two, our course lay in a southerly direction, and sometimes when we struck upon decomposed beds of slate, the tracks of the animals were so plain that we could distinguish them several rods in advance of us. We hurried on with all possible despatch, for we wished to consume no more time in the undertaking than was absolutely necessary. We disliked the idea of passing a night on the mountain in the open air, without blankets or other shelter from the bleak winds which sweep over them at all seasons of the year, so we pushed on for the first few hours at the rate of at least four miles an hour, which was pretty smart travelling, you must understand, especially among rocky defiles, spurs, and almost perpendicular ascents. We had already worked our way up into the highest range of mountains, and were satisfied that the settlement of the Diggers could not be many miles further.

We had hoped to discover their retreat even sooner than this, for the trapper (another of our party) had argued with a considerable show of reason, that we should in all probability find them securely burrowed at no great distance up the side of the mountain (the Diggers are not in the habit of erecting huts, but resort for shelter to the rocky caverns or gulches, where they sometimes live in communities of several hundreds); but the further we proceeded the more evident it became that the trapper had made a slight mistake in his calculations.

As we proceeded through one of the upper defiles, gradually ascending till we came to the most elevated point, our nostrils were suddenly greeted with the savory odor of roasting meat, by which indication we knew that the delinquents could not be far off. The odor came up through the narrow defile just at a point where the descent commenced, and we could hear far below us, though very faintly, the confused sounds of human voices apparently in a high state of enjoyment. It was evident at the farthest, the sounds could not be more than a mile distant, and we commenced our descent with the greatest caution, so as to be able to take them entirely by surprise, in case their forces, as we had every reason to believe they would, should greatly outnumber our own.

After descending some quarter of a mile or more, in the utmost silence, the odor from the roasting meat growing stronger and stronger at every step, we came out on a bench studded with dark boulders and surrounding a small basin some three or four hundred yards in width, with a single narrow pass leading down into it. The noise and confusion below us was now almost

deafening, and as we crept over the projecting boulders and looked down, we beheld, some hundred and fifty feet below us, a most lively and exciting scene. There were not less than a hundred of our Digger friends, men, women and children, present, and our cattle, with a single unfortunate exception, were huddled into a sort of pen at no great distance from the group.

The ox, poor fellow, had been knocked in the head and was now being served up in barbecue, to the huge delight and satisfaction of the rascally black crew. Conspicuous among them as master of ceremonies, was the stout savage with the stiletto and firelock. At this distance they looked more like a parcel of demons than anything else. Indeed they were as villainous a set of humans to look at, as one might expect to encounter, should he search the world over in pursuit of its ugliest features. They were too intent upon their orgies to think of danger, and the position we had obtained gave us a fine opportunity to pour in on them a most destructive fire.

Norfolk (another young fellow of our party, one who had previously run away from Salt Lake with the favorite wife of a rich Mormon elder, who had since passed current among us under the sobriquet of Manipoo, painted and disguised till quite recently, that she might successfully personate a youth of the Snake nation, in case they were overtaken by the infuriated saints) — Norfolk, I repeat, who was a dead shot, covered the leader, while the rest of us singled out such as we supposed, from appearance, would be most liable to show fight in case they remained uninjured, and at the word of command we gave them the contents of our rifles. Such a cry of consternation as arose the next moment, it would be difficult for you to imagine. Such a despairing, howling, shrieking, yelling, I never listened to before, and never wish or expect to again. It rang in my ears for weeks afterwards, and in spite of the vexation they had caused us, we felt a sickening sensation of remorse and pity for the poor wretches. They were possessed of human souls and attachments like ourselves, and the worst they had done was to steal a few of our cattle. But, under the circumstances, I don't know, really, how we could have done otherwise than we did, unless we were willing to lie tamely down in the furrow and take the consequences as they came.

When the smoke of our rifles floated up over the dark ridge of boulders, the scene presented to our eyes was one of as much horror as the most blood-thirsty party could have craved or desired.

Not less than eight dead bodies lay scattered around, and conspicuous among them was the renegade leader. The rest of the alarmed Diggers were flying for dear life toward the head of the little basin, and passing out of sight on the right of some projecting boulders.

After re-loading our rifles, and seeing there was no prospect of opposition on the part of the Indians, we commenced our descent into the little mountain basin, through a narrow, winding pass, or chasm among the rocks, and took immediate possession of our horses and mules. The dead savages were lying where they bit the dust, but not a living soul excepting our own party was to be seen.

We cast our eyes toward the head of the basin, and at the point where the Indians had disappeared, we perceived a narrow, wedge-like opening among the rocks, which doubtless conducted on to some underground cavern of the mountain. Save our own voices, not a sound was heard as we urged our cattle up the rocky defile, and made over the more elevated point where the odor of roasting meat had first greeted our nostrils.

We reached the camp-ground about an hour before sunset, and for two hours following, a general expression of satisfaction prevailed, although we had lost one day in the exciting pastime of Indian hunting. In the meantime we had turned to and cut down the clumps of chaparal which obstructed our immediate view, and while thus employed were reinforced by a party of adventurers from Western Missouri, whom we had passed a few days before, and who had now overtaken us in consequence of the delay we had experienced.

Their company was smaller than our own, and reasoning that in unity was strength, we extended a hospitable invitation to them to share the camp-ground we had selected.

Soon after sunset we stationed a strong guard, and suffered the animals to graze at will, as on the night preceding, though not from choice so much as necessity, for the poor brutes were nearly famished, and feed in this region of country is neither very abundant nor nutritious.

The moon was shining brightly before we had things arranged to our satisfaction, and were willing to turn in and imagine ourselves safe; for, to own the truth, we were not without suspicions that an attack would be made upon our camp before morning, and each slept with his loaded rifle within hand reach, ready for action at the first alarm.

Everything remained quiet till past midnight, when suddenly the mules began to gather up

around the camp—mules are proverbially sensitive to danger—and almost at the same moment we heard the quick discharge of a rifle, and then another, and another, in rapid succession, and the startling cry of “ Indians! Indians!” proceeding from the different points of our outposts. The alarm went through the camp like an electric shock, and the next moment all was bustle, confusion and bewilderment.

We seized our rifles with a sort of mechanical spasm, and rushed wildly out into the open air. Our sentinels from the outposts were running for the camp, and shouting in terrified voices—“ Indians! Indians!” while suddenly from beyond rung out on the clear, still air of night the startling “ whoop ” of our hostile assailants. There was every reason to believe that we were beset by a large war-party of the Diggers, who had come, no doubt, with the intention of surprising our camp, and putting a large share of us to death before we could sufficiently rally to oppose them.

“ The wagons! to the wagons!” shouted a dozen voices in a breath. But all hands, without being reminded, were rushing instinctively in that direction.

“ Don’t waste your powder, boys!” cried the trapper, as we took up our station hastily behind the wooden breastwork. “ Wait till the black rascals are near enough to make a sure thing of it, and then give them *blazes!*”

Every rifle was turned in the direction whence the hideous sounds proceeded, and from whence the dim outlines of the swiftly approaching troop were visible. Calculating, no doubt, on superiority of numbers—for the Diggers are proverbially cowards—they came whooping and tearing down upon us like so many incarnate fiends. We stood our ground manfully, though we were satisfied their party would outnumber our own five to one. They probably understood our advantage at a distance, and were determined to lessen it by entering immediately into a hand-to-hand conflict, where war-clubs could be made more serviceable than poisoned arrows.

On they came, but not a soul flinched from his post, for well we knew that to do so would result in our general destruction and massacre. Not a word was spoken; every man clutched firmly a rifle or revolver, as the chance might be, ready to do as much execution as possible when the word of command should be given. The dark moving body was swiftly closing in upon us, and it was one of those moments of extreme peril calculated to shake even the steadiest nerve.

“ Now, boys, take good aim!” shouted the

trapper, whom we all recognized as commandant, though not a word had hitherto been spoken; “ but don’t let a mother’s son of you fire till I give the word. Everything depends on the first shot. Let every one be sure and cover his man, and no two the same. It wont do for a soul of you to waste your powder on an occasion like this, and there’s no necessity for it, for they are bearing down so compactly that we ought to drop a score of them at the first discharge.”

They were now within twenty rods of us, or less, and the whole welkin seemed to ring and reverberate with their fiendish shouts. The cattle were huddled up around us as though instinct taught them to look to us for protection, and they seemed as thoroughly infected by the prevailing panic as if they had been possessed of human understandings.

“ Now, boys,” shouted the trapper, as though inspired by the critical moment, “ look well to your aim, and—fire!”

The sharp crack of nearly a score of rifles and revolvers gave back the only answer of our devoted band. The scene which ensued defies all commonplace description. For the first two seconds following the discharge of our pieces, we were surrounded with a deathlike stillness, and a dense volume of smoke. Then succeeded the most horrible yelling and screeching I ever heard.

The smell of gunpowder, the bewildering excitement and Babel-like confusion which ensued, produced a reckless unconsciousness of danger in our midst, and with faces whitened, but with nerves like tempered steel, we rushed out from the shelter of the wagons. It is well said that in such moments of excitement we forget all thought of danger or death, and are only inspired with a maddened thirst for vengeance.

The savages were already upon us, and were more than thrice our number. We met them hand to hand, and with our clubbed rifles and revolvers, directed by almost superhuman strength and precision, did terrible havoc among our dwarf assailants. On every hand came the sharp crack of revolvers, the clash of rifles and war-clubs, the groans of the dying, and shrieks and curses of the wounded, who staggered around like drunken men, striking alike at friend and foe in their blind fury, and as insensible to all further danger as the goaded wild beast. Indeed, such cursings and shoutings, and horrible imprecations—such triumphant yells and fiendish exultations, as swelled up, around, in every direction, defies everything in the shape of sober description.

In the general rush and confusion, Manipoo

had lost sight of her lover, and with the beautiful instinct of woman, was rushing wildly into the thickest of the fight in pursuit of him. The next moment I heard Norfolk shouting his name, and with a joyous cry of pleasure, she darted off in the direction of the welcome sound, but was suddenly intercepted in her course by the uplifted bludgeon of a powerful dwarf savage.

With clubbed rifle I sprang forward to her rescue, but before I could reach the spot, a bullet whistled past me, and the uplifted arm of the savage fell limp and motionless at his side. It needed no one to tell me to whose unerring aim the beautiful Mrs. Phillis was indebted for her life. She darted past her wounded adversary, and clung firmly to the side of the lover for whom she had risked so much.

Already was the last charge blown from our revolvers—and it seems almost like romance, or a miracle, that the last shot fired was the one which paralyzed the arm of the murderous savage—and being now reduced to the use of clubbed rifles and knives, we were brought of course more nearly on an equality with the enemy. Foremost among our party in this hand-to-hand conflict, was our daring and resistless friend Jackson.

Wherever he swung his rifle, there came the dull, deadening, painful crash of human bones; but his weapon was not prepared exactly for this sort of warfare, and after a few decisive strokes, it was bent and shattered in his strong hands. With admirable presence of mind, he caught the uplifted club of an opposing savage, and with a single movement of his powerful arm, hurled him headlong to the ground. He then sprang back to the foremost wagon, seized a common iron bar which was used for blocking purposes, and swinging it around his head, gave utterance to such a demoniacal whoop as to drown even the discordant yells of the savages.

"Stand aside!" he shouted; "give us room! for I'm coming down on the infernal black crew like a roaring avalanche!"

His sturdy form seemed suddenly to expand, and his dark eyes gleamed like living coals of fire, as he dashed down among them in his reckless but resistless strength. The courage and address of a single arm has often decided greater battles, but never a more bloody and desperate one.

Our company was already beginning to despair, inasmuch as they began to waver and give way before the overwhelming force of numbers, and in two minutes more, but for this timely and invigorating rally, we should have been scattered like sheep, to be butchered on the spot, or perish of hunger in the mountains. But this sudden

and determined renewal of the fight inspired us with fresh hope, and we closed in upon them once more with renewed courage and address.

"Never say die!" shouted Jackson, as he mowed his way right and left, swinging the resistless bar with as much ease, apparently, as though it had been wood, instead of the wrought ore of the mine; and wherever the solid weapon descended, directed by an arm that never flinched, death followed as surely in its wake.

If there is such a thing in psychology as a charmed life, I think he bore it that night, for, though blows were aimed at him in all directions, he came out of the affray uninjured. But the terrible havoc he made, swinging that resistless bar of iron, scattering on every hand death and destruction among the savage horde, soon brought them to a full sense of the danger of contending with one who was too formidable to be slain; and coming no doubt at last to the superstitious conclusion that he was upheld and strengthened by the Great Spirit, they turned suddenly, as though filled with an unconquerable dread of such a foe, and fled from the bloody field in utter rout and dismay.

We did not stop to render thanks for our victory, but tore after them, shouting and whooping, more like fiends, I presume, than civilized and Christianized beings; but we had drunk blood, and were maddened by the taste, and in the overpowering excitement of the moment, were hardly conscious of what we did.

We should have scoffed at the idea of mercy, while this terrible fever of uncurbed destructiveness was upon us. And this is the philosophy of all war and bloodshed. There never was a battle fought, but men, endowed with the attributes of gods, were drunk with it. The wine of life is more intoxicating to the human heart, when we have shuddered and gulped it down, than the strongest wine from the richest vintage, though it lay buried in the deepest vault with the accumulated age and strength of a thousand years sparkling in the red crystal.

None thought of further repose that night after the successful repulse of our assailants. We called the company together, hastily re-loaded our pieces, and found five missing—three of the Missourians, and two from our own party. But the Diggers were by far the greatest sufferers, for they left twenty-nine of their number on the field, and how many more of them were wounded, we had no means of knowing. It was truly a sickening spectacle, and as soon as we could bury our dead, we loaded the bruised and maimed into the wagons, and made round a point of the mountain.

[ORIGINAL.]

M A U D .

BY BELLA G. MINTOR.

In a valley low, where the harebells grow,
 And the wild rose droops her head;
 Where the soft winds play o'er the deep blue bay,
 Sleeps my own sweet, gentle Maud.
 O, darling! lost darling!
 O, dearest, gentle Maud!
 Now the hawthorn's bloom strews thy early tomb,
 But thy spirit rests with God!

One eve she was laid where the hawthorn shade
 Fell soft o'er the clayey mound;
 While the balmy breeze through the dark green trees,
 Sighed low with a moaning sound.

O, I saw them fold o'er her bier cold
 Her small hands spotless white;
 While the eyes as blue as the violet's hue,
 Were sealed in an endless night.

Now, no more her gaze through a silken haze
 Will so fondly on me rest;
 For she's sleeping low, where the harebells grow,
 With the green sod upon her breast.

Now, I'll watch thee, dear, through the fading year,
 Till the air grows cold and chill;
 And when winter's snow o'er the tombstones blow,
 I will sit beside thee still.

And perchance, dear love, from thy home above
 You will look down on me here:
 Till my sufferings o'er, and I weep no more,
 But shall sleep beside thee, dear.
 O, darling! lost darling!
 O, dearest, gentle Maud!
 Now the hawthorn's bloom strews thy early tomb,
 But thy spirit rests with God!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE VICTIM

—OR—

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

BY WILLIAM H. RAND.

AMONG the many champions of Polish liberty, was Adam Konarski, a brave and noble officer whose heart bled at the miserable wrongs that every day wrung out the tears of blood from her friends. Yes—*Bleeding Poland!* Who can separate the name of that unhappy country from the word that so fully expressed her state. At the sound of that name, how we recoil with horror at the remembrance of the horrible atrocities that have been committed upon her sons! nothing in the whole range of sad history, presents a spectacle of worse torture, not only to the enslaved body, but to the finest feeling of the hu-

man soul, than has been endured by the refined and sensitive Poles.

We have called Adam Konarski a champion of liberty. He was more. A man whose private character was so true, so noble, so far above his tormentors as to make them seem beneath the soil on which his footsteps trod—a husband, whose wife worshipped him for his goodness and worth—an officer, endeared to all his soldiers because he remembered that they, too, were men—there was not in all Poland a man more universally respected, or more deeply loved.

For nobly advocating the cause of his country, he was expatriated; his possessions seized by the government, and he, with his tender and delicate wife, just on the verge of confinement, obliged to flee. At a small cabin by the roadside, her child first saw the light; and unmindful of the agony of the young mother, dying to clasp her first-born to her heart, the agents of the government bore it from her sight, alleging that it belonged to Russia as much as did the confiscated lands and household goods of its father.

The child was given to a man who had one son of his own. Perhaps the feelings of paternity induced those of generosity toward the little Julian. At all events he treated him kindly enough, during his infancy; and when his own child sickened and died, touched it may be with the realization of what a parent feels at the loss of a child, he restored him to Konarski, and reported Julian dead instead of his own.

Julian Konarski was the worthy son of a worthy father. As a boy, his most fervent aspirations were that he might be permitted to help the cause of his down-trodden country; and when Adam Konarski died, the son swore on his father's grave to devote his own life to the cause of liberty.

After the establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw, the youth entered the service of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here he was distinguished for his courage and bravery; but was unfortunately made a prisoner in 1812, and, for three years, he languished in a Russian prison. When he was released, he stood alone with his own brave heart—alone in the world. During his imprisonment, his mother, worn out by the repeated shocks she had received, had died; his own health had suffered from the privations and indignities he had suffered; and only the faint hope of one day seeing Poland free, and taking the stand which she deserved among the nations of the earth, had power to prevent him from sinking into utter despondency. But he was still a soldier—not as of old, when he followed the command of Napoleon—but under the Russian sway,

and forced to do duty where his soul most truly revolted.

In vain he petitioned to be allowed to retire from military life, and pleaded his enfeebled system to which his present position was so detrimental. Fourteen times, he received a peremptory refusal to so reasonable a request; and when at length, it was granted, the permission to retire was given, it was with a marked ungraciousness that embittered its reception.

One gleam of joy shone over this period of his life. At a concert, at which he had been forced in against his will, by an acquaintance, he saw Clementina Saint-Cyr; and her beauty, and something in her countenance far better and dearer than beauty, reconciled the melancholy man to life. There was a tender mournfulness in her eyes, like one who had looked upon wrong and slavery and oppression—of soft and gentle pity, as if for the band of heroic but powerless men who were struggling under the yoke of tyranny, or mournfully submitting to a fate from which it seemed no human power could save them. It spoke to the very soul of Julian Konarski—this mute eloquence of nature in the heart and on the face of one so beautiful. He inquired her name, of his companion.

"I know not by what name the angels call her," was the enthusiastic reply, "for they alone have a right to name her; but her earthly name is Clementina Saint-Cyr. You must not think to win her love, for her heart is Poland's, and no mortal passion beside can influence her. But I know her well, and if you dare to trust your heart within her sphere, I will introduce you."

Her words but deepened the impression made by her looks. Their acquaintance progressed, and ere many weeks, both had divided Poland in their hearts with an earnest love for each other. They had neither any relatives to consult. Clementina's parents had faded away under the slow-wasting blight of oppression, and, like Julian himself, she stood, the last tree in the forest, while those around her had fallen.

They were married; and if Julian could have forgotten the wrongs of Poland, he would have been happy with the angel he had chosen for his household spirit. They had selected a retired spot, far from the tumults of a city, surrounded it with simple comforts, and, with his small piece of land to cultivate and adorn, Julian hoped to pass tranquilly, a few years, at least; perhaps, until the trumpet should call him from his peaceful abode to take up arms for Poland.

Not so was he to be roused from his temporary tranquillity. His long continued pertinacity in tendering his resignation, awakened suspicions in

the Grand Duke Constantine and his adherents, and thenceforth, he was a marked man. If it be true that tyrants fear those whom they have injured, Julian was feared. His long confinement in Russian prisons, was known to have called out indignant expressions, and he was considered a dangerous subject.

The evening of a very lovely day found the married lovers celebrating Clementina's birth night. She was just nineteen. Almost her mournful eyes had assumed a glad and joyous expression. One dream had been accomplished, that of having some strong arm on which to lean, and which should take the place of her father's.

Julian was in the very act of lifting his glass to his lips, to drink to the many happy returns of the birth-night, when a trampling of horses, and confusion of voices outside their little dwelling arrested his hand. Clementina turned as pale as death and clung to his arm. "Fear not, dearest!" he would have said, but his words were unspoken. Ere he could utter them, a rude hand was laid upon his shoulder, a rough voice was in his ear, and his wife lay senseless upon the floor. Without allowing him a moment to effect her restoration, his captors dragged him away. A temporary unconsciousness succeeded to his arrest; and when he recovered, he found himself in utter darkness.

He rose and felt for the wall. *It was not far off!* for in a small dungeon of scarcely eight feet in length and even less in breadth, and perfectly dark; he found himself incarcerated. It was madness to recall the scene which he last remembered. Clementina! where, and how was she? In vain, when the jailer brought his mean fare, did he implore him to give him tidings of his wife. No sound greeted his ear in answer to his half-distracted questions; and when the man had departed, Julian fell fainting to the floor, overcome with the intensity of his grief.

Still the same terrible darkness when he awoke to life again. No ray of light, no sight of human face ever lighted that dreary dungeon. All was night—impenetrable night. For eleven long, lingering months, he bore this; when one morning he was taken out into the scorching, bewildering sunlight, so terrible to come suddenly to the eye after such depths of darkness—chained to another man, and with several other prisoners, driven like animals over the road that leads to St. Petersburg. Here he served out four years more of unmitigated suffering. During all this time, he never heard of his wife. A thousand conjectures were daily indulged in as to her fate. Perhaps she died upon the hearthstone from which he had not been permitted to raise her; or

she might have perished with the child to whom she had expected to give birth.

But no tidings came to tell him if he were yet a husband or a father; and only the bravest spirit, the most heroic soul, could have borne the dreadful ordeal to which he was constantly subjected. It was a morning in July; but the prisoner knew it only by the oppressive closeness of his dungeon. There was no warmth of summer there—only a dull, faint dampness that was like the clammy touch of death. A sound came on the air, that reverberated like thunder. The second peal came; and this time, his sharpened sense told him that it was the firing of cannon. For a moment, his heart beat quicker; but hope had waned so long, that it could only revive by starts, and he sat like one petrified. The sound of trampling feet and the clash of swords are in his ear, although dulled by the thick intervening walls, and the fact of an insurrection is forced upon his senses.

One after another, he hears the prison doors give way, and the sound of the shuffling, staggering footsteps of his fellow-prisoners, out in the stone passageway; and then the dull, lumbering noise of some heavy instrument at the door of his own cell; while, as it give way to the touch, a ray of light, yellow and sickly, coming through dusty and stained windows, glared across his eyes. A faint sickness like that of death comes over him, and he knows no more, until the fresh air is lifting the damp, matted hair from his forehead, and he wakes to find himself borne off in a carriage with twelve others, as thin, gaunt and squalid as himself.

The insurrection, although unsuccessful in its first purpose, was at least successful in the release of the prisoners. Julian, at least, was never remanded. Hardly waiting for the benevolence that would clothe him in fitting garb to re-enter the world, he hastened to find his wife, and succeeded in tracing her to a little frontier town, where her own hands had toiled, to support herself and the child on whose sweet face no father's eye had ever looked.

But the joy of seeing her husband could not arrest the disease which anxiety and grief had induced, and which was wearing her to the grave. In two months, she died, and Julian who had lingered, fondly hoping that she would revive to accompany him, found, with his child, a home on English ground.

A few years ago, he was in London; looking forward, perhaps, with hope to the moment when he should rejoin the angel whom he had loved, on a shore where tyranny and oppression are not known.

WHOLESMOME EDUCATION.

Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in the great school of humanity, the sick-chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor in divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout or a half-year of ague!—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic dououreux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition?—*Thomas Hood.*

VORACITY OF THE PIGEON.

There was shot lately in the neighborhood of Inverness a wood pigeon, in which was found the enormous quantity of 1100 grains of wheat, barley and oats, together with 40 grains of peas; the barley grains predominating. This seems to be no unusual case. There was some time before that another killed on a neighboring farm, in which were found 70 grains of peas, with a very large quantity of the different grains already mentioned; but the precaution of counting them was not taken. It is stated, however, that the bird was full to the very bill. Such quantities by a flock of 190 to 200 of these destructive birds must be very considerable in the course of a whole harvest season, particularly since some ornithologists maintain that such are the digestive organs of pigeons that they are capable of partaking daily three times their own weight of food—a most extraordinary fact, if true. It is needless to add that the extermination of such birds must be highly desirable on the part of the farmer.—*Inverness Courier.*

THE BEWILDERED PUPIL.

In a country school the dominie was giving out his Bible lesson, with a good admonisher in the shape of a cane in his right hand. He asked a young hopeful, "Who created the heaven and the earth?" The lad not being prepared with the reply, the preceptor asked in a louder voice, at the same time raising his admonisher in a threatening manner over the devoted head of the boy, "Who created the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars, stupid boy? Tell me immediately." The lad blubbered out, extending his hands to protect his head, "It was I, sir, pray forgive me; I'll never do it again!"

Garlands of flowers
For summer hours,
Soon, too soon, will their glories fade;
Ere they die away,
In a darker day,
Be their bloom to the wooing air displayed.
ROSENTHAL.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE EXODUS.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

In regal state upon his ancient throne
Proud Pharaoh sits; unnoticed and alone,
Draws near a slave-born, meek and humble man,
And, at the peril of Jehovah's ban,
Bids him send forth beyond the Red Sea's waves
The toil-worn millions of his Hebrew slaves.

With haughtiness of evil passions born,
The despot laughs the Israelite to scorn.
But, waving heavenward his sacred rod,
The weak-eyed prophet calls upon his God.
Then, fast and furious on the monarch's path,
Descend the lightnings of Jehovah's wrath;
Then storms of fierce and fiery vengeance burst,
And Egypt is a land by God accursed;
Then filthy reptiles swarm and swelter there,
And loathsome vermin fill the ambient air;
Then, echoed by full many a human wail,
In death-fruited volleys pours the hurtling hail;
And clouds of locusts, darkening the sun,
Sweep aught of verdure that the hall might shun;
Then pestilence, careering through the land,
Smites man and beast with its avenging brand;
And darkness palpable broods over all,
As if it were a nation's funeral pall;
But haughty Pharaoh, hardening still his heart,
Still will not let the Israelites depart.

Then, mid the terrors of a trembling world,
Jehovah's last dread thunderbolt is hurled:
Mourn, mourn, Egyptian mother, ceaselessly,
For thy lost darling nevermore thou'lt see;
Strain, strain the dear one to thine anguished heart,
For thee and it the cold, cold grave must part;
Kiss, kiss those little lips convulsively,
For nevermore those lips shall answer thee.
One long, last, lingering look of anguish sore
On thy heart's treasure, lost forevermore,
Then bow submissive to the throne on high,
For Egypt's first-born, every one, must die.

Now, plainly pictured to the mental eye,
In the far distant desert we descry
The Hebrew people, in one mighty band,
Advancing swiftly towards a wave-worn strand;
In vain the Red Sea's waves in front oppose,
In vain behind them rage Egyptian foes;
Jehovah wills it, and no maiden laves
Even her sandal in the Red Sea's waves;
Jehovah wills it, and the waters close
In dire destruction o'er the Egyptian foes.

And thus, by heavenly wisdom ever sped,
Through many a pain and many a peril led,
On Jordan's happy shore at last they stand,
And a great nation fills the "Promised Land."

Cross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be more intelligible.

[ORIGINAL.]

BREAKING THE PLEDGE.

AN OLD SHAMAN'S STORY.

BY ETHAN A. CRAWFORD.

On a bright morning in September we weighed anchor on board the good ship *Three Sisters*, of New Bedford, and made sail from the beautiful harbor of Honolulu, in the South Pacific Ocean. The *Three Sisters* had made a most successful whaling voyage, having a full cargo, besides having previously freighted home seven hundred barrels of oil in the unusually short time of fifteen months; during which time we had not experienced a single casualty of note, except the unfortunate loss of our boatswain, poor Phil Harris, who was struck from the bow of one of our boats by the flukes of a sperm whale, and never seen after. We had called into Honolulu for water, stores and provisions for the homeward passage, and while there our skipper shipped a man whom he found cruising on the island, for the run home, to fill the berth poor Phil's loss had made vacant. He was an excellent seaman, and though usually reserved and taciturn, soon won the esteem and good will of all hands. The crew were naturally enough a little jubilant over the prospect of a quick run home, and a profitable voyage, and being Saturday, after everything was made snug a low and aloft—decks cleared and sails trimmed—the hands prepared to enjoy themselves during the dog-watch (from six, P. M., till eight), in the old fashion of Saturday night at sea.

Although the *Three Sisters* was ostensibly a temperance ship, such a joyful occasion as the present might appear to warrant a suspension of even the strictest rules, and when the "kanaka," steward came forward with a little demijohn of rum, and gave it to us with a great affectation of secrecy, pretending that he had stolen it from the medicine chest, we understood the intended license and prepared for a regular jollification. The liberality of the captain was duly extolled, the usual healths drank, and "Admiral Benbow," "A Wet Sheet," and "The Mermaid," with other old sea songs, chanted by a chorus of voices, in which the performers seemed to consider stentorian volume of sound as a much more desirable requisite than melody or tune. While we were thus making merry, Paul Farnham, our new boatswain, sat amongst us, quietly participating in our mirth, but civilly declining the proffered beverage as often as it went round. "Why don't you drink, boatswain?" cried

Sam Peters, the carpenter. "It's prime stingo—try a drop."

"No, thankee—I never drink, at least, I have not for five years; though I don't want to let my prejudice interfere with those who do," replied the boatswain.

"Guess you've took the pledge, eh?" said one of the seamen; "well, I took it four times, and broke it again."

"So much the worse for you, my lad; but if you had seen what I have—misery, death, and the complete destruction of as smart a little craft as ever sailed, and of all on board of her, except myself—all caused by a little demijohn of brandy not much bigger than that one you are taking such a hearty pull at now, you'd think it would be better for you as well as for poor Bill Wainwright to keep the pledge."

"Give us the yarn, Paul," said I. "Who was Bill Wainwright?"

"Ay, ay, a yarn—a yarn. Heave ahead, Paul, start the winch," cried several voices.

"Well, my hearties," said Paul, "seeing as how it's the only way I can help your enjoyment, as I can't sing no more'n a quohog can, I'll spin you a yarn, but you mustn't expect any kinks, thoroughfouts, or fancy twists in it, for I can't reel off any yarn that aint laid fair and according to truth. So here goes." And the boatswain proceeded substantially as follows:

"In the second year of the war with Mexico, I was working alongshore in Mobile, and wages being high, I made a good sum during the summer and fall. I had got about tired of shore, and wanted some excitement for a change, but I never liked a man-of-war's life, and as for volunteering for a land cruise in Mexico, I could not think of such a thing. I was one day walking down Government Street, when who should I meet but an old shipmate—Bill Wainwright—who asked me if I wanted a berth. Before going any further with the story, I must tell you that Bill was chief mate of a New Orleans ship in which I held the post of second officer, formerly, on a voyage to Antwerp. He was a remarkably fine-built, noble-looking man—stood about five feet nine in his stockings—firm, erect carriage—eye like a hawk, and limbs and muscles of a Hercules. We had become very intimate, and Bill took a liking to me that almost amounted to a brotherly affection. I soon discovered that his massive and powerful frame contained a heart susceptible of the softest and kindest influences, and as the saying goes, as soft and tender as a child's. He was a Kentuckian, and he loved to talk to me of his forest home on the Cumberland River; and the tears would start into his eyes as

he spoke of his venerable father—an old pioneer of the back settlements of the Cumberland—his mother, and brothers and sisters. He had an elder brother, Ham, whom he described as a steady, sensible fellow, engaged in the lumbering business; and a younger one, a mere boy, the darling of the old folks, who loved him as the apple of their eye—merry, curly, blue-eyed little fellow. This love of home and strong family affection, was a leading characteristic of Bill's generous, impulsive nature.

"His principal fault was an unhappy fondness for strong drink, against which he had manfully struggled—not that he was an habitual drunkard, by any means, but his excitable temperament was such, that having taken one glass, it was impossible for him to withstand the craving for more; so that with him the first glass was but the inevitable prelude of a drunken fit. These, to do him justice, were few and far between, for, conscious of his infirmity, he would not drink at all unless under circumstances of great temptation. Bill was overjoyed at meeting me; he told me that he had been offered the command of a beautiful little schooner, now fitting out in New Orleans, and had come to Mobile to pick up hands—the right kind of men, he said, were scarce in New Orleans; and ended by asking me if I would go privateering with him. Nothing could have suited me better, and I agreed at once.

"We went to the various seamen's boarding-houses in town, and soon completed his complement of hands, and then went on to New Orleans in a steamboat. He had written to his brother Ham to come and join him if he wished, and we found him on board waiting our arrival. In a few days the Antelope was ready for sea, and on the afternoon previous to the day on which we intended to drop down the river, while standing on the levee, I was accosted by a boy of about fifteen years of age, who asked me if I knew where Captain Wainwright's vessel lay. It was Bill's little brother Harry, who had absconded from his parents to go to sea with his brother, and had with an energy and spirit of enterprise astonishing in one of his years, made his way alone and unassisted from his far-distant home in Kentucky to the turbid waters of the great Mississippi. Bill's astonishment at seeing him may easily be conceived.

"'Why, Harry, how in thunder did you get here?' he inquired.

"'Well, I travelled part way on foot, and a steamboat captain gave me a passage from Memphis. I could not stay at home when I heard you and Ham were going together—and so, as

father and mother wouldn't hear reason, I set out without leave.'

" Hear reason indeed ! Why, boy, have you thought how your poor mother will break her heart crying for you ?—and your father, too ? Why, if anything happened to you while with me, I would rather meet death, ten times over, than look them in the face. Well, well, you needn't cry—I wont send you back. I will write to them, and make the best of it. Come on board—there, don't cry, poor child !—don't cry, Harry, or you'll never make a sailor.'

" That night we dropped quietly down the river, and after the usual four or five days' tedious backing and filling, got over the bar at Passe a l'Ontre. After we had got over the bar, the decks were cleared, the watches drawn and the hands called aft, while Captain Wainwright addressed them in a short, but pithy and sensible speech, acquainting them with the object and prospects of the voyage. Then the officers of our little craft held a consultation in the cabin, in which it was determined to cruise along the coast, from Brazos southward, as far as Vera Cruz. I, being only second officer, had not much to say, and not being much acquainted with mercantile transactions, did not fully understand the objects of the voyage; but there were some valuable goods aboard, and from what Bill said, I inferred that they were consigned to secret agents of our owners, and to be landed as occasion offered, at certain places on the coast. A certain air of mystery that he assumed when speaking of the matter, and other circumstances, made me suspect that there was some irregularity in our papers. Others, I guess, thought so too, but no one cared, for the Antelope was as fleet as her namesake, and had two howitzers and a long nine, and twenty able foremast hands on board ; and if we made a successful trip, it would bring a little fortune to each of us. After we were fairly out at sea, the sails trimmed and all snug, Ham proposed to drink success to the voyage. Bill answered that there was no liquor on board, and that if there were, he could not drink it, as he had taken a pledge before he left New Orleans, at the instance of the owner of the vessel, who knew him well, and was aware of his failing.

" 'Pledge ! O, pledge be— well, I wont swear,' said Ham. ' But what would the boys at home, in Spring Valley, say, if they knew that Bill Wainwright, that used to thrash the best of them at school, had grown a baby, and could not take command of a little schooner without having his mouth tied up with a pledge ? Wonder he didn't send a dry nurse with you, to

measure out your coffee, and see you didn't hurt yourself eating molasses. I've got a bottle of good old Kentucky whiskey, made in the valley where we were born—just about a horn apiece all round, and I'll drink success to our voyage, if no one else will.'

" The bottle was produced, and Ham poured out a glass, and repeating 'Success to our voyage,' drank it. He refilled the glass and handed it to his brother. Bill was keenly sensitive to ridicule—he took the glass, changed color, turning first red and then very pale, drank it off, and then turned round and left the cabin without saying a word. The manner of the action was noticed by all of us ; we drank in silence, and I could not help thinking that it was an ominous commencement. But the gloom which this incident threw over us was soon dispelled by the exciting occurrences of the voyage. We stopped and landed goods in several out of-the-way little places along the coast, hoisting the Mexican flag as we ran in—landing the goods at night, and taking specie on board in return. And I guess his agents gave him some information in some of those places ; at all events, we captured four prizes very neatly, and though small craft, their cargoes were very valuable. Not having any spare hands to man the prizes, we were obliged to take everything of value out of them, and having put the crews on shore, scuttle them.

" We had been no more than ten or twelve weeks out from New Orleans, and had cleared (as Bill told me in confidence) over all expenses, more than fifty thousand dollars, without meeting with a single casualty, or ill-luck of any kind, when one day we drew in to the coast, off the mouth of a small river somewhere to the southward of Matamoras, if I remember rightly, and after sending a boat in to reconnoitre and ascertain that all was right, we ran in and dropped anchor. It was a forlorn looking place enough. A few miserable huts were visible near the river's bank, and one better looking building further in among the trees. There was no sign of human beings until it fell dark, and then a little boat came alongside, with a villainous looking Mexican on board, who sculled the boat alone. This fellow held a long and earnest conversation with Captain Wainwright, and when it was concluded, the hatches were opened, some goods hastily put into our boat and landed at a place pointed out by the Mexican, and then Captain Wainwright addressed us as follows :

" 'Now, my lads, I have just received information that a large brig with a most valuable cargo, and over eighty thousand dollars in specie, will leave Vera Cruz for Europe in about ten days.

Now we must have her, and if we succeed in capturing this rich prize, we will return to Mobile to secure our wealth, for this cruise, short as it has been, will have made us all rich. Now, up anchor!

"We made for Galveston, and reached there in three days, discharged all the cargo we had on board, took in ballast and sailed for the Bay of Campeachy, and being favored by a sharp 'norther,' on the fourth afternoon we saw the towering summit of the great volcano, Orizaba, rearing its huge bulk far above the variegated clouds that encircled the setting sun. Lying to well off the land, we watched for our prize, and the very next afternoon, to our great joy, we saw her standing out of the roads, accompanied by a light 'goletta,' or coasting schooner. The wind was light and southerly, and as soon as we observed her, we hoisted the American flag, and made sail on the larboard tack, as if standing in. When we got well to windward of them, we put about and gave chase. They instantly observed the manœuvre and crowded all sail, the brig holding on her course, but the goletta wore round on the other tack, and bore up for the land. The brig was a capital sailer, and although she could not show such a pair of heels as the Antelope, it was slow work coming up with her. The evening wore away and night closed in. The full moon rose and shone from a cloudless sky, so that we could easily see the chase, now about a half mile to leeward. The heavy dew that is so remarkable in the Bay of Campeachy and on the Alacrane Banks, began to fall, saturating and trickling down our rigging, and wetting the deck as thoroughly as a shower would have done. The soft, southerly wind sighed through the cordage, laden with the sweet smell of the land, and all seemed so peaceful that it appeared like sacrilege to disturb the tranquillity of that glorious night. This was, however, most effectually done by the loud report of a gun on board the brig, and the harsh whizzing of the ball over our heads, another shot almost immediately following the first.

"'The ball has opened,' said Captain Wainwright, smiling.

"'Yes, by jingo, it has opened us,' replied Ham, as another shot went crashing through our main boom.

"'Look out there, Paul,' said Bill, 'give them a shot.'

"I fired, and the report of our long nine pounder rang out sharp and distinct on the damp night breeze. The shot, however, was ineffectual, striking the water under the brig's counter. A few more were exchanged without injury to

either vessel, and the brig was evidently fast gaining, now that our mainsail was disabled. The carpenter was using every exertion to get a new main boom rigged to recover our lost ground, when a lucky shot of mine carried away the brig's foretopmast, which in its fall brought with it the maintop-gallant mast and flying jib-boom. We now rapidly came up with her, and in less than another hour, during which time the Mexicans worked their six pounders with perseverance and bravery, we drew within pistol range. Our howitzers were loaded to the muzzle with langrage, in preparation for a contest at close quarters, and our fire continuing, her mainmast went presently by the board. As we ranged alongside, they gave us a volley from their small arms, and a charge of grape—the latter killing two of our men and wounding five more. When the smoke of this discharge had cleared away, we perceived the Mexicans collected on the starboard quarter, evidently with the intention of boarding as soon as we came in contact. The captain took our helm himself, and as we came together suddenly put it hard a-port, so that our quarter gallery just touched hers before we again separated. At this moment, Tom Eaton, the gunner, gave them the contents of both howitzers, doing terrible execution; for there were at least thirty men (more than the whole complement of our little craft) collected in a dense mass on her quarter in readiness to board. Their intended manœuvre was thus defeated, and nearly half their number killed or wounded. The result was fortunate for us, for if they had succeeded in boarding, the tables might have been seriously turned, as their numbers greatly exceeded ours. As the vessels touched, Bill dropped the wheel and sprang on the taffrail of the brig. I followed with our whole boarding party, taking the astonished and confused Mexicans in the rear. We had not time to cut down more than half a dozen of them, when the poor fellows, finding themselves overmatched, threw down their arms and cried for quarter. The brig was ours—the prisoners were secured, but treated with the utmost kindness and humanity, and everything in our power was done for the relief of the unfortunate wounded.

"The captain had hidden himself, for he was not to be found when we took the brig, but he shortly came from his hiding-place and surrendered himself. He was an evil-looking fellow, with a wizened, sallow, pinched-up face, that involuntarily reminded one of a dried apple. We immediately set about transferring the most valuable portion of the cargo to our vessel, when it was suddenly discovered that the water was

pouring into the brig in several places, and at the same time she was discovered to be on fire. This was evidently the captain's work—for this purpose he had secreted himself. Our carpenter managed to stop the leaks, and we got the fire under by means of wet cloths before any damage was done. As it was in the immediate vicinity of the powder room, however, we thought it prudent to hasten our work, as the fire might still be smouldering inside the ceiling, and might break out at any moment afresh. We therefore hastily lashed the vessels together, the sea being smooth and tranquil, and tossed seroons of cochineal, cases of jalap root and indigo, and boxes of vanilla from one hold to another with surprising expedition. Some of our prisoners, won over by our kind treatment of them, informed us where the captain had hid the specie when he found he was pursued. It was in the fore-peak in the chain-locker, covered over with chain and packed in strong kegs. While hoisting the specie in, Ham (who, although a sober fellow, liked a drop of strong drink in moderation now and again) found among the cabin stores a small cask of brandy, and contrived to send it aboard the Antelope unobserved. Poor fellow! if he had known the consequences, he would have had his hand hacked from his body sooner than have touched it.

"Well, Bill gave me permission to take a small demijohn of the same liquor which I found in the cabin, aboard for the men, but forbidding me to broach it until the prisoners were landed. Having scuttled the brig, we shaped our course for the Rio Tigre, and on the third morning came up with the long range of islands, shoals and bars that reach out eastward from the south bank of the river. Here we landed our prisoners, previously building a shanty for the temporary shelter of the wounded, until their companions could procure them assistance from a little town a few miles up the river. We had scarcely got under way again ere the breeze failed us, and the hard, clear air seemed to promise a norther.

"In a few hours it was quite calm, and the sea, like a sheet of glass, lay beneath us motionless and unruffled. The weather became oppressively hot, and the sun shone with intolerable fervor through the heated air. The sea-gulls—*infallible barometers*—had gathered along the shore, and were lazily floating on the water, preening their feathers as they always do before a storm. We had not made more than a few miles offing, when the little scattered patches of white, fleecy cloud that come in the van of the norther, made their appearance and flitted across the sky with extraordinary rapidity, and in less than two hours

afterwards the sea was one seething, hissing expanse of foam, swept by one of the fiercest northerns I ever encountered. As the sea rose, our little craft, deeply loaded as she was with the spoil of our prize, began to labor heavily, and the skipper being strongly urged by Ham (who, poor fellow, though with the best intention in the world, seemed to be our evil genius—in short, a perfect Jonah), with great reluctance put the helm up and ran in again under the lee of the shoals and islands of the Rio Tigre, and came to anchor under the lee of a small island, well covered with timber, which in some measure broke the fury of the gale. Having made all snug for the night, and ascertained that the anchors held securely, we piped to supper, and Ham reminded his brother that he had promised the men that they should have the jug of brandy as soon as the prisoners were landed. Bill's kind and yielding disposition could refuse his brother nothing. He assented, and as soon as supper was over he began a carouse, and mirth and conviviality were the order of the night. Bill Wainwright being unaware that there was any more liquor on board, dreamed of no danger and joined in our hilarity. As he put the cup to his lips, he caught my eye and looked disconcerted, but laughingly said :

"Well, it can't do much harm, there's no more to be had.—Boys, here's a quick and safe passage home."

"Poor Bill! If he had never drank that toast, we might have had a different passage home. Ham had from deference to the captain filled the cup, and his brother observing this, drank but half of its contents, but quite enough to excite the old and fatal craving. The jug passed round the circle, and after every one had drank, little Harry included, there was still some left. As the potion began to take its effect, mirth, song and story prevailed in turn, and Captain Wainwright alone was grave and serious, and I knew that he was engaged in a fierce struggle between the cravings of his appetite and his better resolutions; and for a time I thought the latter would prevail; but when the full cup was again passed to him, he returned it—empty!

"It is needless to amplify on the consequences. The orgy was begun. Ham's cask was produced, and Bill was soon beyond the control of reason, or the regard of consequences. The songs grew louder and the mirth more uproarious, until the most sober and circumspect of both officers and crew would gladly have ended the festivities; but Bill was now frenzied with liquor, and one of his drunken freaks was to compel every one else to drink, particularly those who tried to

avoid it, and as we feared to arouse his anger by refusal, the result was that we were all, even to poor little Harry, soon in a state either of helpless intoxication, or of drunken frenzy. What extravagances we committed while in this state I cannot remember, but I fell into a drunken stupor quite early in the evening, from which I awoke some time after with a raging thirst. I found the crew all lying about, drunk and helpless. The wind had greatly abated and all was quiet.

"Having tried in vain to arouse some of the men, I went down into the cabin and there found poor Bill lying on the floor breathing stertorously and hard, his flushed face and relaxed limbs showing the futility of any attempt to rouse him. Ham and little Harry lay on deck close to the companionway; the boy had, even in his intoxication, with the instinct of affection, nestled his head upon his brother's broad bosom, and his fair skin and bright golden hair contrasted strongly in the clear moonshine with Ham's bronzed and rugged features, muscular throat and shaggy beard. Grieved and sick at heart at this sad picture of our drunken folly, and anxious about its consequences, I went forward and stretched myself on the bulwarks of the forecastle, leaning against the cat-head, and while looking over the moonlit waters, and the islands, with their crests of dark waving trees, and fringe of white, sandy beach, and listening to the murmuring of the surf and the breathings of the dying norther through the rigging, I fell into that state of dreamy torpor which every one sometimes experiences, and in which, although asleep to all intents and purposes, we are still in a great measure conscious of what is passing around us. In this state, our real impressions partake so much of the nature of our dreams, and indeed become so much mingled with them, that often we are unable on waking to distinguish between them. I soon got into a long, rambling kind of dream, in which a small boat with two men in her, hailing us repeatedly, and then sculling quietly alongside, was the most tangible impression. Next, Mobile—prizes—little Harry—Mississippi—northerns—drunken sprees—brandy casks—immense boxes of specie—battle—blood, and long and earnest whispered conversations with the two mysterious visitors, a word of which I did not understand, although a confidential participant and adviser, were inextricably mingled in torturing confusion, while, to add to the chaos, an indefinable sense of some horrid danger, some frightful catastrophe impending, pervaded all, and like a hideous nightmare, weighed down and paralyzed my system like a

mountain of lead. Bill Wainwright's mother, her gray hair dishevelled, and muffled in a shroud, rushed shrieking from the cabin and commenced madly ringing our bell, the clanging of which echoed through my brain like peals of thunder, and the huge volcanic cone of Orizaba seemed suspended in mid air, directly overhead, sending forth eruptions of flame and smoke, and gradually descending like a vast extinguisher upon us. Through all this turmoil I could still hear the murmuring of the strange men's voices, and I had an idea that somehow they were connected with it. When, however, I would have remonstrated with them, as I thought, they retired as mysteriously as they came, and I could hear their oars, as they pulled softly away from the vessel. Then, all was for a time blank and silent, and I was conscious of nothing but that vague foreshadowing of danger, which grew more and more oppressive, and at length perfectly agonizing. At last I suddenly became aware in my dream, that a number of strange men were on board, and, as I thought, *murdering my sleeping comrades!* With an exclamation of horror I awoke, sprang to my feet, and was instantly felled to the deck by a violent blow upon the head.

"When I recovered my senses, the first sight I saw was almost sufficient to drive them away forever. The vessel was in possession of the Mexicans. Two fishermen in a small skiff, who were caught in the norther, pulling past us on their way back to shore, hailed us, and receiving no answer, came on board during the night, and going ashore, gave information of our plight. A party instantly set out to recapture us in our helpless condition—most of them being the very prisoners we had released that morning—and how they had succeeded was but too apparent. Bill Wainwright and I were lying bound and wounded abaft the mainmast. Right before us lay poor Ham, his throat cut from ear to ear, so that his head was nearly severed from his shoulders. And little Harry lay still beside him, pinned through the breast to the deck by a fragment of a boarding pike, his golden hair dabbling in the mingled pool of his own and his brother's blood; their faces ghastly in death, and contorted in their last agony, seemed to look at us reproachfully from their filmed and glassy eyes. Around the deck lay the bodies of the rest of our unfortunate shipmates, all slaughtered in their unconscious, drunken lethargy, by the revengeful Mexicans. Bill was found by them alone in the cabin, and secured alive for the purpose of giving his captors what information they might require. And I was found to have been

only stunned by an ill-directed blow from a cutlass, after the Mexicans' thirst for revenge had been sated by the butchery of our comrades. It was now broad daylight. Poor Bill Wainwright sat with his hands tied behind him, looking with a strong fixedness of gaze on his murdered brothers—not a muscle, not a feature moved. He sat silent and expressionless as a statue, but the great tears fell slowly one by one down his cheek. I spoke to him, but he did not seem to hear me.

"One of the Mexicans now approached—a humane looking man—and after a few words of apparent remonstrance with his comrades, cut the seizings that bound us. He then requested Bill to show them where the specie was stowed, and thus save them some trouble in looking for it—promising at the same time that we should be well treated. He assented, and taking out a cigar asked for a light, which was given to him. He took out another, and giving it to me, while I was lighting it at his, said in a whisper, with a quick glance of intelligence :

"It is in the run with the powder!"

"I understood him, and my heart felt for an instant like an icicle. But I whispered in reply :

"Do it—don't mind me."

"God bless you Paul!" replied poor Bill. "If you wish to jump, jump when I whistle. Good by!"

"Those were the last words that Bill Wainwright ever spoke. He went slowly down the companionway, followed by the Mexican officer, but just before he disappeared from view, he turned and looked at me once more. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes, glassy and lustreless as those of a corpse, were fixed on me with a meaningless stare. Recovering himself, he started, flushed up to his very hair and went down into the cabin. I tell you, shipmates, I've been in some awful situations in my lifetime, but my heart never beat, nor my limbs trembled, as they did at that moment. A minute passed, and then from the depth of the after hold I heard a faint whistle, and rushing suddenly to the gangway, I plunged head foremost overboard.

"I descended some depth, and was rising again to the surface, when the Antelope blew up with a tremendous explosion. The sudden compression of the water made me feel for the moment as if I were being crushed together, but I was uninjured, and on rising, I was fain to dive under again for a time, for the fragments of the wreck, spars, rigging, etc., fell thick as hail; but in a few moments all was again quiet, and all that remained of the Antelope was the heavy cloud of dense smoke that rolled slowly out sea-

ward before the morning land breeze, and the masses of shattered wreck, and blackened, disfigured corpses that floated on the waters around. I got on a piece of the wreck and drifted out to sea for two days, attended by a body guard of sharks, and was then picked up by a brig bound into Galveston. Shipmates, I never tasted rum from that day to this."

As Paul Farnham concluded his story, eight bells struck, the wheel was relieved, and the watch below retired quietly and thoughtfully to their hammocks.

THE BEDOUIN.

It is a curious fact that whilst the Christian missionary has made his way to almost every part of the globe, and has taught with more or less success, he has never succeeded in mixing with the Bedouins. They wander over a region, which, from physical causes, can be inhabited by none others but men following their mode of life. From the earliest times every effort has been made to reduce them to subjection, and to render their haunts, by human skill and labor, fit to receive a settled population. Canals and water courses were, as we have described, carried as far into the desert as human ingenuity could devise; and where water could reach, there the land was conquered. But there remained beyond a vast region which the Bedouin could call his own. There he is to be found still, such as we see him represented on the wall of the Assyrian palaces, riding his swift dromedary; as we read of him in sacred history, suddenly appearing as robber in the midst of the quiet cultivators of the soil, and as suddenly returning unharmed before their well-trained legions during the height of their power; he remains to this hour unchallenged in his manners, his language, his arms, and his dress. It is the unchangeableness which renders the Bedouin so interesting as a study. He is the only link between the earliest stages of mankind and the present time.

UNCHRISTIAN STRIFE.

There is another dark feature of this age. It is the spirit of collision, contention, discord, which breaks forth in religion, in politics, in business, in private affairs; a result and necessary issue of the selfishness which prompts the endless activity of life. The mighty forces which are at this moment acting in society are not, and cannot be in harmony, for they are not governed by love. They jar; they are discordant. Life now has little music in it. It is not only on the field of battle that men fight; they fight on the Exchange. Business is war, a conflict of skill, management, and too often fraud; to snatch the prey from our neighbor is the end of all this stir. Religion is war; Christians, forsaking their own Lord, gather under various standards, to gain victory for their sect. Politics are war, breaking the whole people into fierce and unscrupulous parties, which forget their country in conflicts for office and power. The age needs nothing more than peace-makers, men of serene, commanding virtue, to preach in life and word the gospel of human brotherhood, to allay the fires of jealousy and hate.—Dr. Channing.

[ORIGINAL.]

KATE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

What hath befallen our merry Kate,
That her laughing voice is still?
Why does she late at the casement wait,
When eve has wrapped dale and hill?

Is it to know when each starlight ray
Shoots sudden athwart the gloom,
She watches so closely declining day,
And turns from our lighted room?

Doth the young moon breathe to her eager ear
A tender and joyful strain?
Yet that fair young cheek showed a pearly tear—
A rose dashed with summer rain.

The wreath she twined with such earnest care
Ere twilight had flushed the sky,
Hath been carelessly brushed from her glossy hair—
The jewels unheeded lie.

And the clear blue eye, whose sparkling light
Hath gladdened our home so long,
Whom can I seek, through the deepening night,
In the passing, busy throng?

Ah, over well can I guess, poor child,
By that eager, wistful brow,
What tempting spirit hath o'er thee smiled—
What dreams are about thee now!

O Kate, rash Kate, thou hast put away
Too soon thy girl's heart of air!
Thou hast taken up, with love's witching lay,
A woman's sad weight of care.

[ORIGINAL.]

A LEGEND OF MEILAND.

BY LT. H. B. MAY, U. S. A.

THAT part of the Duchy of Milan, called the Austrian Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, forms one of the finest regions in all Europe. Rich plains and fertile valleys abound upon its surface, while at the north, the Rhetian Alpe raise it thirteen thousand feet above the level of the Adriatic, and their tops are lost in the mist and snow that are perpetually about them. Below lie Lake Maggiore, Lugano, Como, Iseo and Gardo. From these and the intermediate valleys, the rivers Ticino, Olona, Lambro, Adda, and six others fall into the Po, descending in nearly parallel lines.

On the river Olona is situated the large and beautiful city of Milan, or Milano, called by the Germans, *Meiland*. Surrounded by a canal, its situation, in a beautiful plain between the Ticino

and the Adda, hemmed in by a double avenue of fine trees, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. Its shape is almost entirely circular. Beautiful gardens and orchards add to its attractiveness. Here are the Casa Visconti, the Casa Durini, and several other fine mansions; although in these points Milan cannot be compared with Rome, Genoa or Florence. But it exceeds almost all these in the grandeur of its cathedral, while several of its churches, especially that of Santa-Maria-della-Grazie, where De Vinci's splendid fresco of the Last Supper belongs, are worthy of admiration. And this beautiful city "stands" in the language of Von Raumer, "in a sea of green trees, as Venice in a sea of green water."

The creation of the dynasty known as the Duchy of Milan, commenced about the close of the fourteenth century. When the Lombard cities attempted to free themselves from the power of Germany, they resigned their liberties into the hands of individuals. Among these were the Visconti, the Carrara, and the Gonzaghi, who ruled their different territories with the iron rule. Of these the Visconti became most conspicuous. Their possessions were vested in Gian-Galeazzo Visconti, in 1387, after his murder of his uncle, Bernarbo, whose daughter Catarina was his wife. Crimes of the deepest dye stained his course. He strove to possess himself of the estates of other noble families, and succeeded in ruining the family of the Scala, and obtaining possession of Verona and Vicenza. He was called Duke of Milan and Count of Pavia. The plague ended his career in 1402.

To his son, Gian-Marie, he gave the Duchy of Milan—to the second son, Filippo-Marie, the estates of Pavia, while Pisa, Sarzana and Crema fell to his illegitimate, but favorite son, Gabriello Visconti. The heir to the duchy was only fourteen when his father died. Visconti had therefore left him under the care of the Duchess Catarina and of Francesco Gonzaga, who had married Agnese Visconti, Catarina's sister. Added to these, he had recommended the boy to the care and protection of the principal commanders of his Milanese forces. The latter sought their own interests, and soon disorder, anarchy and civil war prevailed. Domestic strife ensued. Catarina and her young son quarrelled, and when the tumults and dissensions reached Pavia, the Count Filippo was thrown into a dungeon. Pisa and Sarzana revolted under the rule of Gabriello, and altogether the possessions left by the murderer Gian-Galeazzo, seemed to bear only bitter fruit, which turned to ashes on the lips of the inheritors.

Catarina, in her prison, had abundant reason

to brood moodily over her unmotherly resentment. She knew the fierce, rash temper of her eldest son, and should have thrown oil upon the waves of his madness. In that dreary prison she heard like one in a dream, the miserable ways in which the young duke exercised his cruelty upon those who displeased or offended him; of the bloodhounds trained to wound and lacerate their limbs, and all the horrible barbarities that grew out of his relentless malice and fury.

She was sitting in her solitary cell one morning, trying vainly to count the beads of her rosary. The memories of the past crowded too thickly upon the unhappy mother to allow her even the consolations of religion. She heard loud talking in the passage, and the duke's name mentioned in the various tones of astonishment, horror and disgust. When the jailer entered soon after, with her poor meal of bread and water, she looked up through the dim light which struggled into the little dusty window crossed so thickly with iron bars, and asked if there was anything new about her son. The man gazed at her as he had never done before. Perhaps her wasted figure and deeply-lined brow had never so strongly impressed him. There was compassion in his glance—even tenderness, as one shows to a being utterly bowed down with sorrow and distress.

Her dry, parched lips were already the gateways to a stream of blood, yet she cried still, "Tell me, O, tell me!"

Too frightened to disobey, the man laid her gently on her bed, saturated a cloth in the water and applied it to her lips, and then told her as gently as possible, that the duke had been assassinated in the church of St. Gothard, and that Filippo was declared his successor to the Duchy of Milan.

"Dead—dead! and neither has forgiven the other!" cried the wretched woman. Then, as if the love of liberty prevailed over every other feeling, she added: "But Filippo will take me away from this place—Filippo will liberate his mother!"

Ere the words were fairly out of her mouth, they were followed by a second stream of blood, and in that ensanguined flow, the spirit of Caterina Visconti departed.

New trials awaited the young Duke Filippo, almost as soon as he exchanged imprisonment for sovereignty; and for a while his territories wavered in his hands, just ready to fall before the iron grasp of one who claimed to be the son of the murdered Bernarbo. To this man, Astorre Visconti, had been awarded the title of the soldier "*sans peur*," and he now strove to make

good his claims to the appellation, by supplanting the rightful heir of Milan. But while defending the citadel of Monza, a stone was hurled which shattered his leg, and he died almost immediately of the wound, leaving Filippo without a rival to the possession of his estates. These, indeed, were but a poor remnant of the former dukedom. Already had it lost from its crown the jewels Siena, Cremona, Parma and Reggio, followed by Breschia and Novara—in short, it was stripped of its dependencies, and the city of Milan seemed to stand alone as the representative of ducal power. With him ended the last remnant of the power of the Visconti. His government was alternately brightened and stained by a disposition to generosity or cruelty. Kind to his prisoners, wise and brave, yet unfeeling and tyrannical to his wife, whose innocence he aspersed, and whose life he sacrificed, his reign was one of tumultuous disorder and capricious goodness.

Still standing upon the spacious esplanade, by which is the principal entrance to the city of Milan, is the ancient Gothic castle of the Visconti. This esplanade is called the Piazza-di-Castello; and during the vice-royalty of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, was adorned with plantations and beautiful walks. From its association with a family so conspicuous, there are few buildings in Milan that attract more attention from the traveller, after the cathedral, than the Casa Visconti.

In the year 1787, the steward of the Visconti property had a beautiful young girl, his niece, residing with him in a small house adjoining the mansion. This girl was the idol of the old man's heart. Of all his daughters, not one had survived, and his only son had gone away when a mere youth, and had never returned. His wife was infirm, and Gian's sole dependence was upon this beautiful Bianca, whose society he prized as a doting father might do. Nor did Bianca love her kind uncle less. She had known, indeed, no other father and mother than the old steward and his wife; and now that the old woman was deprived of health and strength of body and mind, the affectionate girl bestowed all her care upon her. One only recreation did Bianca steal from her duties. When her charge slept, which was usually even till mid day, she stole into the picture-gallery of the castle and copied the paintings with which it abounded. To this task she came not without some previous knowledge of the art. The old steward, Maspini, had taken her from the house of an Italian painter, to whom she was indebted for a careful study of his art and no small cultivation of its details.

Day after day, while Catharine Maspini slept, the girl was seated at her easel in the dim light of the old gallery, surrounded by the creations of the grand old masters, and imitating with no unskillful hand their many and various beauties. Maspini did not grudge the costly materials she used, and already the small dwelling had its pictured rivals to the collection at the castle.

One afternoon Maspini urged her to go back to a picture which she had been quite earnest to complete, saying that he would take her place by his wife's easy-chair as long as she wished to remain. Bianca gladly accepted his offer, and taking the keys, she made her way up stairs to the gallery, and was soon absorbed in painting. She touched and retouched the picture, until it grew so lovely beneath her eyes, that she fairly wept with delight. Nothing that she had yet executed, had worn such a finished beauty. As she worked on, the sun sunk down upon his couch in the west, and drew his gorgeous drapery of purple and gold above it. Twilight succeeded. If she looked around the room, all seemed dark, but upon her picture there came down a soft light as if a star were shining upon it from its serene depths. She leaned back in her chair, and gazed lovingly into the tender eyes of the sweet portrait. It was of a lady, apparently of that beautiful transition age between childhood and womanhood, with deep, dark, spiritual-looking eyes that seemed to look into futurity, and ask what it would bring to her.

What had it brought? Maspini had told her that this was the pictured semblance of the fair Beatrice, the wife of Philip Visconti, whose melancholy fate had so often excited her to tears. She had lingered over this picture until the spirit that once animated the form it represented seemed to come to her like a guardian angel. A slight rustling as of garments, while it awoke, did not alarm her. She thought she could have borne to see Beatrice Visconti before her eyes and talk with her face to face. She felt that there was some one beside her, yet she did not look up. She waited perhaps to hear a voice which should awaken her, for she felt that she was half dreaming in that dim twilight. The voice came low and silvery as a spirit might be supposed to speak, yet with a deep and tender pathos, as of a suppliant. Moreover, it was not a woman's voice, and Bianca began to tremble under its strange influence.

"Lady," it said, "be not alarmed. Believe me, I have often watched you here, and would not harm or frighten you for worlds. To-night, unable longer to bear the insupportable loneliness of the castle, I have ventured to accost you; and

the sight of your completed picture, which in its progress I have so much admired, has made it impossible to resist congratulating you upon its perfection."

Do not think, reader, that Bianca's eyes remained downcast through this long speech from the unknown visitant. She had raised them, and saw distinctly the outline of a handsome face and of a fine figure. It was too dark to discern the complexion, but she was quite satisfied that it was not at all ghostlike; while the voice had a clear and pleasant ring that could never belong to one who had lain in the deep ground, or five fathoms in the sea. But maidenly delicacy prompted her to murmur something about the lateness of the hour, and her surprise at not being called by her uncle, and then she rose to go. The strange being attended her down the stairs and across the little arched pathway that led into the house of her uncle. She lingered a moment on the step, but when she turned, she found he was still following. To her surprise, her uncle addressed him as if he knew of him before.

"Signor," said Maspini, "you are imprudent to leave the tower. Do you not know that already you may be watched."

"I cannot help it, good Maspini. I can stay cooped no longer in that horrid place. I am dying of ennui. Better to be taken than to live thus—knowing that an angel is near me, yet that I may not speak or hear her voice."

"Ah, it was my little Bianca that tempted you out? Faith, I did not dare tell her that you were there, lest she should delay to finish the picture I like so well!"

"Nay, it is completed, and I have had the first benefit of the sight."

"Well, signor, I cannot be inhospitable enough to bid you go back to your eyrie; but if you must stay here this evening, we will stay above stairs, where no prying eye can look through a crevice in the shutters."

He led the way to an upper room, whither Bianca had already retired to conceal her emotion. Evidently some peril was connected with the handsome and noble stranger, which her uncle had concealed from her, and which she longed, yet dreaded to know. Never had a presence so moved and affected her. Nor was the impression weakened after passing the entire evening in hearing and seeing him.

When the clock struck ten, the stranger rose, and taking her hand, said, simply, "I must go now back to my lonely tower. I leave my character in my uncle's hands, satisfied that he will not do me injustice."

Bidding them good night, he cautiously

AGNES LINCOLN'S CROSS.

stepped across to the castle, and the soft shutting of a door told them he was in safety.

More than a month before—so Maspini now told Bianca—this stranger had come quietly into the castle one afternoon while he was there alone, and requested shelter. He had been accused of conspiracy against the life of the Austrian emperor; but trusting to the officers being ignorant of his person, and strong in his own innocence of the plot, he had merely desired to lie secreted for awhile, until the storm should blow over. Maspini had become intensely interested in him, but dared not acquaint his niece with the circumstance, lest it should cause her embarrassment if any inquiry should be made of her when he was absent. Moreover, he knew that nothing would tempt her to the gallery, if she knew that a stranger was near. Therefore he kept the secret until the young signor betrayed himself.

Four years from that night, in a fine old family mansion, once occupied by one of the Scala, En-genio Dorati and his young wife Bianca, were recalling this very remembrance. They had been two years married. Catarina Maspini had paid the debt of nature, but her husband, released from the cares of his stewardship, had found a welcome to the home of his niece and her grateful partner. A fair babe lay in the cradle, whose eyes wore the reflected hue of the mother's. Around the room hung the evidences of Bianca's talent, and conspicuous among the rest, hung the portrait of the beautiful Beatrice.

And in the cosiest corner, half sitting, half reclining, was Maspini, with his calm face shining brightly upon the rest of the group, and moving his lips as if in prayer or thanksgiving. For his niece had become the happy wife of one of the most distinguished of the Milanese nobles, once unjustly suspected of a conspiracy—and not more distinguished for greatness, than goodness was the noble and handsome Dorati.

INDIAN TRADITION.

The tradition of a great flood is to be found among the Choctaws, as well as among the Aztecs, and among many tribes eastward of the Cordilleras of South America. "There reigned," they say, "an impenetrable darkness over the whole world, and the wise medicine men tried all kinds of methods to overcome this gloom, and looked long for returning daylight. But their labor was vain; and the whole nation sank into great misery. At length, after long waiting, they saw a light rising towards the south, and they thought the end of their sufferings was at hand, when they perceived that the light came from mountains of water which rolled on and overwhelmed the whole nation except a few families, who, foreseeing the misfortune, had built themselves a raft, upon which they were saved.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAGDALEN.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

The moon sits calmly on the day-god's throne,
Earth meekly bends beneath her magic sway,
While myriad lamps, through the proud city strown,
Rival the star-worlds with their glittering ray.
Yes; upward glare they through the hurrying throe,
But deeper glows the dark, despairing eye
That shows a trembling spirit, steeped in wrong,
Longing from life's Aesculapius to fly,
To pass the shadowy veil, and solve time's mystery.

Siberian snows may hem the traveller round,
Yet shall his soul, at recollection's call,
Speed like Mazeppa, on the thought-steed bound,
Till bright before him gleams the homestead wall.
But O! how sad is woman's exile lot,
Forced from her Eden home, a pilgrim lone
To wander, where, all things but self forgot,
Life's billows dash o'er many a bark o'erthrown—
Sin's curdling horror whelms the spirit's gurgling groan.

Sweet faith of Nazareth's immortal shrine,
Hymned by the rippling waves of Galilee,
Thy followers, through time's early morning rime
Pealed forth the chorus of thy minstrelsy;
Fearless they taught the good that never dies—
Firm trod the path Immanuel walked before;
Untrembling, as they viewed the ~~gathering~~ skies
They heard the crowd its bigot ~~tears~~ pour—
The Parthian tiger's howl—the Nemean lion's roar

Now, like a sea-shell on the ocean strand,
'Reft of its tenant, lies thy creed of old.
Its soul is fled! Where is the high command
The Saviour uttered to the rulers cold
Who girt the erring one?—"Let him first strike
Whose breast is free from guilt!" 'Tis past, tis past!
The stern-browed zealot smites all sins alike.
Yet, lost one, time's wild night is hurrying fast—
Heaven's golden dawn shall gild thy darkened path at
last.

There shalt thou learn what earth hath never taught—
That holiest joy—the pure, aspiring soul,
The truths thy storm-tossed spirit heeded not,
While passion bade her life-long billows roll.
Years may pass by—long ages ebb and flow
Around the confines of the heavenly plain,
Yet shalt thou read, where fadeless splendors glow—
God stands a Pharos o'er the eternal main;
Each weather-rifted sail shall make the port again.

[ORIGINAL.]

AGNES LINCOLN'S CROSS.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

I HAVE an aunt living far away from here, who, having no children of her own, has always considered it my duty to spend some part of every year with her, and I have done so. My aunt, Mrs. William Field, is a very lovable sort of a person, though somewhat prim; but what ren-

dered my stay at his house very pleasant, was the presence of a distant relation of Mr. Field's, an orphan and heiress, Agnes Lincoln. I was nine years younger than Agnes, but that did not prevent a firm friendship from springing up between us. She was not what the world called beautiful, that is, she had not regular features, rosebud mouth and lily-white complexion, but she had pleasant, soft, gray eyes and a gentle smile; in fact, she was a person to know and love. I used to sit in her room, and hours would pass unheeded as I listened to her gentle voice and intellectual conversation.

One day I was looking in an upper bureau drawer for an embroidery pattern, when my curiosity was aroused by seeing a large ebony box, exquisitely inlaid with silver and pearl. I thoughtlessly asked permission to open it.

"May I see the contents, Agnes? I feel sure it is a jewel case."

Agnes hesitated, then taking a tiny key from a drawer of her writing desk, she said, giving it to me:

"Come and sit on the stool at my feet, Hattie, and when you have looked within the box, I will tell you a story."

I obeyed ~~without~~ ^{with} anxiety, and was soon deeply engaged in my examination. The first thing I saw when I raised the lid was a rich lace veil and withered wreath of flowers. I turned to Agnes for explanation, but she was leaning back in her chair with her eyes closed, and unwilling to disturb her meditations I resumed my search.

Under the veil lay a richly wrought handkerchief, and a miniature of a young man. I took ~~scarcely~~ ^{scarcely} any note of the face, for my eye had been caught by something far more interesting, and with an involuntary exclamation I looked at Agnes, for, lying in the bottom of the box, rendered doubly brilliant by the dark blue lining, was a set of diamond ornaments—the most beautiful I had ever seen—bracelet, ear-rings, chain and cross. I gazed for awhile in mute astonishment, then obeying a gesture, I placed the box in Agnes' lap.

"You have looked at the treasures enough, and if you like I will tell you a story," said Agnes, quietly.

"How kind, Agnes, you are. I am always ready for a story, you know, and my desire for one now is sharpened by the odd contents of the box."

Agnes sighed slightly, then placing the box on the table beside her she began:

"The story, dear Hattie, I am going to relate, is no romance with hair-breadth escapes, asounding disclosures and outwitted villains, but

a simple tale of every-day real life. There is nothing even remarkable in it in any way, and you being such a wonder-loving body, may get tired, but once having begun it, I must not be interrupted till the end. Now shall I go on?"

"Certainly, Agnes, I am not afraid of being weary, indeed," I added, with something of the passion of a lover. "I never am tired of hearing your sweet voice."

Agnes smiled softly, and bending down, kissed me very fondly. How I loved her! A little pause, then Agnes began:

"I shall call the lady Mary Stevens, for of course it is about a young lady. Where she lived I shall not tell you, at least not till my story is finished. Well, Mary Stevens was the only child of a rich merchant. She was good-looking, and had winning, pleasant manners. She was flattered abroad, and petted at home, and as a natural consequence grew up wilful and coquettish, but at the same time she preserved still, deep down in her heart, her frankness and generosity. When she grew up she had many admirers, some worthy, others not, and then it was her coquettishness began to show itself. Suitor after suitor she encouraged only to repulse them coldly when fairly at her feet. When she was seventeen, just your age, Hattie, her mother died, and being left to her own free will, or the guardianship of a maiden aunt who had not the best disposition in the world, her bad qualities soon overshadowed the good."

"What sort of a man was Mary's father, Agnes?" I asked.

"Mr. Stevens, dear Hattie, was a mixture of good and evil, as everybody is. I can hardly venture to say what he was. His daughter Mary was very fond of him, and he seemingly passionately attached to his only child—every passing whim was granted, and money lavished upon her. I may say nothing more, but without hinting at praise or censure, let this little story unfold his true character. When Mary was about twenty, there came a change over her. From the light-hearted, careless girl, she became sad and pale, and sometimes very irritable. She lost all her taste for society, and all her coquettishness; her health began to fail, and she bid fair to follow in the footsteps of her mother, who died of consumption.

"Change of air was recommended, and she tried successively, Nahant, Newport, Saratoga, Sharon and the White Mountains, and at last she settled herself with an aunt at Hamburgh, on the borders of the beautiful Hudson. The air there seemed to have the hoped for effect, for the color came back to her pale cheeks, and the

light to her eyes. Her illness was caused more by mental than physical disease. Tired of her easy conquests, Mary Stevens, with her ardent nature, pined for deep, earnest love, the love of a manly person, and her gloom was caused by the inward feeling that she dared trust no one—all, she believed, looked at her as the heiress, and not as the loving woman. While at her aunt's she preserved a sort of incognito, that is, none knew her as the rich merchant's only child. Here she met a young man by the name of Hamilton, Edgar Hamilton, and to him she yielded herself, dreaming of a purer and better life while listening to his earnest tones.

"One day she was sitting alone in the drawing-room, when Mr. Hamilton was announced. His usual perfectly self-possessed manner was gone, and he seemed visibly agitated. Edgar strove to master his emotion, and calmly took a seat beside her on the sofa, and in one moment was pouring out his heart before her. Never till that moment had she realized the depth, the eloquence of true, earnest love.

"Now Mary, dear Mary, you have heard me. Can you love me? Can you trust yourself to me?"

" She leaned back in the sofa, and covered her face with her hands, and for one moment the old coquettish ways and thoughts came back, urging her not to seem easily won, but true, ardent love was awakened, and removing her hands, her eyes filled with tears, and bending forward, placing her hand in Edgar's she said quietly, and simply :

"Edgar, I love you, and trust all to you."

"No passionate avowal could have expressed her love so well as did those few simple, truthful words. His arms held her close, and his lips met hers in one ardent kiss, the seal for their perfect faith.

"Mary determined to go home immediately, and as engaged. Edgar freed her from all promise till he had spoken to her father, but Mary, with pretty wilfulness wished and had it otherwise. Mr. Stevens seemed very much pleased with his daughter's choice, and soon the world knew what an excellent thing Mary Stevens had done, getting engaged to young Edgar Hamilton, only son of the East India nabob. A short engagement was the wish of all parties.

"The months rolled rapidly on, and the dreaded, yet longed for day arrived; Mary was in her chamber—the last fold of her dress was arranged, the wreath of orange blossoms and the veil just put on, and the diamonds, the ones in this box, Hattie, a bridal present from Edgar, placed on her fair neck and arms. Pale but hap-

py, Mary stood waiting for the summons to go down stairs, when the door opened, and her father appeared. Mary sprang forward, but Mr. Stevens pushed her back, saying coldly:

"Sit down, there is time enough yet to spare." Then turning to the dressing-maid, he said, "Take these trappings off your mistress, for they will not be needed for some time."

" 'Father, what do you mean ?' burst from the astonished Mary, as she heard this singular order from her father. A sudden thought, and turning very pale, she asked in a low voice, ' Has anything happened to Edgar ? Is he ill, dead ? O, speak, father !'

"Dead, child? I would rather he was, than alive causing so much trouble.'

"Mary sat silent and white with dread.

"Can you listen calmly, Mary?" Mr. Stevens looked away as he spoke. "The southern house in which Edgar invested all his money has failed, gone all to pieces, and young Hamilton is a beggar."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mary, while two great tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell glittering upon the rich satin, "I am rich enough for both. O, why did you frighten me so, father? Come, let us go down stairs, I fear we are late."

"Gad, girl, you are a fool! No daughter of mine shall ever marry a beggar!" The old man as he said this, got up and walked to the door.

"‘Surely, father, you are not going to let that prevent my marriage with Edgar?’

"Yes I am." And Mr. Stevens opened the door. One more effort was made by the now really frightened girl. Assuming a calmness she was far from feeling, Mary went to the door, and laying her hand on her father's arm, said coldly:

" ' If that is really your decision, I must speak to Mr. Hamilton.'

" 'Speak to him ; why I made sure and turned him from the house before I came here, and he is gone, where. I neither know nor care.'

"Mary heard no more. She fainted, and was carried to her bed, from which she did not rise for nine long weeks. As soon as she was able to be moved, she was taken abroad, and there remained five years. Mr. Stevens died while they were in Spain. Mary followed his remains to the grave, then sad and lonely returned to her native land.

"Edgar Hamilton left the city on the wretched day, when all his fondest hopes were blighted, and— And the tears forced themselves between his delicate fingers, and she sobbed over, never saw him again!"

"You, Agnes? Has this been a story of yourself?" I clasped my arms around her neck, weeping bitterly while I whispered, "Dear, dear Agnes, why did you tell me this when it has caused so much pain?"

"It will do me good, Hattie, after the first burst of grief is over. I have kept it locked in my heart these six long years. Leave me for a little while, and this will pass away. I will call you again when I am calm."

"Tell me one thing, Agnes, did you give me your lover's real name?"

Her face grew ashy pale, and she gasped out, "No, Hattie, I could not have told you the story had I done so. His name is Alfred Parker. O, would that I knew his fate!"

Down stairs, out into the sunny garden I walked, walked beyond the little enclosure away into the dim woods. There beside a rushing, noisy brook, beneath a murmuring elm tree, flat on the ground, I lay and wept. Do not mistake me, dear reader, when I say I wept. Weep, I did, and very bitterly, but not for another's woes, but my own. Foolish, vain girl! So, from sitting Sunday after Sunday, listening to the earnest tones of our young minister, talking to him with my ~~accused~~ ^{admitted} freedom in the little front parlor or beneath the shady trees, I had let my heart unasked go from me. Foolish, idle girl! I wept with my face on the green grass, wept and wondered that the name of our young minister had never passed my lips while with Agnes—strange! Then my cheek burned, as thinking over the many pleasant hours I had spent with Alfred Parker, I could recollect no one mark or evidence of love in his manner, I was angry with myself; like a brother he had treated me, and in return I—loved him. The bitter thought made my brain reel. I dipped my hand in the rushing water, and applied it to my aching head. The refreshing coolness brought back my senses. I rose and walked home, pale and calm. Tell me who can if the love of seventeen is lasting? The question I can never answer for myself.

A week longer I stayed at my aunt's, then returned home. A few days after my return the young minister asked me to go to ride. Never before had he seemed so kind, so fascinating. I felt in my heart that it would require but little on my part to warm into love the feeling in his breast. Ah, that bewildering thought! I thrust it aside, and in a low voice related the story exactly as Agnes had told it to me. As I proceeded I felt convinced by the deadly faintness at my heart, and the changing face of my companion that I had not judged wrongfully when I

decided that Agnes's lover and my dark-eyed minister were the same. I finished the story, and then remarked rather carelessly:

"A dear friend told me this story, Mr. Parker, and I feel very sure that it was a history of Agnes Lincoln's own life."

Alfred Parker turned deathly pale, and in a low voice, but a voice which turned me faint and dizzy, he said:

"It is true. Edgar Hamilton sits beside you. O, why did I ever doubt?" Letting the reins drop, he covered his face with his hands, and murmuring, "I have ever been true to her," he wept as a man only can weep. Here drops the curtain for a space.

Those two so long separated met. They were married soon, and I was present at the wedding with a heart beating wildly, a certain joy through all the pain, at having been instrumental in bringing happiness to those constant hearts. They will never know how dear the cost. Is love at seventeen lasting? Excuse me from answering that question, reader, dear. I wear on my breast AGNES LINCOLN'S CROSS.

LIVING LINKS OF DISTANT AGES.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in a curious and interesting chapter in the Edinburgh Journal, entitled "Distant Ages connected by Individuals," states (in 1847): "There is living in the vicinity of Aberdeen, a gentleman who can boast personal acquaintance with an individual who had seen and conversed with another who certainly had been present at the Battle of Flodden Field!" Marvellous as this may appear, it is not the less true. The gentleman to whom allusion is made was personally acquainted with the celebrated Peter Garden, of Auchterless, who died in 1775, at the reputed age of 131, although there is reason to believe he was several years older. Peter, in his younger days, was servant to Garden of Troup, whom he accompanied on a journey through the north of England, when he saw and conversed with the famous Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins was born in 1501, and was, of course, 12 years old at the period of the battle of Flodden Field; and on that memorable occasion, he bore arrows to an English nobleman, whom he served in the capacity of page. "When we think of such things," adds Mr. Chambers, "the ordinary laws of nature seem to have undergone some partial relaxation, and the dust of ancient times almost becomes living flesh before our eyes."—*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.*

FAME.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.—MILTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TEMPEST'S VOICE.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYS.

Rushing in a mighty torrent
 Down the silent streets to-night,
 Comes the raindrops—cooling raindrops,
 And afar-off fades the light.
 Twilight deepens into darkness,
 And the mighty thunder's roar
 Tells us of God's awful voice,
 Saying to us, "Sin no more!"

As I hear those tones of heaven
 Speaking in wise Nature's voice,
 Life seems strangely earnest—seen not
 When the smiling skies rejoice:
 For when flowers bloom in our pathway,
 We forget his mighty will;
 But when storm-clouds hover o'er us,
 We are fearful, calm and still.

Must we, then, through life's short moment
 Always need the chastening rod?
 Always see the lightning's flashes,
 To revere our Father—God?
 Poor, forgetful, erring mortals
 Cannot bear the sunbeam's ray;
 But we shrink in life's dark hours
 Till the storm has passed away.

[ORIGINAL.]

JEREMY PRICE'S COURSHIP.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"MRS. PEARL, I have come to a conclusion!" William Warren's voice, in his highest and best moods on a "benefit night," was never louder, stronger and clearer, than that of Jeremy Price, Esq., as he turned away from his toast and coffee, stretched his feet out before the well-filled grate, looked full in the face of his comely housekeeper, who was busy with the morning's paper, and gave utterance to the above-mentioned sentence.

"Indeed, Mr. Price, I am glad to hear it!" was the answer of Mrs. Pearl, which spoke well for the healthy condition of her lungs, and the perfect ventilation of the breakfast-room. "I am glad to hear it!" she repeated, carefully putting aside her paper, and smoothing down the snowy folds of her muslin neckerchief. (She always smoothed her kerchief when Mr. Price spoke to her, as though her heart, immediately under it, was in danger of thumping itself out of place at the very sound of his voice.) "There is something gained to the world when you come to a conclusion!"

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Pearl, I am afraid you flatter me," he answered, rubbing his

palms together vigorously, and slapping them hard upon his knees. "I'm afraid you flatter me. Let that be as it may, I have great faith, great confidence in your powers of discernment." (Mrs. Pearl smiles.) "I prize your opinion very highly." (Mrs. Pearl smiles—long and continually.) "But to business, as lawyers say. I am getting along in years, Mrs. Pearl; I am well-to-do in the world; I have lived here alone a great many years, and—and I have come to the conclusion to get married. Tell me what you think about it, Mrs. Pearl."

Mrs. Pearl hesitated. Could she have had the power to have read Mr. Price's mind, she would have given him an answer instantly. Could she have known whether his fancy was running off after a pair of sparkling eyes, a bright face, and a young, girlish form, or a sober, staid, matron-like personage, she would have framed an answer to the point; but as it was, she ran her fingers nervously along over the hem of her wide, black silk apron, and said, as she dropped her eyes to the carpet:

"I don't know, Mr. Price; it is a subject that deserves a long consideration."

"Just such as I have given it, my dear Mrs. Pearl. I am not a man to be caught and drawn about by a momentary fancy. (Mrs. Pearl brightens.) We need to be enlivened here. (Mrs. Pearl darkens.) I know quite the lady for us—a bright, cheery, happy-faced little girl, who is as merry as a bird all the day long! Dear, sweet heart! she shall come to our home before the summer finds us!"

Mr. Price warmed so with his subject—had so many little quirks and manœuvres to go through with, such as pulling his ear-locks, rubbing his ears and slapping his knees—that he did not notice how affairs were going with Mrs. Pearl. When he did, he gave a start of surprise, and asked, while his face grew serious in a moment:

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Pearl, what's the matter? Are you uneasy?"

Now be it known to you, dear reader, that *uneasiness* was a great word with Mr. Price when used in connection with Mrs. Pearl—he having given that as a name to a certain spasm which always came upon the lady when things went "contrairwise," or, to use the expression of Mr. John Jarndyce, when the "wind was east." Her symptoms first manifested themselves in her feet, or rather her *foot*, the right member always flying off into a perfect passion of a trotting, and managing to get up a good show of noise, though she beat it upon a velvet mat, or the softest of feather beds. On the morning in question, her uneasiness took a strong hold upon her, for it

was several moments before she could calm herself sufficiently to answer Mr. Price's question, or govern her refractory foot so that it would rest quietly on the low, velvet ottoman.

"G, no, I'm not uneasy—I'm well enough. I'm sorry I don't please you, that is all. I've tried hard enough, dear knows—your interest has been mine. I've put my whole heart into this establishment," she answered, dropping her head upon her hand and sighing heavily.

"Now, Mrs. Pearl," commenced Mr. Price, hitching about in his chair, and pulling vigorously at his ear-locks, "now, my dear, good woman, the Lord knows that you have been the most faithful creature (Mrs. Pearl turns up her nose at the word creature) that ever lived. My house would go to rack and ruin, if you should leave it. I am sure it would. (Mrs. Pearl bows—she is sure it would, too.) If I bring home a little young wife to be bright in the old house, I shall expect your place to be unmolested. You have staid by me for a great many years, and if it please you, you shall stay until death—eh, Mrs. Pearl?"

Mrs. Pearl raised her sober brown eyes to the cheerful, shining face of Mr. Price. There was a world of meaning in the glance—or at least there would have been, had the gentleman understood how to interpret it. But alas! he did not, and how much was lost by the means! The restless foot of the good lady resumed its "tapping, tapping, tapping at"—(beg your pardon, Mr. Raven)—her ottoman.

"By Jove! Mrs. Pearl, what makes you so uneasy?" exclaimed Mr. Price, springing up and nearly upsetting the coffee-urn. "Let me call Bridget for the camphor. I don't understand it, Mrs. Pearl."

"O, don't mind me, at all, Mr. Price—don't mind me. Don't let me disturb you. Go on with your pleasant dreams and hopes about the little girl—the little fair-faced girl that you are going to bring to your—your—bo-hoo—boohoo-o-o, Mr. Price!"

The tapping ceased, and Mrs. Pearl staggered out of the breakfast-room with her kerchief to her eyes. For full five minutes, Mr. Price stood looking straight at the door through which she made her exit, rubbing the while, with all his might, at his ears. Still, as he looked, no light dawned upon his beclouded vision, and with something like a groan, he fell back into his arm-chair, with—

"What does she mean?—what does she mean? By Jove, what makes the woman so uneasy?"

For full an hour he waited for her to make her appearance again—waited, in fact, till the little

oval clock on the mantel-piece told him that it was long past the time which he usually went to business; then he walked down town with his brain full of strange cogitations upon Mrs. Pearl's uneasiness. Indeed, so puzzled was he to account for her manner, that the visit which he had anticipated paying little Lizzie Wells that morning, entirely slipped his mind until the dinner hour arrived. Just as he was nearing his home, he had the good fortune to meet with an old school-chum whom he had not seen for years, and whose presence he demanded, at once, at the dinner-table. With his good-looking face genial with smiles, he bore his friend triumphantly into Mrs. Pearl's sitting-room, and said, bowing very low:

"My early friend Mr. Hale, Mrs. Pearl."

"Very happy indeed to make your acquaintance, my dear Mrs. Price," said Mr. Hale, bowing low over the hand of the lady.

Mrs. Pearl blushed scarlet, and did her prettiest to return his salutation; while good Mr. Price stood staring wonderingly at Mr. Hale and his housekeeper. He thought and noticed, for the first time, that Mrs. Pearl was a fine, handsome looking woman, and actually reddened when his guest offered her his arm to lead her to the dining-room. Dear me! such a dinner as that was! Such a delicious brown upon the fowls—such a rare crisp upon the baked meats—such well-savored gravies, and such splendidly-flavored puddings!—and then everything arranged with such a perfect, consistent taste! Mr. Hale could hardly wait to be alone with his friend, before he congratulated him upon having won a woman so perfect in the ways of her household, as well as comely and dignified in presiding over it.

"Such a dinner!" said Mr. Hale; "it was fine enough to set before a king!"

Mr. Price commenced rubbing his ears, and grew at once very red in the face. Poor man! it was growing to be a great cross to him, the thought of rectifying his friend's mistake, and before his slow tongue could be put in motion to that effect, he was alone. There is no knowing what he would have said or done, in the impulse of that moment, had he not glanced out of the window just as Miss Lizzie Wells was sailing down the opposite pavement, bright and beautiful as need be. That afternoon, the lady in question found herself in the possession of a costly fan, with Jeremy Price's card attached to it. She made very merry over it, clapped her little white hands in mad glee, and laughed until every individual curl upon her head danced up and down in sympathy with their owner. The

next day Mr. Price called, with the prettiest span of white horses and the cunningest little carriage in the world, and asked her to ride with him. Of course, she did not refuse, but dressed herself as becomingly as possible, wearing a little brown silk hat—covered with blossoms and white lace—a bit of a brown shawl, and a trailing dress of black silk. To say that Mr. Price was delighted, would be but a poor word to express it; more properly speaking he was bewitched. And so affairs went on, hardly a day passing but what Lizzie rode out after the span of white horses, and laughed herself red in the face, when she returned home, over the gallantries of her bachelor lover. Her table was covered with presents, in the meanwhile, until she avowed herself well fitted out to set up a small variety shop, and all by the kindness of Mr. Price.

Mrs. Pearl was forgotten again—or at least Mr. Price ceased to remember that she was comely-looking, or that she was as well-fitted to preside over his household as the enchanting little sprite, Miss Lizzie Wells. In the meantime, he had received many visits from his friend Mr. Hale, who informed him, at once, that Mrs. Pearl had assured him that she was not the Pearl of Price, as he had at first thought her. Perhaps by the lady's strange manner—the queer way she had of smoothing her kerchief, and the restless way of tapping her foot—that the gentleman divined something as to the real state of her feelings. Be that as it may, he kept his own counsel, telling Mr. Price that he was greatly pleased with her, and gaining his permission to call at the house whenever he pleased.

One morning he returned home of an errand, a short time after the breakfast-hour, and found Mr. Hale waiting upon Mrs. Pearl into a carriage—the lady looking as smiling and fair as a May morning, and the gentleman, in one of his most entertaining moods, chatting volubly, as he waved his hand to him and drove briskly away. Mr. Price looked after them in round-eyed wonder, and long after the carriage disappeared from his view, stared down the street as though his reason was tottering.

"By my soul, now what does this mean?" he ejaculated, tweaking his ear-locks. "Mrs. Pearl—Mr. Hale—dressed up in their best and going out to ride! What in the deuce does this mean?"

He addressed himself only, but one of the house-servants, who was near by, supposed him speaking to her, and so said, laughingly, displaying her broad teeth:

"Lor me, Mr. Price, they go every day when it's pleasant—indeed they do. And Missis

Pearl told me, t'other day, that she shouldn't stay here much longer. He, he, he! I guess she's going to get married to Mr. Hale—he!"

"The deuce—the deuce—the deuce!"

Upon the whole, however, Mr. Price was not at all pleased; in fact, when he came home to dine, he was so much out of humor, that he did not once take his eyes from his plate, or signify by a single word or glance that he was conscious of Mrs. Pearl's presence. Had he taken the trouble to look about him a little, he would have seen that that lady was not at all discomfited by his silence; but, quite to the contrary, was obliged to exercise a strong control over her features to keep them from drawing this way and that, at the summons of a mischievous, merry smile that lurked constantly at the corners of her mouth. And when dinner was over and he bounced unceremoniously out of the room, could he have, by some magical power, been enabled to steal softly back to Mrs. Pearl's presence, he would have seen the good lady leaning back in her chair, fairly convulsed with laughter. But Mr. Price did not see Mrs. Pearl—or enter the dining-room after he left it so crustily. He walked down to his office, thinking himself a wronged man. What right, he would like to know, had Mr. Hale to be gallanting his housekeeper about, just because she happened to possess a common share of good looks, and knew how to preside gracefully over an establishment? Was it any of his business that she could get up dinners in such a splendid way? He really thought not. He must see Mrs. Pearl that very night, and learn what it all meant. That resolution once taken, he was enabled to attend to his business.

But alas, Mrs. Pearl was not visible in the supper-room at tea-time! He pushed the warm, delicious rolls angrily from his plate, as he glanced over to her vacant place. Where could she be? He asked the question of the girl who poured his tea. "She didn't know," she answered, "going away, she believed." Just at that moment, there was a rustling of silks in the hall. Mr. Price sprang from the table and peeped cautiously out. Horror of horrors! Mrs. Pearl was in full dress for the opera—and Mr. Hale was to be her attendant! He left his supper untasted, and tried to think of Lizzie Wells; but somehow her bright face would fade away from him, and in its stead would come the fine, comely one of Mrs. Pearl. The thought of Mr. Hale's taking her away from the house was terrible; and then what could Mr. Hale be thinking of?—Mrs. Pearl was too old for him. He had no business to be thinking of her at all,

that was sure. For his own part, he felt like caning him. He started down the street, and would, perhaps, have called on Miss Wells, had he not suddenly remembered that she had left town for the country that very morning. She had promised to let him know when she returned—that was something, he thought; he wished Mrs. Pearl could know it. But there—it wouldn't trouble her much now, he said to himself. If he should marry a dozen times, she wouldn't grow uneasy about it. She had been a kind friend to him, that was certain. He remembered how tenderly she had cared for him whenever he was ill—how the doctors had told him, more than once, that it was to her careful nursing that he owed his life. A mother or a wife could not be more faithful than she had always been. *A wife! a wife!* He repeated the word to himself a great many times, holding fast to his ear-locks all the while, as if he feared his head was in danger of flying away. There was a very indefinite idea beginning to crawl through his brain, and the touch of its slow feet was electrifying.

For the next three weeks, Mr. Price moved and appeared as though he was in a maze; as though he was determining, in his own mind, a matter which was destined to have its weight with nations and empires. Every morning, regularly, he placed in the fair hands of Mrs. Pearl a costly bouquet, without speaking a word, or showing by the slightest motion that he heard her many expressions of gratitude.

"Was Mr. Price growing crazy?" The question occupied the mind of good Mrs. Pearl constantly. Perhaps business matters were going badly with him. Why didn't he say something to her about it, then, as always had been his custom? She ventured to speak to him about his strange appearance one morning, at the breakfast table, after he had placed in her hands a bouquet of moss-roses. Was he ill—troubled—worried, or—or didn't he think she was worthy to be entrusted with any of his secrets? She asked the question in a stammering way, and smoothed her kerchief all the time she was speaking.

Mr. Price raised his solemn blue eyes to her face, while she questioned him, but still did not answer. He fumbled nervously at his vest pocket, leaned back in his chair, and finally dropped his head upon his hands, maintaining the same profound silence.

"My dear Mr. Price, I'm afraid some one has been ill-treating you," said Mrs. Pearl, in a voice of tenderness and compassion.

"And my dear Mrs. Pearl, I know some one has been ill treating you," he exclaimed, in a loud voice, plumping down a card, from his

vest-pocket, upon the table. "Some one has been trifling with you!"

"And you, Mr. Price," said Mrs. Pearl, in turn, drawing a card from her capacious pocket and holding it before the eyes of Mr. Price. "Perfidious jade!"

"Perfidious monster!" came from the lips of Mr. Price.

Each read, simultaneously, the card each had given the other.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Hale."—"Lizzie Wells."

"And you expected to marry Mr. Hale, dear Mrs. Pearl?"

"And you expected to marry Miss Wells, dear Mr. Price?"

"I did, until—that is—until—" Mr. Price hesitated, and rubbed his ears.

"And I—and I—" Mrs. Pearl hesitated, and smoothed her kerchief.

Mr. Price settled back in his chair and pulled vigorously at his ear-locks, while Mrs. Pearl twisted about in her chair and commenced tapping her foot upon the ottoman.

"Mrs. Pearl, what in the world makes you uneasy now?"

Mrs. Pearl raised her sober brown eyes to Mr. Price's face. That glance shivered the last remnant of darkness from his beclouded vision.

"By Jove, Mrs. Pearl, I understand you!" he exclaimed, jumping up and rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Price?" said Mrs. Pearl, encouragingly and inquiringly.

"Yes, by Jove, I do understand you!" reiterated Mr. Price.

"Me?" Very softly came the words from Mrs. Pearl's comely mouth.

"Yes, you—you, my dear, sweet, own Mrs. Pearl! And you are willing, indeed, to become the 'Pearl of great Price!'"

The joke—the pun was too much for the overjoyed couple, and clasping hands, they laughed long and continuously, till both grew red in the face, and both panted for breath.

"Pearl of Price!" said Mrs. Pearl. "Yes—yes!"

"Mr. Hale's mistake wasn't so much of a mistake, after all, was it?"

Mrs. Pearl did not answer. Possibly (mind I say possibly, dear reader) there was a secret between the good lady and that gentleman. If there was, I am very sure they were wise enough to keep it. If (mind I say if) they had acted a little part to bring a very slow-thoughted man to his senses, I am sure there could be no harm in it, so by the means to Mr. Price was gained a Pearl, and to Mr. Pearl was attached a Price!

The Florist.

A flower do but place near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass,
Abroad must thou go? on thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
Forget not to water at break of the day
The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer than they;
Place a rose near thy bed nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep.

GERMAN POET.

The Jasmine.

We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of the jasmine in Europe, and that he was so jealousy fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with nosegay, and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The Powers *Figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. The Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb which says, a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

Rose-bugs.

These troublesome insects are now committing their ravages, and you must commence a systematic war on them. Your whole available force must be mustered for the attack. Fill pitchers or tin cups with handles with hot water, and dexterously sweep the insects into it. They are rapid in their motions and hurry away when you approach, but perseverance will foil all their adroitness. If you have grape-vines in the garden, you must carefully examine the little delicate bunches of fruit, and clear them of these bugs. Their season is a brief one, but during it they do incalculable injury, if not checked. Almost any insects may be conquered if resolutely attacked. Suspend wide-mouthed bottles to your trees by wires twisted round the neck, half-filling them with molasses, vinegar and water. It is astonishing how many may be trapped in this way.

Carnations.

There is an immense variety of carnations, many of them curious and highly prized by amateurs. These new varieties are obtained with great difficulty. The common kinds, however, are very beautiful. Carnations are divided into three classes: "Flakes," "Bizarre" and "Picotees." Flakes have but two colors, and the stripes are large, going quite through the petals. Bizzaries are variegated in irregular spots and stripes, and with not less than three colors. The Picotees have a white ground, potted with scarlet, red, purple and other colors.

Perennial Flowering Plants.

Among some of the best perennial flowering plants are the dictamnus, the peonies, the Caucasian poppy, clematis, spires, the numerous varieties of phlox, and the aster. Of the dictamnus, there are the purple and white, and the former should predominate. A mass once well established will continue to furnish large groups of flowers early in summer, for an indefinite number of years, with only an occasional mellowing of the soil about them. The flowers are about an inch and a half across, and the spikes ten inches long; they grow about three feet high, and will spread out, and form a round compact clump three or four feet in diameter, the whole top of which will be covered with a mass of flowers in their season.

Campanula.

This is a large family of plants, mostly handsome, hardy, perennial—some of them very beautiful, and about all suitable for ornamenting the borders. Canterbury bells may be considered as one of our oldest plants belonging to this variety, and the campanula glomerata one of the newest varieties. The former needs no description, but the latter may, being comparatively little known. It is a handsome rock or pot plant, and requires a dry, lean soil; for if the earth be rich, it loses its rich, deep purple hue. It grows about two feet high, producing its flowers in clusters, a native of Siberia, and quite hardy—indeed, it will endure the severest winters.

Cobea scandens.

Mexican climbing cobe. This is one of the most rapid climbing plants known, and often in a greenhouse grows two hundred feet in one summer, and out of doors will grow twenty-five and thirty feet in a season. The flowers are large and bell-shaped, appearing at first a greenish yellow, and gradually changing from that to a deep, lurid purple. The tendrils, which are long and silken, attach themselves to anything within reach. No plazza or lattice is complete without this rapid, graceful plant.

Dahlias.

It is necessary to give these plants a firm support. An excellent manner of doing this is to set three stakes in the ground around the plant—then place at the top of the stakes a hoop and another midway between the top and the earth. In this way the branches will rest against the hoops, and in a few weeks the foliage will completely conceal the hoops and stakes.

Liquid Manure.

Take a barrel and sink it in the earth in some convenient spot. In this, place a few shovels-full of barn manure and a quantity of leather scraps. Then fill it up with water. The water may be renewed several times before the fertilizing qualities of the manure is exhausted, and the residuum has still some efficacy.

Cardinal Flower.

The Lobelia Cardinalis is a splendid flower, and should be cultivated in even a small garden. Its hue is of the intensest carmine. It requires a rich moist soil, and needs frequent watering.

Dahlias.

Some dahlias flower this month, and they should be carefully attended to. A liberal supply of liquid manure will ensure large and perfect flowers.

Cinerarias.

These flowers are so beautiful and varied that they well repay cultivation.

Curious Matters.

A Curious Relic.

A box containing a very curious relic was found recently in the loft of the City Hall, in Philadelphia, by some of the mayor's officers. A gentleman who happened to be present at the time, and directed attention to the box, stated that he had heard from some of the city authorities, number of years ago, that it contained a clock which had been sent from England by one of the Penn family for the purpose of being placed in the cupola at the eastern end of the Jersey market, which stands on Market Street, between Front and Second Streets. Tools were procured and the box was opened, and the skeleton of a large clock, with the detached parts, such as the immense leaden weights, pendulum, etc., was found. The workmanship proved the clock to be very old; and there is, no doubt, a curious history attached to this relic.

A Strange Fish.

The Honolulu papers notice a very curious fish recently taken by some natives who were fishing for shrimps. It is of a dark color, about five inches long, two inches thick, and about four inches from the top of the fin on its back, to the bottom of its belly. It has a remarkably large head, and four feet or claws, which enable it to creep on the sides of rocks with great ease. When placed in a stream of water, it threw out quite a stream from under the fins on each side of its body, then took a circuit round the bucket by clinging to the sides, and walking apparently with great pride. The feet resemble somewhat the paws of the bear. Wonder if the "sea-bear" is any relation to the sea-lion.

The Electric Light.

A new process is spoken of as having been successfully tried, and, it is said, patented. Mercury, or other fluid or semi-fluid body, is used as one or more of the electrodes. A tube within the lamp is so arranged that it shall remain full, or nearly so, during waste or consumption by the light. The supply of the fluid electrode is regulated by a tap. Other improvements, such as the condensation of vapor on the lamp, by causing a constant flow of water over the glass, the prevention of vapor rising from the waste fluid, by the introduction of a stream of water into the waste-pipe, etc., are also mentioned. The use of mercury as an electrode is of old date.

Curious Fact.

The way the body of the railroad conductor, drowned in Shrewsbury, Vermont, pond, some time ago, was thus: Some quicksilver was put in a loaf of brown bread, and the latter placed in the water; immediately it started off like a live animal, against a strong current of wind and waves, and went as fast as some men who followed it could row a boat, till it came to where the body was found, which was sixty feet under water, and there stopped!

A Lusus Naturae.

In Augusta, Georgia, there is on exhibition a mulatto girl, having two heads, four arms, four legs and feet, and but one body. The girl, who is eight years old, has very handsome faces, sparkling eyes, pleasing manners and address. Her mental faculties are said to be of a superior order and double, enabling her to converse with two persons at the same time, and on different subjects, or one head may be engaged and the other remain passive.

A Wooden Cannon.

J. C., of the Salisbury Banner, relates a revolutionary incident, which we have read with interest, though we have heard of such things before. In the Revolution, the house of James Casey, of Lexington, South Carolina, was in possession of a small British garrison, and not far off the Americans, at the same time, defended a rude fort. In his descent from the up-country, General Greene determined to rout the British from the house I speak of, but having no field-piece, and being full of expedients, he constructed a cannon of a pine log, with which he attacked the enemy, who, after a few fires, surrendered to the Americans. The hole in the house, through which the pine log cannon shot the ball which frightened the British into submission, still exists.

A Large Organ.

The organ placed in the Town Hall at Liverpool, England, is one of the marvels of musical mechanism. It consists of four rows of keys, sixty-three notes; and two octaves and a half of pedals, thirty notes. There are one hundred and eight stops and eight thousand pipes, varying in length from thirty-two feet to three-eighths of an inch, ten octaves apart. The grand source of wind is from two immense bellows, each having three feeders, placed in the vault below the floor of the hall. These are blown by a steam engine, consisting of a pair of oscillating cylinders. There are besides, twelve other bellows or reservoirs, each giving its own appropriate pressure of air to those stops or pipes which it supplies.

A Singular Case.

A well known gentleman in Boston lately had cut from his body, some six inches below the arm, a fungous-like substance of the size of an ordinary marble. It was attached to the body by a thread-like ligament. On placing it upon the table, and for some three or four hours, it moved perceptibly. A dissection of the substance discovered an insect in vigorous life. The gentleman visited Cuba some six months since, where it is supposed the insect insinuated itself beneath the skin, and from that time has been living upon the fat of the man. Had not the knife of the surgeon been brought into requisition, it is not easy to tell what would have been the consequences of this insectual attachment.

A Venerable Man.

A miller is now living at Chantenay, France, upwards of one hundred years of age. He mounts a horse as readily as a young man, walks with a firm step, and is perfectly upright. His life is passed at his mill or in working in the fields. His mental faculties are unimpaired, and he never wears glasses. His memory is extraordinary, and he relates his numerous campaigns with the utmost precision, having served for eight years in the royal regiments under Louis XVI., and having been a soldier under the first republic and the empire.

Siamese Lambs.

The Blufston (Ind.) Banner has the following: "On the farm of our old friend, John A. Dean, are two lambs which are joined together, their heads being reversed. They are perfect in every respect, with the exception of the connection that holds them together. In sucking, they appear to have come to a mutual understanding, and take it one at a time, the other patiently waiting. They follow the dam around by going round and round in a circle."

A Frog in the Stomach.

A son of Mr. Charles Davis, residing in Gould's Court, leading from Montgomery, near Light Street, Baltimore, has caused the family great uneasiness for three years past in consequence of his being subject at times, for hours together, to spasms and terrible fits. Physicians were consulted, but all their investigations failed to reveal the causes that produced the malady. One afternoon, recently, about three o'clock, when entering the house, the lad was seized with the symptoms of his malady, and in a fit of retching, threw upon the floor a live frog, about two inches in length. The frog hopped gaily about the floor until secured by the family. Instant relief was experienced by the lad. His name is William Davis, and he is about ten years of age. He has no recollection of the time the frog was taken into his stomach, but his father thinks it was swallowed with his drink, about three years ago, when he was first afflicted with fits.

Electrotype Table-Tops.

A most beautiful invention connected with ornamental tables has lately been exhibited in London. It consists in securing with varnish mother-of-pearl, precious stones, curious shells, etc., on a plate of copper intended for a table-top. These are arranged in an artistic manner to represent figures, leaving spaces of clean copper between them, and then submitting them to an electrotype bath, where a deposit of copper is made to fill up the spaces between the stones, etc., and thus hold them embedded in the metal. After this the plate is submitted to a silver electro-plating bath, and the copper covered with silver, thus forming a curious and exquisite table-cover ready to be placed on a pedestal.

An interesting Relic.

Ex-Captain Seaver, of East Boston, has in his possession an interesting relic in the shape of a handkerchief, which was prepared and very widely circulated throughout the country at the time of the death of Washington. The centre is a mourning piece, in memory of the deceased, and is surrounded by the names of the States which then composed the Union. In the corners and around the margin are quotations from the writings and speeches of prominent men of the old world, as well as the new, bearing testimony to the goodness and greatness of Washington. The relic is now sixty years old, and is preserved with great care by its owner.

Killed by a pair of Sheep-Shears.

A man named Benton Orr, of Oteselic, New York, met with his death, lately, under the following circumstances: He was employed in shearing sheep for Thomas Havens, and was only in a barn at some distance from the house. He had a sheep upon a low table, and was working at the animal, when it kicked against the handle of the shears, driving one blade into Orr's leg above the knee, and completely severing the large artery. He died in less than three hours after the accident.

Curious Discoveries.

The *Halton New Era* states that on the farm of Philip Shaver, Esq., Ancaster, Canada, there has lately been discovered a mound containing about sixty human skeletons, some earthen vessels, several brass rings and a lock of hair. On the arms of some of the skeletons, on which were several of the brass rings, the flesh was still remaining, but the remains generally were in a friable state.

Strange Accident.

A singular accident lately occurred in Mobile. Mrs. Kelly, the wife of a grocer in that city, was lighting a match near a barrel of whiskey; the flame caught upon some of the whiskey on the head and rim of the barrel, thence communicated to the inside, and the head was suddenly blown off with such force as to prostrate Mrs. Kelly. The barrel was blown to atoms, and the blazing fluid ran upon the floor, setting fire to the woman's clothing, and, indeed, to every combustible thing with which it came in contact. Mrs. Kelly ran into the street, and the flames were finally extinguished by water thrown upon her, but not before she had been so badly burned that she died within a short time.

Instinct of a Hen.

The following amusing incident recently occurred in the fowl-house of a gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., showing more perceptive power in the hen than she is usually credited with. The family, when boiling eggs for breakfast, found a cracked one in the water, which upon examination proved to be bad. It was taken to use for a nest-egg, but a hen, when about going to lay, spied it, and at once with feet and bill threw it out upon the floor, and proceeded to demolish it by pecking and scratching—not eating it, however. She then resumed her place, and after very carefully looking over a new egg, placed in the nest, proceeded to business, and was soon cackling over her success.

An Ancient Spoon.

On the farm formerly owned by Honorable Timothy Woodbridge, in Stockbridge, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas at its first organization for Berkshire, in 1761, a teaspoon bearing the initials of Judge Woodbridge and his wife, was recently turned up by the plough. The field, says the Pittsfield Eagle, had not been ploughed before for over one hundred years, but the spoon was so little affected that on being exposed to the sun it attracted attention by its brightness; attesting beyond cavil that it was made "a good while before this." The relic was sent to Rev. Timothy Woodbridge of Spencertown, who was supposed to have the best claim to it.

Derivation of Words.

The best authorities agree that the modern word "hoax" is derived from *Aeacus*. Mr. Smart, the editor of "Walker Remodelled," gives the following account of the origin of a word which some writers have traced to learned roots. The words *quæz*, *to quæz*, *quæzzing*, which are only in colloquial use, originated in a joke. Daly, the manager of a Dublin playhouse, wagered that a word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the city in twenty-four hours; and in the course of that time the letters *q u i s* were chalked or posted on all the walls of Dublin, with an effect that won the wager.

Tomb of Pharaoh Amosis.

A letter from Cairo, in the *Constitutionel*, says that the general subject of conversation in that city is the discovery which has just been made by the well known archaeologist, M. Mariette. He has found, at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb, still intact, of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in a coffin, completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king, as was also a hatchet of gold ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli.

The Housewife.

A common Chicken Pie.

Prepare the fowls as for boiling, cut them down into joints, and season them with salt, white pepper and nutmeg, or pounded mace; arrange them neatly in a dish bordered with paste, lay amongst them three or four fresh eggs boiled hard, and cut in halves, pour in some cold water, put on a thick cover, pare the edge and ornament it, make a hole in the centre, lay a roll of paste or a few leaves round it, and bake the pie in a moderate oven from an hour to an hour and a half. The back and neck bones may be boiled down with a bit or two of lean ham, to make a little additional gravy, which can be poured into the pie after it is baked.

French Salad Dressing.

Stir a saltspoonful of salt and half as much pepper into a large spoonful of oil, and when the salt is dissolved, mix with them four additional spoonfuls of oil, and pour the whole over the salad; let it be well turned, and then add a couple of spoonfuls of vinegar; mix the whole thoroughly, and serve it without delay. The salad should not be dressed in this way until the instant before it is wanted for table; the proportions of salt and pepper can be increased at pleasure, and common, or cucumber vinegar may be substituted for the tarragon, which, however, is more frequently used in France than any other.

Stewed Calf's Ears.

Cut out and lay the boiled ears on a board, and make incisions through the gristly part, of an inch in length. If not quite tender, restore them to the soup till done. Lay them on the warm dish, turn over the top of the ear so that it may form a round; put a piece of brain in the centre or a little veal stuffing or forcemeat, and pour over it tomato or caper sauce, or egg it over, roll it in bread crumbs, and brown it in the oven.

Stewed Beet Root.

Bake or boil it tolerably tender, and let it remain until it is cold, then pare and cut it into slices; heat and stew it for a short time in some good pale veal gravy (or in strong veal broth for ordinary occasions), thicken this with a teaspoonful of arrowroot and half a cupful or more of good cream, and stir in, as it is taken from the fire, from a tea to a tablespoonful of vinegar.

Potato Crust.

Boil six good-sized mealy potatoes, and mash them fine; add salt, a spoonful of butter and two of water while they are hot. Then work in flour enough for making a paste to roll out, or put in two or three spoonfuls of cream, and no butter or water. This is a good crust for pot-pies or dumplings.

Cocoanut Drops.

Grate a cocoanut, and weigh it, then add half the weight of powdered sugar, and the white of one egg cut to a stiff froth. Stir the ingredients together, then drop the mixture with a dessert spoon upon buttered white paper, or tin sheets, and sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven fifteen minutes.

New York Ginger Snaps.

Half a pound each of butter and sugar, two and a half pounds of flour, a pint of molasses, a teaspoonful of salsafatus, caraway seeds, or ginger.

Calf's Liver, English way.

Cut the liver into thin slices, dip them in flour, and put in a saute or frying-pan in which some slices of bacon have been previously cooked, and have left sufficient fat in it; saute the liver until quite brown and rather crisp, when take out and place it upon a dish with the bacon, then dredge a spoonful of flour in the pan, or enough to absorb all the fat in it, then add a little broth or water so as to make it a thinish sauce, season it, and add two spoonfuls of Harvey's sauce or mushroom catsup. If the above is nicely done, and the pieces cut the size of cutlets, it will make a nice entree for an ordinary dinner. It should be served immediately, and very hot.

Smashed Eggs.

Break four eggs into a stewpan, with one ounce of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper, put it on the fire, stir continually, and as soon as delicately set, serve. These can be served with either green peas, sprue grass, mushrooms, which must be stewed and prepared as if ready to serve; put some in the stewpan with the eggs, and proceed as before. If meagre, use cream instead of butter.

Orange Creain.

Put into a stewpan one ounce of Nelson's isinglass, with the juice of six large oranges and one lemon, add sugar to your taste, rub some of the lumps on the peel of the oranges, add as much water as will make it up to a pint and a half, boil, strain through a muslin bag; when cold, beat up with a pint of thick cream; put into a mould. In hot weather add more isinglass.

Blue Ink.

Take sulphate of indigo, dilute it with water till it produces the color required. It is with sulphate very largely diluted, that the faint blue lines of ledgers and other account books are ruled. If the ink were used strong, it would be necessary to add chalk to it to neutralize the acid. The sulphate of indigo may be had of the woollen dyers.

Gargle for Sore Throat.

On twenty-five or thirty leaves of the common sage, pour a pint of boiling water; let the infusion stand half an hour. Add vinegar enough to make it moderately acid, and honey to the taste. Use it as a gargle, several times a day. This combination of the astringent and emollient principle seldom fails to produce the desired effect.

Burns.

Apply to, or wrap round the burnt part, some folds of cotton bought in sheets; however severe the pain may be, it will abate in a few hours. Should blisters arise, they may next day be carefully pricked with a needle, so as to break the skin as little as possible; and the cotton kept on till the cure is effected.

Ear-ache in Children.

The ear-ache is usually caused by a sudden cold. Steam the head over hot herbs, bathe the feet, and put into the ear cotton wool wet with sweet oil and paregoric.

To whiten the Teeth.

Mix honey with finely powdered charcoal, and use the paste as a dentifrice.

To prevent Moths in Carpets.

Rub or strew around the edge of carpets and on them salt and pepper, and they will not eat them.

Boston Cake.

One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a quarter of flour, ten eggs, half a gill of wine, one tablespoonful of rose-water; one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, with a small quantity of cloves. Beat the butter and sugar very light, then add the wine and rose-water. Whisk the eggs until very thick, which add by degrees; stir in the flour gradually, and lastly, the spice; beat the whole together for ten minutes; bake in round or shallow pans, in a moderate oven. When cold, if in square pans, ice them on the top; mark the icing before it becomes hard, in slips or small squares, so as to cut without disfiguring the cake.

Boston Fruit Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, eight eggs, one gill of cream, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed, half a gill of brandy, one pound of currants (washed, dried and picked), one pound of raisins (seeded and chopped). Beat the butter, sugar and spice until very light, then stir in the cream and one-fourth of the flour; whisk the eggs until thick, which add by degrees, then the remainder of the flour, half at a time; lastly, the fruit; beat all well together. Butter and line your pan with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

Corna.

The cause of corna is simply friction; and to lessen the friction you have only to use your toe as you do a coach-wheel—lubricate with some oily substance. The best and cleanest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed on the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued.

Hair of Children.

It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hair in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil—not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

For Sunburn.

The following is recommended for sunburn:—Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy, and a pound of ox gall. Mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this, stirring three or four times a day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting-paper, and bottle up for use.

Pork, spare-rib.

Joint it nicely before roasting, and crack the ribs across as lamb. Take care not to have the fire too fierce. It should be basted with very little butter and flour, and may be sprinkled with dried sage, fine; takes from two to three hours. Apple-sauce, mashed potatoes and greens are the proper accompaniments. Good mustard, fresh made.

Marking Ink.

The best marking ink requiring no preparation is made thus:—Nitrate of silver, from one to two drachms; water, three-quarters of an ounce; dissolve, and add as much of the strongest ammonia water as will dissolve the precipitate formed on its first addition; then further add mucilage, one or two drachms; and a little sap green to color it. Writing executed with this ink turns black on being passed over with a hot iron.

Diet Bread.

Two cups of sugar, three and a half of flour, one of milk, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in the juice of half a lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together, then add half the milk and flour; when these are mixed, the rest of the milk with the half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, the remainder of the flour, the lemon-juice and cream of tartar; and last, a little essence of rose.

Tracing Paper.

Mix together by a gentle heat one ounce of Canada balsam and a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine; with a soft brush spread it thinly over one side of good tissue paper. It dries quickly, is very transparent, and is not greasy—therefore does not stain the object upon which it may be placed.

Eugenie's Pudding.

Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three cups of rich cream, three cups of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind or juice of a lemon. Put it into a mould and boil it three hours. Serve it with cream sauce.

To remove Grease from Books.

Lay upon the spot a little magnesia or powdered chalk, and under it the same; set on it a warm flat-iron, and as soon as the grease is melted, it will all be absorbed, and leave the paper clean.

Mint Sauce.

Take a bunch of spearmint, wash it entirely free from grit. Chop it fine, and mix with it one gill of vinegar, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. This sauce is to be eaten with roast lamb.

Napoleon Pudding.

Six eggs, six chopped apples, six ounces of grated bread, six ounces of dried currants, six ounces of sugar, and a little salt. Boil it two hours, and serve with cream sauce.

Pint Cake.

One pint of dough, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlash, with the addition of some raisins and spices.

Boiled Potato Pudding.

Eight potatoes, a quarter of a pound of butter, one gill of milk, four eggs, and as much flour as will make the whole into a very stiff batter.

Cold Carrots and Turnips.

These may be added to soups, if they have not been mixed with gravy; or warmed up separately, and put into mould in layers.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CHINESE REBEL CHIEF.

A very intelligent correspondent of the Boston Traveller has been furnishing that journal with some highly interesting particulars in reference to the religious belief and career of Tai-Ping, the leader of the great Chinese rebellion which has been so many years in progress. It appears that Tai-Ping is not a bona-fide convert to Christianity, as many have supposed, but that he is only a sort of spurious Christian, and that his personal pretensions are more arrogant than were Mahomet's. He even professes a divine or semi-divine character; that he has visited heaven, been made the mouth-piece of a new revelation. We do not dare to specify his blasphemies. The Traveller publishes a "manifesto" which Tai-Ping sent to Lord Elgin, hoping to produce a profound impression on him. Mixed up with fundamental Christian doctrines is a strange jumble of blasphemous interpolations, the coinage of the rebel's brain. It is also striking to observe the tone and language in which he addresses the Christian strangers, who, instead of being branded as "outside barbarians," and "western devils," are for the first time called "brethren." May this be an augury of good in the future. It may be a better time is coming to China; and that if the rebels aid in breaking up the empire, the few Christian ideas they have received, and the kinder spirit they cherish towards foreign nations, may materially aid the work of evangelization.

A FATAL NUMBER.—The number 21 had a curious importance for Louis XVI. He was married on the 21st of April, 1770; on the 21st of June took place his marriage *etc.*, when several lives were lost; on the 21st of June, 1791, he fled from Paris to Varennes, and was captured by the revolutionists; he was judged by a commission of 21 members, and beheaded on the 21st of January, 1793.

KNOWING AND JUDGING.—Pope says that from fourteen to twenty, he read only for amusement; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of his time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavored to judge.

THE BALLOU STATUE.

Brackett, the American sculptor, has been engaged for nearly four years upon an elegant marble statue of the late HOSEA BALLOU. The elaborate work has at last been completed, and is now placed over the tomb of him it commemorates, at Mount Auburn. It is a striking and noble memento of the love and honor borne for his memory by that denomination at the head of which he stood for so many years. Mr. Brackett was employed by a committee chosen from the Universalist denomination at large, and has added another evidence of his patient skill and true genius, by producing a brilliant work of art. A cotemporary says:

"The statue of Hosea Ballou now stands at Mount Auburn. It is of white marble, pure and serene in the sunlight, calm and dignified in the shade. It has been wrought by Brackett, one of the best of our American sculptors. It stands on the main avenue from the gate of entrance. The person seeking for the grave of Ballou, will pass along this avenue, leaving the cenotaph of Spurzheim on the left, the statue of Bowditch on the right, until just as he commences to descend the southern slope, he will see the Ballou statue on his left hand. There lies the body of that great and good man, with that of his amiable wife. The statue is, of itself, we think about seven feet in height. It is a good representation of the original. It varies slightly as you take a front or profile view—the profile is perhaps the best. It stands on a base of about six feet in height, the top of the head being about fourteen feet high. Under all is a sub-base, five feet square, of elegantly wrought granite, ten or twelve inches high; then another section, four feet or upwards in height, about in the form of a cube; and on the front of this is the one word 'BALLOU.' There is no other inscription."

A RUSSIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—Count Kiselleff recently gave a grand dinner in Paris. In the centre of the table was a grand *corbeille*, containing the most exquisite bouquets. Each bouquet bore the name of one of the ladies. It was held in a *porte-bouquet*, of very beautiful shape.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—The death of David Cox, the greatest master of English water color landscape art, is announced. He died as full of years as of artistic honors.

TRIALS OF INVENTORS.

Illustrious inventors are too often destined through life to endure the sarcasm of ignorance, to struggle against the prejudices and opposition of routine, to brave envy and bitter poverty. Every one remembers the trials of our Fulton, and that touching anecdote of the single passenger who ventured to make the return trip with him on board the first steamboat from Albany to New York. This gentleman, a New Yorker, handed the great inventor his fare—six dollars. Fulton stood motionless and silent, absorbed in thought, and looking at the silver in his hand. His adventurous passenger, thinking he had made some mistake, asked him if that was not the price.

"Excuse me," replied Fulton, in a voice of emotion, while tears trembled in his eyes, "I was thinking that these six dollars were the first money I have yet received for my long toils. I should like," he added, taking his passenger by the hand, "to consecrate the memory of this moment, by asking you to take a bottle of wine with me; but I am too poor to offer it."

Sauvage, the inventor of the screw-propeller, lived in poverty all his life. He died two years ago. The idea of applying inflammable gas to lighting houses and streets originated with an engineer named Philippe Lebon, born about 1765, at Brachet, department of Haute-Marne, France. One morning, at the break of day, in 1802, his body was found in the Champs-Elysées, Paris, pierced with stabs. No investigation into the cause of his death was made; the political troubles of the time prevented it. Philippe Lebon had encountered only indifference and contempt. The English adopted his idea, and employed it on a large scale in the space of a few years.

The first omnibusses were established at Nantes by Mr. Baudry. It was a bold and original idea, that of transporting citizens of all classes from one part of a city to another at a trifling price. The idea was ridiculed, but succeeded. The inventor, with three hundred thousand francs, his whole fortune, came to Paris at the close of the Restoration and established omnibusses similar to those of Nantes. He failed, and completely ruined, threw himself into the canal de l'Ourcq. Baudry's successors are millionaires.

Balloons were invented by the Brothers Montgolfier. Animals were at first put into the cars, and then men risked themselves in navigating the air. Pilatre des Rosiers was the first navigator and the first victim. He made his first voyage with the Marquis d'Arlandes, not with-

out accident. On the 6th of June, 1785, Pilatre des Rosiers, and his companion Romain, fell from a height of two hundred feet, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, and were instantly killed. On the 5th of July, 1819, Madame Blanchard, whose balloon took fire, fell on the roof of a house in the rue de Provence, and thence into the street. On the 21st of September, 1812, Count Zamboecari, who had once come near being burned, and another time narrowly escaped drowning in the Adriatic, finally perished in consequence of his aerostat taking fire.

Perhaps less pity is felt for this class of hardy navigators than for the fate of other seekers of problems. They are often regarded as men who only make capital of the public thirst for excitement, and who seek only to make money. The greater part of the names we have quoted is a reply to this reproach. As for the utility of balloons, scientific men do not deny it. And if any one still asks "What is the use of balloons?" we might borrow the reply of Franklin to such a question, "What is the use of a new-born child?" It has been reserved for American aerial navigators to make the longest balloon voyage on record, and to traverse the space of twelve hundred miles in nineteen hours. After this may we not hope that at some distant date man will be able to command the air as he now commands the ocean?

A PLEASANT SPECIFIC.—Many persons will suffer rather than take nauseous medicines, nor do we wonder that it should be so, but those who are afflicted with a cough, or irritation of the bronchial tubes, or realize any of the usual consumptive tendencies so liable in the American climate, need not fear to use that remarkable and long-tried specific, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a remedy as agreeable to the palate as it is efficacious in removing disease. Having tested this article years since in our family, we have unhesitatingly recommended it verbally, and in our paper frequently, and many of our subscribers have addressed us letters upon the subject. Of course it is impossible for us to return individual answers to them, but when we say this is an *unsolicited recommendation* of the excellent Balsam, all our readers will understand that we mean what we say. *It is a remarkable and never-failing remedy for consumptive symptoms, when taken in season.* The great success of this popular medicine has led to many imitations being thrown before the public, but the genuine article may be known by its always having "I. Butts" written upon the wrapper, which covers each package. For sale by all druggists.

INCOMPLETE MEN.

We often hear of "finished gentlemen," but nobody seems to devote much attention to "unfinished gentlemen," or incomplete men, and yet the world is full of these human halves. There are hundreds of thousands who, using one of the slang phrases of the day, "live on their muscle," that is, have developed their physical capacities, to the total neglect of their mental faculties. Equally numerous are those with whom an abnormal development of the mind has extinguished, overridden and shattered the resources of the body. Neither the human gladiator, nor the human bookworm, can properly be called a man. Physical as well as mental power is ineffectual if it want balance. What would a locomotive be without an engineer? And what can the genius of a Newton or a Milton accomplish without health?

The fact is, that we have never fully comprehended all that is comprised in the simple word—education. We are apt to call men educated in whom only one set of faculties has been stimulated and trained, whereas a puny scholar is after all but a half educated man. Such men, who have neglected their bodies in exclusive cultivation of their minds are not Christians, according to Kingsley's definition, who defines a true, Christian man as one who "fears God, can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and can twist a poker round his finger."

Now and then an attempt has been made to remedy this state of things, but no universal, systematic, simultaneous effort has been visible. Spasmodic and irregular exercise of mind and body amounts to nothing; habitual discipline alone can accomplish the desired results. Every one interested in the cause of education—that is, every member of the community, must be imbued with a sense of his responsibility. In governing himself and in influencing others, he must constantly bear in mind the complex nature of our being, with its twofold spiritual and fleshly character. He must strive to maintain the principle of compensation in his life and habits. "It is absolutely essential to health," says a sensible writer, "that the body should be regularly and properly exercised. Sedentary habits, and confinement in the four walls of a small room, bring on debility and disease. Moderate out-door exercise enriches the blood, strengthens the body, and invigorates the spirits. And while it is true that general exercise benefits the whole system, it is equally true that the proper exercise of any organ, or set of organs, has a tendency to increase the power and strength of such part of the organism. It is well known that the steady

exercise of the arm increases the size and power of the muscles of that limb. This truth is beautifully illustrated in the familiar example of the blacksmith, who wields daily the ponderous sledge, or throws vigorously the fashioning hammer; his arm-muscles increase in size, firmness and elasticity, until the power which he can exercise is almost beyond credit. As it is with the arms, so it is with any other organ. The mind, being intimately connected with the nervous system, may be strengthened by exercise in the same manner as a muscle. Every one knows that by continued effort the memory may be improved until it becomes only necessary for the person to hear or read anything in order to remember it. If this be true of memory, it follows that it is true of every other mental faculty. A man who cultivates the body, so as to exercise the power of a giant, is but half a man if he does not also cultivate the mind."

Let us have no more unfinished gentlemen—let the next generation grow up, brave, intelligent, and strong, spurning luxury which first became the bane of our national life, and avoiding that frenzied devotion to the pursuit of wealth which brings luxury, enervation, and a long and dismal procession of evils in its train.

WOOL-GROWING.—Within a few years our farmers at the West and in California and Texas, have turned their attention largely to wool producing, and the importation and manufacture of this article has increased in a corresponding ratio, till our wool market is as much an object of special interest as is that of cotton.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Dr. Winship, in his recent interesting lectures on physical training, said physical education could not commence too early, but it was never too late to commence it. He had even known of a lawyer who commenced the practice of gymnastics at 70 years of age.

EXCELLENT.—The Lyman Mills, of Holyoke, Mass., purchased a fine library of 600 volumes for the use of their operatives a few months since, and the Hampden Mills have recently followed suit and procured one of 300 volumes.

NOBLE DEED.—Mrs. William B. Astor has generously founded at Red Hook, on the Hudson, a Female Orphan Asylum.

LARGE STATES.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty.

A RANDOM RUN.

Under this heading, the Memphis Appeal has a brace of good stories about boating on the Mississippi, as follows: The good steamer Scotland, the well-known New Orleans and Nashville packet, arrived at this port on Wednesday last, and would have landed much earlier, perhaps, but for the intervention of an accident, the like of which rarely occurs. When the boat arrived in the vicinity of Napoleon it was found necessary to "wood," and with that view a wood-boat was taken in tow. The wood was transferred to the steamer, and the boat was straightened up the river. The night was a very dark one, and the commander made his usual round from roof to hold, to satisfy himself that everything was in order, and resigning his watch, turned in for the night. Nothing occurred during the night to mar the pleasure of the trip; albeit, when he awoke in the morning, the captain was a little surprised to learn that he had not yet passed Napoleon. After duly surveying the landmarks, he suggested to the pilot that the boat was running down the stream. The pilot rather thought not, but the captain maintained that the boat was headed for New Orleans. Finally yielding to the higher authority of the captain, the pilot very reluctantly tacked the boat about, and in due time the Scotland arrived at Napoleon—seeing which, the pilot for the first time, discovered he had actually run forty miles down stream, under the impression that he was running up.

This circumstance reminds us of the *faux pas* made by the pilot of the steamer Martha Jewett, with which many of our steamboat men are familiar. During a trip to New Orleans, in her fastest day, she was closely pursued by a rival steamer. The Martha, too, stopped to wood, and shortly after shoving out from the wood-yard, the pilot became bewildered, and turned the Martha's bow up stream. After running upon that tack for some time, the steamer's course was changed again, and she again passed down by the wood-yard at which she had previously wooded. The rival steamer soon hove in sight at the wood-yard in question, and took a supply of fuel. The captain of the rival steamer asked them at the wood-yard, how long it had been since the Martha Jewett had passed down, and was told that three boats bearing that name had passed that point that night—one going up and two going down; and, sure enough, the Marthas had been running at random all night. These little episodes in the history of steamboating are not calculated to heighten one's faith in the infallibility of the knowledge of pilots on the Mississippi.

CHINESE BARBERS AND TAILORS.

Pekin, the metropolis of China, is situated on a beautiful and fertile plain, in the most salubrious part of China, abounding with corn, fruits, herbs and roots, and all the necessaries and comforts of life, except that of tea, none of which grows in that province. The streets are always crowded, though Chinese women never appear in them, except in covered seats and chairs. The reason of this crowding is, that all provisions are brought hither by land carriage, no river or canal coming within three miles of the city, which occasions the streets to be filled with carts, camels, horses, and other beasts of burthen, with their drivers, insomuch that it is difficult to pass through the gates in a morning or evening. The artificers also contribute to increase the crowd, as they work in the houses of those who employ them, and are perpetually looking out for business. Barbers go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, basin, towel, pot, and fire, and when any person calls to them, they run up to him, and placing their stool in a convenient place in the street, they shave the head, clean the ears, put the eyebrows in order, and brush the shoulders, and all for the value of a little more than a half penny. They then ring their bell again, and are ready for another customer. The tailors who ply in the streets go home to the houses of their customers, and do their work there. They do not use thimbles, as ours do, but tie a rag upon their fingers, nor do they sit down to it. The motley crowd busied in their several occupations, cause a vast confusion; while jugglers, ballad singers, and nostrum mongers, are encircled by their respective mobs.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and *returned in one week*.

LOST STEAMERS.—In ten years ending with 1858, not less than thirteen Atlantic steamers were lost, with 3000 persons! or a loss of about one passenger in every 100 carried. Very pleasant information for families going to Europe!

HALF AND HALF.—A late visitor to Cuba divides the inhabitants into two classes—one of which makes a living by manufacturing cigars, and the other by smoking them.

LITERATURE IN AUSTRALIA.

A literary gentleman was once asked to deliver a lecture on the "Beardles of the Poets," in a well-known town in Australia. In the course of the evening he recited Wolsey's farewell to the world, from Henry VIII. A magistrate, and one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the town, who had been induced, with difficulty, to honor the lecturer with his patronage, here-upon remarked to a gentleman sitting near him, that, "Mr. Wolsey appeared to have been very badly used. But," he continued, "who was this Wolsey? I never heard of him before. Did you? Who or what was he?" The party interrogated very gravely replied that Mr. Wolsey formerly held a commission in a large and important establishment at the west end of London. "I thought so," rejoined the colonial millionaire; "a commercial traveller, I suppose. But," he continued, "what did he mean by 'the tender leaves of hope?' I suppose he travelled for the firm of Hope in the tea trade?" This closing supposition, as may be supposed, proved too much for the gravity of his respondent, who had now to invent an excuse for the involuntary cachination which followed so overpowering an inquiry.

THE NEW MARKETS IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that there have just been completed there a group of six of the most magnificent market pavilions in the world, formed of glass and iron, and covering a surface of about 30,000 square yards. To these are being added four other pavilions, occupying a space of 12,000 square yards. There is no such market in any other capital of Europe. But this is not considered enough, and the "municipal council," in other words, the Prefect of the Seine and the government, have just decided that two more pavilions are wanted, which will cover a new space of 7000 square yards (making about 50,000 in all), and are estimated to cost eight millions of francs in construction, besides the expense of purchasing and clearing the ground. The entire expense of these markets can scarcely be altogether less than a hundred and fifty millions.

RATHER SEVERE.—A deserted damsel struck her lover with a poker, exclaiming with sobs— "You have broken my heart, and I'll break your head, sir."

REPENTANCE.—Put off repentance till to-morrow, and you have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

THE CAMELS.

It seems to be really possible that this useful animal may yet become domesticated in this country. We have watched the reports concerning those that have been imported lately. In reply to a letter of inquiry, Mr. Woolsey of Alabama writes to the Savannah Republican an account of his experience with the camels recently introduced on his plantation, near Selma. He makes some allowance for the effect of the voyage across the Atlantic on the camels; but says they have worked to his entire satisfaction. He thinks that with proper harness, a camel in good condition will draw with ease a two-horse prairie-turning plough. He is now breaking out cotton middles with a winged sweep of twenty-four inches from wing to wing. He says: "On Tuesday last, I sent twelve bushels of corn to Selma to be ground, on the same camel. The corn was placed upon a camel, weighing 170 pounds, and the camel driver 160 pounds—a very good mill wagon and team, I think. The price at which camels can be sold here, varies, according to the age and size. The extremes are \$150 and \$450. The camel will eat almost anything that the goat does not refuse."

"THE MAID OF THE RANCH: or, The Regulators and Moderators."—We have just issued the ninth edition of this famous Texan story, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. This novelette was written expressly for us, and is illustrated with large original drawings, and being the best border story which has been published for years, we are not surprised that nearly 70,000 copies have been sold!! We will send it, *post paid*, by return of mail to any one, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

BLUE EYES.—It is said that all the Presidents of the United States, except General Harrison, had blue eyes. Among the great men of the world, the blue eyes appear to have been predominant. Socrates, Shakespeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin and Napoleon, all had blue eyes. Yet black eyes have probably the greatest number of admirers.

"And some black eyes they lead to rings,
And some rings lead to black eyes."

PRECOCITY.—“Come here, Master Tommy, do you know your A B C's?” “Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees.”

THE DIFFERENCE.—What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

TIME'S CHANGES.

It was but a few years since that all the world depended upon whale oil to keep alive the evening lamp, as well as for the purpose of lubrication, and the hardy seamen who sailed out of New Bedford on their perilous voyage, came home, if in ordinary luck, with quite a pretty show for their eighteen months or two years' adventures. But presently the whales seemed to grow scarce, and more difficult to take, and various burning fluids are invented that at once materially affect the value of whale oil and cheapen the price. Then coal oil is perfected, and becomes a great favorite, cheap and brilliant in its light. Rosin now yields a rich and excellent oil. The Southern Oil Company, which has its works at Mobile, and a principal office at New Orleans, commenced a few years ago to manufacture oil from the rosin so plentifully supplied by the southern pine forests. At first, the oil was not acceptable. It was oil; but it also contained grease and varnishing substances, which injured its practical use. There was a prospect of the works stopping, when some public spirited citizens in New Orleans and in Mobile, stepped forward and gave new enterprise and vigor to the scheme; additional capital was subscribed; additional works built; renewed experiments made, until finally the successful point was reached, and an oil was furnished at cheap rates, entirely pure, limpid, free from grease, gum or varnishing qualities. As soon as this was known, orders flowed rapidly in; railroads, steamboats, foundries, etc., becoming steady and large patrons. We are informed that the works will have to be enlarged to meet the increasing demand, and that the success of the enterprise is inciting the commencement of similar factories in Texas and other States where the pine forests abound. Thus the whaling business seems to be gradually superseded, and those ships which have lately returned from long voyages, many of them report the game to be very scarce, and their voyages to have proved a failure.

AUTHORS.—An author has been compared to asparagus, on the supposition that all that is good about him is—his head. Authors, again, have been styled lamps, exhausting themselves to give light to others: to bees, industriously collecting honey from the flowers, which they treasure up in the hive of books to sweeten and solace life.

GOOD.—We are to have a horse railroad from Boston to Lynn. Success to it.

ORIGIN OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

The Imperial Guard originated in the first Italian campaign of Napoleon I., after the taking of Milan, when the French were in pursuit of the retreating Austrians near the river Mincio. The circumstance is thus narrated by Abbott, in his "Life of Bonaparte:" Though the Austrians were some fifteen thousand strong, and though they had partially demolished the bridge, the march of Napoleon was retarded scarcely an hour. Napoleon was that day sick, suffering from a violent headache. Having crossed the river, and concerted all his plans for the pursuit of the flying enemy, he went into an old castle by the river side to try the effect of a footbath. He had but a small retinue with him, his troops being dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives. He had but just placed his feet in the warm water when he heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, as a squadron of Austrian dragoons galloped into the court yard. The sentinel at the door shouted, "To arms! to arms! the Austrians!" Napoleon sprang from the bath, hastily drew on one boot, and, with the other in his hand, leaped from the window, escaped through the back gate of the garden, mounted a horse, and galloped to Massena's division, who were cooking their dinner at a little distance from the castle. The appearance of their commander-in-chief among them in such a plight roused the soldiers from their camp-kettles, and they rushed in pursuit of the Austrians, who, in turn, retreated. This personal risk induced Napoleon to establish a body-guard, to consist of five hundred veterans, of at least ten years' service, who were ever to accompany him. This was the origin of that Imperial Guard, which, in the subsequent wars of Napoleon, obtained such a world-wide renown.

NAVAL.—Nearly every vessel in our navy fit for service is now either in commission, or being fitted for sea. We want twice the number of steam sloops of war that we now have, to protect the growing mercantile interest of the United States.

MILK.—An intelligent milkman told the editor of the *Lowell Citizen*, the other day, that all the pure milk in Massachusetts would not more than supply the wants of Boston alone! .

QUERY.—Why does a door generally stand in the subjunctive mood? Because it is mostly wood, or should be.

GOOD ADVICE.—Scrutinize a lawyer closely when he advises you to avoid litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

Foreign Miscellany.

England has connected Perim with Suez, by telegraph.

The Emperor of Austria is said to understand thirteen languages.

At a recent sale of coins in London, three Anglo-Saxon pennies sold for \$150.

A sergeant in Liverpool lately discovered a lady disguised in uniform among his recruits.

According to Edge, the average cost of timber for hulls, masts and yards in building an English seventy-four gun ship is £61,382.

A check has been paid at the Bank of England from which all but the signature of the drawer was erased by a chemical process, and a larger sum substituted for the original amount.

Professor Mommsen, of Oldenburg, has long been engaged in preparing an extensive work upon Shakespeare, under the auspices of the King of Bavaria.

The finest pearl ever seen is in the possession of Mr. Emanuel, of London. Its value is £10,000. It is one of the prizes of the Indian war.

Eight millions of bottles are annually made at a manufactory of bottles at Folembrey, France. It is the largest manufactory of the kind in the world.

A laborer in London lately went to a dentist for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. The operator broke the jaw of the patient. The latter sued the dentist and recovered ten pounds damages.

The offer of a prize by the King of Bavaria for the best historical drama, is open to all nations, and time is allowed till a year from next November.

An English coroner's jury have recently returned a verdict of manslaughter against an owner of pleasure boats for letting one of them out in an unsafe condition, by reason of which one of the party hiring it was drowned.

The line-of-battle ship Mendon, the identical ship on board of which, when a prisoner, Key wrote The Star Spangled Banner, is now (in 1859) a hospital ship in the harbor of Hong Kong.

A mass of platina weighing 11 pounds, from the mines of Oural, has been presented to the Mineralogical Museum, at Vienna. This is the largest mass of this metal yet discovered, except one at St. Petersburg, which weighs 17 1-2 pounds.

An anvil block was lately cast in England, which, when finished, will weigh 21 1-2 tons. The quantity of metal melted for it was 23 tons, and it was cast in one run. It is to be used in the making of Sir Wm. Armstrong's guns.

A young Swedish singer, Mademoiselle Andre, is making a great sensation at Stockholm, and promises, it would seem, to be another Jenny Lind. At a concert given recently at the Royal Theatre, and attended by all the rank and fashion of the court and city, she was received with the utmost enthusiasm. She is about to make her appearance on the opera stage.

The Daily London Journal is the title of a new penny paper established in London. It is a handsome quarto, and it looks as if it might go.

The London Era says that prior to the late race for the Durham Handicap, Little Agnes, the winner, had half a gallon of strong beer given her.

The colossal statue of Hugh Miller, to be set up at Cromarty, is nearly completed. It is by Mr. Handyside Ritchie, and is said to be a very successful likeness.

A statue of the first Emperor Napoleon, representing him as a pupil of the military school of Brienne, holding in his hand a volume of Plutarch's Lives, has been erected in Brienne.

Hon. William H. Seward, while in London, received great attention from the leading officers of the government, and was treated with marked courtesy by the queen and Prince Albert.

Professor Jenks, in his last letter, describes a sycamore tree in Constantinople, fifteen feet in circumference, so hollow as to admit twenty persons, and yet clad in the greenest verdure.

An English coroner's jury have recently returned a verdict of manslaughter against an owner of pleasure boats, for letting one of them out in an unsafe condition, by reason of which one of the party hiring it was drowned.

The Courrier de Paris says that over the gate of the cemetery of the little town of Bordeaux, department of Drome, has lately been painted this inscription: "Here are buried only the dead who live in the parish."

On the recent Derby day there were only four persons in attendance at the House of Lords, consisting of two ladies in the gallery, Lord Beauchamp, and Lord Radnor, the latter sitting on the opposition benches.

An imperial ukase, just published in St. Petersburg, makes some important ameliorations in the position of the Jews in Russia. They include the admission of Jews into the high trading guilds, as well as into the Russian colleges.

Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, who recently died in London, left to the Jews of that city nearly \$40,000 for educational and religious purposes. His estate was sworn at \$5,000,000. He had a princely residence in St. John's Lodge, the most beautiful part of Regent's Park.

They have actually gotten up in Bombay a "Zoroastrian Theatrical Club." The "eminent performers" who compose it advertise a performance of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in the Goozerattee language with an Italian dress. Just think of Shakespeare in Goozerattee!

Henry Edmonds, an American, who was detained in the Pentonville Prison, of London, has recently made his escape by leaping over the wall in disguise, so that those who saw him fall in the street did not recognize him as a prisoner. Jumping into a cab, he was soon out of sight.

A Chinese high officer has been recently decapitated for favoritism in the literary examination. For a consideration in silver the examiner surreptitiously exchanged essays, giving his favorite the benefit of a first rate one in place of one of no merit, for which he received the silver, but lost his head.

Record of the Times.

The total consumption of coffee in this country, last year, was eight pounds for each person.

A real estate owner in Philadelphia complains that his houses settle, and his tenants don't.

Mr. Thackeray is to receive \$28,000 for a story in twenty numbers. Whew!

The ladies of Paris wear stuffed birds in their heads, and our ladies must follow suit.

It is estimated that the Americans spend forty millions a year in pleasure travel.

Ralph S. Hart, a St. Louis lawyer, has won a case in which his fees amount to \$110,000.

The business of New Orleans pays to the city \$250,000 in market fees every year.

A tobacconist in Cincinnati says that he sells upwards of two hundred pounds of snuff in the course of a month to ladies.

There are forty-six lawyers residing in St. Joseph, a city of a population of about 5000.

The steam fire engines in Baltimore have reduced the fires in that city about eighty per cent.

The immigration into Iowa is very large, this season. There is said to be a constant stream pouring in daily.

The first line of horse railway in operation in Chicago proves so successful, that others are projected. It frequently makes a profit of \$100 a day.

French despotism is intermittent and proverbially subject to fluctuation; but the character of Austrian despotism is stable, permanent, petrified, hopeless of change.

In a recent number of the Manchester Guardian, it is stated by a correspondent that the number of letters in the Old Testament is 2,728,100.

Thirty or forty feet of the rock in the centre of St. Anthony Falls, on the Mississippi, has been broken off by the freshet, leaving the falls something like a horse-shoe in form.

A machine to manufacture paper bags, such as are used by grocers, has recently been put in operation in Cincinnati, and turns out from 60,000 to 75,000 bags per day.

Nothing but root crops should ever be attempted in an orchard. The fruit and the grain want similar constituents. We have seen apple-trees put back for years by a rye crop.

The interest on the funded debt of the city of Philadelphia amounts to \$500,000, two hundred thousand of which must be borrowed from the banks.

Two bottles, containing curious descriptions of gold and silver coin, have been ploughed up at Gwinntney, Virginia. The money is of English and Spanish coinage—about \$3000 in each bottle.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the decision of an inferior court, that a woman has a perfect right to control in all respects all property acquired by her before or after marriage, that belongs to her, independent of her husband.

Copper ore, very pure, has been discovered in McHenry Co., Illinois.

There is a young girl in Delaware who has become by her own exertions, a skillful mechanist.

The Washington Star estimates the population of the Federal City at 75 or 80,000.

It is said that there are no fewer than twenty-four candidates in training for the Presidency.

At Maysville, Kentucky, James Stevens rivals the East Fakirs in self-inflicted cruelty.

The use of steam as a motive power on the Ohio Canal has been initiated with complete success.

A woman in Montreal has been arrested for stealing a pair of pants worth \$1. She wanted to make a couple of pairs for her two boys.

A man in Indiana has been sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment, for burning his own child to death because it fretted.

The Portland Transcript reports that there are now residing in Bloomfield, Me., a Mrs. Weston and her son, Capt. Joseph Weston, whose united ages amount to ~~one hundred and~~ ^{one} ~~seventy-four~~ years.

The New Bedford Times thinks the man who was severely whipped and thrown into the water in that city by a woman, finds the gentler sex irresistible.

Gold has been discovered among the hills of Benton county, Missouri, and the excitement of the people in the neighborhood is up to Pike's Peak pitch.

The burglars of Cincinnati are disposed to climb. They now carry two story ladders with them, and with them effect entrance into the upper stories of residents.

It is said that it is the intention of the Pennsylvania Central Road to make the sleeping cars free for first class passengers, instead of as now, charging 50 cents extra for a berth.

A gentleman visiting the New Hampshire State Prison, at Concord, was informed by the warden, that of all the convicts there received during the past thirteen years, only two had been Masons.

A California paper contains the following advertisement: "Sons of New England!—Two barrels of your NATIVE RUM on tap, and for sale at the brick store."

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel; two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel; and over fourteen thousand seeds in an ounce of tobacco.

A solid white oak tree, seven feet through at the butt, fifty feet from the ground to the first limb, and over eighty feet high, was felled at Wisconsin, recently.

It has been estimated that the number of private carriages maintained by New Yorkers is not less than from 15,000 to 20,000, without including the great swarm of light, fancy vehicles driven by "fast" men on the Bloomingdale road, in fine weather.

The stones on either corner of the Exchange, in Boston, built by Rodgers, are larger than any stone in Cleopatra's Needle; and those now being put into the United States Treasury, at Washington, are much heavier than any stone of Pompey's Pillar, or the Pyramids of Egypt.

Merry-Making.

Why is a blunt knife partially ground, like a pickpocket? Because it is a *little sharper*.

We have seen ladies not only too weak to bear food, but even too weak to bear contradiction.

"Come here, Master Tommy, do you know your A. B. C.'s?"—"Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees."

"Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

The Derbyites, says Punch, have a pretty way of describing a bribe. They call it a "votive offering."

A man has been sentenced to our State Prison for five years, because he bit off a woman's nose.

It is said that the legs of Porter, the Kentucky giant, were so long, that he had to have his pantaloons made in a ropewalk.

"Husband, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children—that will be change enough, anyhow."

Mrs. Fantadling says—"If it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the *bride* ceremony?"

A man made his last will and testament in words few but significant: "I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor."

"I haven't taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! but which of your features are we to believe, your lips or your nose?"

The meanest man in the world lives in this city. He buttons his shirt with wafers, and looks at his money through a magnifying-glass, because it causes a half-dime to look like a quarter.

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A man distinguished for the use of choice language found fault with his pudding as having too much "caloric" in it, which the landlady took in high dudgeon, declaring that she never used the article.

A pickerel was caught, the other day, with a squirrel in his stomach. Query—Did the squirrel go into the water after the pickerel, or the pickerel go up a tree after the squirrel? A problem for a debating society.

One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't," he replied; "I must be just before I am generous." "Well," said the one who made the request, "let me know just before you are generous, and I'll try you again."

"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient. "There they are," replied our country cook, proudly. "It took a long time to clean them; but I've done it, and thrown all the nasty insides into the hogs-wash."

What comes next to an oyster?—The shell. A hard case that.

What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

To keep your own counsel—get into a chancery suit, and you'll never get rid of him.

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."

A lady up-town is so very aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper, because it is made of rags.

Why is a man who deals in stale jokes, like a stock-jobber?—Because he depends on fun-dead property.

There is an old bachelor in New York so confirmed that he won't read the war news, because so much is said about infantry.

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"—"O, any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

An old maid who hates all mention of the male sex, has cut a male acquaintance who complimented her upon the buoyancy of her spirits.

The mayor of a certain town out West, proposes to kill half the dogs of his town, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

It is said that a great drunkard once complained—"They tell me wine gives strength! And yet I who have just drunk three bottles cannot keep myself on my legs!"

Girls are occasionally arrested for being dressed like men. Adam and Eve appear to have dressed exactly alike—and why shouldn't their sons and daughters?

One of the most preposterous things possible would be a man, on board a rocking ship, in a gale of wind, with the fever and ague, trying to shave himself with a bent razor. We don't believe 'twould be a clean job.

The Georgia girl, whose two heads are "well authenticated," must hide both in sorrow. A dangerous rival is announced, a child, who has but one head, but that is worth both the others, for it is the exact shape of a cat's!

We may admire the ingenuity, though certainly not the honesty of the punning executor, who, having three bank notes of a hundred pounds each to divide among five legatees, of whom he was himself one, said "there is one for you two, one for you two, and one for me too."

A learned antiquarian has discovered that four different persons have been known, since the nineteenth century came in, to return borrowed umbrellas. Out of this small number, three were afterwards found to be hopelessly deranged, and the other was proved to be so abstracted, that he picked his teeth with a boot-jack!

IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

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BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1859.

WHOLE No. 58.

PEOPLE OF THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

In the present article we propose to collect some striking specimens of the least known among the people of the eastern hemisphere, representatives of races, nations and customs whose distinctive features the hurrying march and irresistible pressure of European civilization must, before many years elapse, either obliterate or essentially modify. Asia, Africa and Southeastern Europe have already undergone essential changes during the present century from contact with the Latin, Celtic and Saxon races; in the future these changes must be more rapid and more radical.

The illustrations which accompany our text are from authentic sources and may be relied upon implicitly.

Our first picture represents an Egyptian infantry soldier. The equipments of this queer figure are an incongruous mixture of European fashions. The striped cloth wound around his tasselled "fez" gives his head the appearance of those we see in Egyptian sculptures of centuries past. The body of his jacket is as closely-fitting as those of the stupid shell jackets of the British service. But the sleeves and trousers are

loose and flowing, in the Eastern style, affording free play to the limbs, a style which the French have wisely adopted in the equipment of their troops. The arms of this soldier are the European musket and bayonet, and the formidable curved sabre of the East. In the distance a group of Egyptian drummers, in their hybrid costume, are beating the roll-call.—Our next picture represents, in the foreground, one of those famous irregular horsemen, who, during the Crimean war, did such good service in the field, though guilty of some outbreaks, and, in general, difficult to manage,



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY SOLDIER.

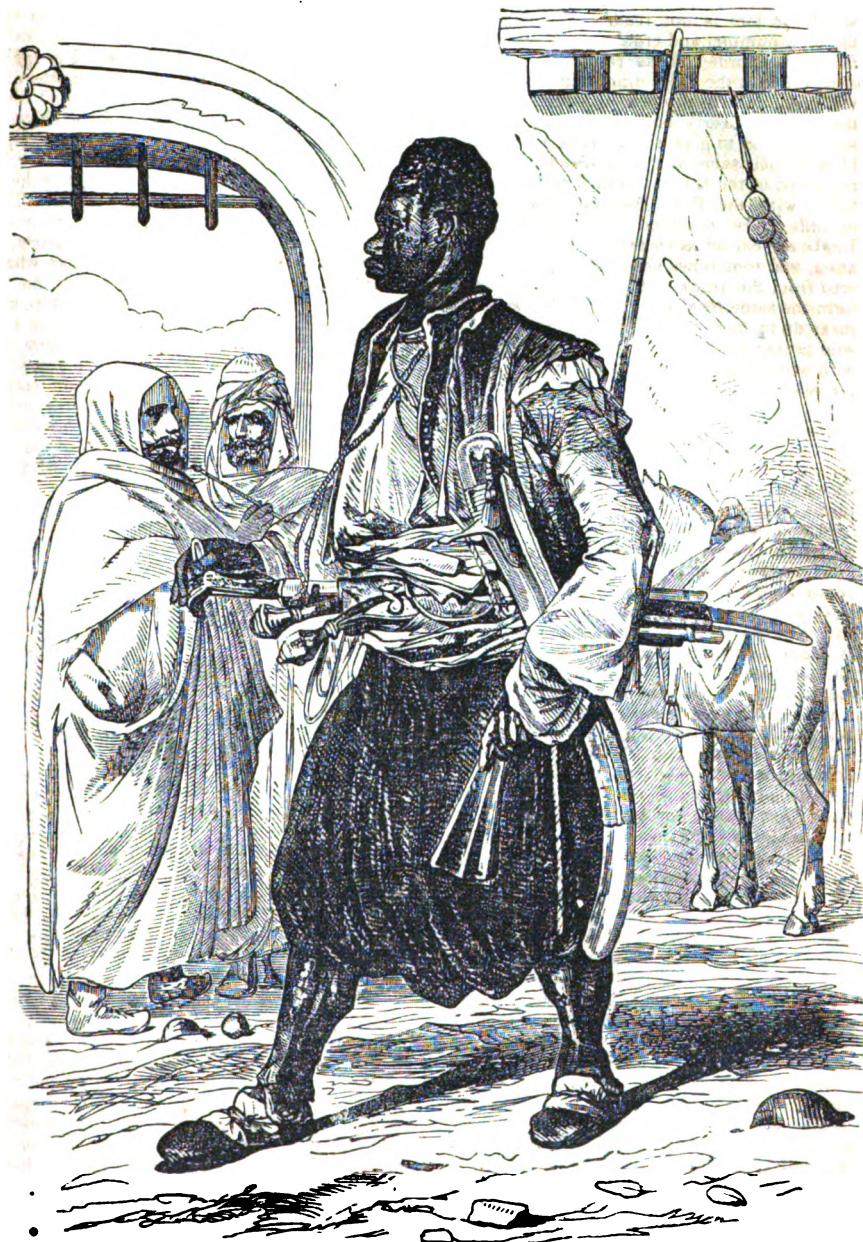
from their wild spirit of independence and insubordination. The specimen we present is highly striking from his cavalier air, and his picturesque ornamental dress, to say nothing of the perfect armory of weapons he carries about him—gun, sabre, carbine, pistol, poignard and knife. In the distance is a horse, with the curious Turkish saddle and shovel stirrups, so peculiar to horse-furniture in the East. What with those stirrups—the leathers of which are kept short, and from which the foot is not readily disengaged—and the high pummel and croup of the saddle, every facility is afforded to the rider to maintain his seat, which is the more important, as in action the irregular cavalry are accustomed to raise their horses nearly bolt upright on their hind legs, in order to give a ponderous weight to the blow of their sabre as they descend. It has been remarked of the Russians killed and mutilated in battle with the Bashi-Bazouks, that no slight wounds were observed upon their persons. Limbs are cut off as cleanly as by surgical operation, and sometimes heads are completely severed from the trunk. The Bashi-Bazouks perform the same service in the Turkish, as the Cossacks do in that of the Russian ranks. These wild horsemen of the East manage their animals with wonderful skill; men and horses seem to thrive on air and exercise, with little else to boot. They live in the saddle, and are wary and watchful; and as an irregular cavalry for outpost duty, they are invaluable, freeing the regular troops from the most harassing duties. In the Crimean war they proved more than a match for their Cossack antagonists.

Our portraits of a Caffre chief and a Fingo woman, transport us to that vast continent, much of which is still a hidden mystery. These two engravings are from pictures in one of the most popular publications of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, "The Americans in Japan; an abridgement of the government narrative of the United States Expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. By Robert Tomes." It contains a clear and well written account of Commodore Perry's voyage, and of all his diplomatic proceedings. The portraits delineate inhabitants of South Africa, which Commodore Perry visited on his way to the East. The Cape of Good Hope is of great commercial importance to Great Britain as a convenient rendezvous for her cruisers stationed in the neighborhood, and as a stopping-place for vessels bound to and from the Indian Ocean. Excellent water, fresh provisions, fruit, and other necessities, can be obtained in any quantity and at reasonable prices. Wood, however, is scarce, but almost every other article usually needed by vessels may be procured from the numerous well-stocked shops and warehouses at Cape Town. Since the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, the agricultural interests of the Cape have suffered, and although the commerce of some few of the ports continues thriving, the interior of the country has declined in prosperity, there being at present but few examples of successful farming in consequence of the scarcity of laborers. The country has also suffered from the effects of the war carried on between the British colonists and the Caffres, which, although it has enriched the merchants and tradesmen by the large expenditure of pub-

lic money, has impoverished the farmers by depriving them of the necessary laborers and by unsettling the general tranquillity. The consequence has been that many of the farms have been allowed to run to waste, and although the soil is capable of producing Indian corn, wheat, barley, oats, and several other descriptions of grain, the home consumption of such articles is not fully supplied. There are, however, some wine, hides, tallow and wool exported. The farming is chiefly of a grazing character, and vast herds of cattle, sheep, horses and mules are raised. At Cape Town, horses can be bought for thirty to one hundred dollars. The cattle, which are indigenous to the country, somewhat resemble the buffalo in appearance, and the sheep are of the broad-tailed species, which are highly prized for the excellence of their meat. The long teams of oxen passing in and out of the city are characteristic objects at Cape Town. These teams are composed often of seven, eight, or even nine yoke, and are guided by two teamsters, one seated in front of the wagon, not unlike what is used in Pennsylvania, where he urges the animals along with his voice and a long whip, while the other man precedes the team, holding a halter fastened to the horns of the two leaders, with which he guides them. When the journey is a long one, the teamsters generally accompany the oxen on horseback. Commodore Perry, accompanied by some of his officers, took occasion to visit one of the celebrated vineyards of Constantia, having provided himself with an open carriage drawn by four beautiful stallions, and driven four in hand by a negro boy, who proved himself a very skillful Jchu. The drive was through a picturesque country, with pretty villas scattered about, which were approached by wide avenues bordered by oaks and firs. These trees are raised from the seed, and are generally cultivated in the colony for fuel and ornamental purposes. Substantial hedges are also formed of the young oak raised from the acorn. The Constantia vineyard was of no great extent, and the culture was of a character that was somewhat disappointing. The proprietor accounted for the inferior condition of his vineyard on the score of his being unable to provide himself with the necessary number of laborers. He said, in fact, that he would have been obliged to abandon the cultivation of the grape altogether had he not obtained an American "cultivator," that he had recently imported from the United States, which simple plough, as he stated, drawn by a single horse, accomplished as much as the labor of fifty men according to the usual method of cultivating the vine with the hoe. The grape is grown at Constantia, as in Sicily, by trimming the vine near to the ground, and not allowing it to reach a height beyond that of a gooseberry bush. The richness of flavor of this wine, which is much extolled, is supposed to be dependent upon the condition of the grape when it goes to the press. Although it begins to ripen in the early part of February, it is not gathered until the middle of March, when the fruit has assumed almost the appearance of the dry raisin, in which condition it is pressed. The price of Constantia wine varies from two to six dollars a gallon, according to its quality. The population of Cape Colony, according to a census taken in 1848, was 200,548.

Of these, 76,287 whites, and 101,176 colored, make up the whole number of inhabitants of the various parts of the colony, with the exception of Cape Town, which contains a mixed population of 22,543. There are but few of the aboriginal Hottentots of pure race to be found, as their blood has been intermingled with that of the Dutch, the Negro and the Malay. The first Eu-

ropean discoverer of the southern promontory of Africa found it tolerably well peopled, and the natives, in some respects, in a better condition than many of the more northern tribes. They were in possession of herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and led a pastoral life. They were a comparatively happy people, and, being divided into tribes under a patriarchal government, wandered



THE BASHI-BAZOUK.



A CAFFRE CHIEF.

about with their flocks and herds from pasture to pasture, carrying their huts, constructed of boughs and poles, upon the backs of oxen. These tribes, however, have been mostly exterminated by the cruelty of the Europeans. A wretched remnant, however, still survive, and living as miserable outcasts in the forests and the fastnesses of the desert, are known as Bushmen. They are still savage in character, and disgusting in their habits and persons. They have received, it must be confessed, but little benefit from the boasted civilization of their white conquerors. "We, however, as Americans," remarks Commodore Perry, "have no right to rail at other nations for the wrongs they have inflicted upon the aborigines of countries seized upon by them; for, though hardly equal to the English in the disgusting hypocrisy with which they excuse their acts, we are not far behind them in the frauds and cruelties committed upon our native tribes." The warlike Caffres still retain their characteristic wildness, and pursue their predatory life. They are in many respects superior to the ordinary African, and have some of the peculiarities of the Egyptian races. They are of a greater height and strength than the inferior negro; their color is lighter, and though their hair is black and woolly, they have fuller beards. Their noses are more prominent, but they have the thick negro lip, and with the prominent cheek-bones of the Hottentots, they possess the high European forehead. The Fingoes, though traced in origin to some scattered tribes of the Caffres, differ from them in some degree, and although spirited and brave, are of a less savage nature, and have the character of being a comparatively good-natured people. The Fingoes, like the Caffres, are pastoral, but more

given to the culture of the land, in which the men engage as well as the women, although this kind of labor is confined among the Caffres to the females alone. On the return of the commodore from Constantia, he stopped to pay a visit to a captive Fingo chief and his wife, whom the fortune of war had thrown into the hands of the Europeans. The chief was confined in a jail at a short distance from the town. The jailer unhesitatingly allowed the commodore to visit his prisoner. Soyola, for that was his name, was a remarkably fine-looking negro, of about twenty-five years of age. He had been accompanied to imprisonment by his favorite among his numerous wives, and his confidential lieutenant, who had also a similar companion to cheer his captivity. The women were no less remarkable for their good looks than their negro lords and masters. One of the artists of the expedition was admitted to a subsequent interview with the distinguished party of Fingoes, and secured likenesses of them. The war carried on by the English with the Hottentots and Caffres, which has continued so long, costing an immense amount of blood and treasure, is still prolonged by the obstinacy of the blacks. The whole frontier has already been devastated, and although there is some hope of peace, no one believes that any treaty that may be made will be respected by the negroes longer than may suit their convenience.

An eager curiosity has always attracted us towards the old continent of Africa to which our classic recollections impart a mysterious grandeur. When we look on a map of the world, what is more provoking than to see that irregular triangle, loaded with the names of towns, rivers and mountains on its borders, and growing blanker towards the centre, so that you only find these words, "Great Desert," "Desert of Nubia," "Ethiopian Plateau?" At first, this land presents itself to our minds as a vast heap of burning sands, where, from the warriors of Cambyses, the bleached bones of predatory Arabs and wandering caravans have been gathering for centuries. Yet we know that it contains great rivers, immense lakes and gigantic mountains; we know that it is trodden by millions of men; but whence comes this singular race? Is it true that, by the conformation of the skull, the habit of the body, even the color of the skin, it approaches the animals and connects with the monkeys? Is it possible that negroes, supplied with tails, live at the south of Lake Tchad? that in these solitudes are found all the fabulous animals whose history has been bequeathed to us by antiquity, less credulous in this respect, than was believed in the last century? We now know the long-hidden sources of the Nile; the mouth of the Niger, so long disputed; the mysterious city of Timbuctoo; but how many other discoveries remain to be made in this vast continent? Soon, we trust, caravans starting from Algeria will penetrate its hidden recesses. The republic of Liberia, peopled and governed by blacks, will encroach upon Guinea. The Niger, in the Bay of Benin, will open its fever-smitten delta to English ships. At the other extremity of Africa, Ethiopia will continue to lift her veil. But outside of all these bases of operation, Southern Af-

rica yet remains, and if we know anything respecting it, it is through the Anglo-Dutch colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and by means of the Caffres, those Arabs of the south.

In our day of easy navigation, when steam lands us, on a calculated day, on the Hottentot shores, we can scarcely realize that a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope was formerly one of the boldest and most perilous enterprises that the courage of man could attempt. For a long time Cape Noun, at the extremity of the empire of Morocco, had been the limit of European navigation. Tradition menaced with terrible misfortunes those who should attempt to pass it. But the spell was broken in 1433 by the efforts of Gilianez. The infanto Don Henry excited the Portuguese to seek their fortunes on the African coasts, but Cape Bojador opposed fresh barriers to their enterprise. It required twelve years of persistent effort, before they could double it. Scarcely sixty leagues of coast were discovered, and the Cape of Good Hope was still 2000 leagues away. Each advance that was made in coasting the shores of Senegal, Guinea and Congo, was purchased by new fatigues and new dangers. In 1486 a tempest swept Bartholomew Diaz beyond the Cape of Good Hope, which he passed without seeing it. Only he noticed that the coast, instead of running towards the south, receded towards the northeast. But his provisions were exhausted, his sailors discouraged, and he determined to retrace his steps, after a short stay at a small island situated to the north of Algoa Bay. Finally King Emmanuel instructed Vasco de Gama to penetrate to the Indies by this new path. The fleet destined for an enterprise so remarkable, consisted of four small vessels manned by 148 men, all told. It sailed from the port of Belen, near Lisbon, July 8, 1497. Five years before, Christopher Columbus, setting sail in search of a new route to India, took with him but three ships and ninety sailors. Camoens, in his celebrated poem, describes the voyage, Madeira, the first island peopled by the Portuguese, the sharp rocks of Sierra Leone, the passage crossing the line, beyond which rises on the horizon, a new pole, less rich in stars than the northern pole. After five months voyaging the Portuguese arrived at the region of the Cape of Good Hope, and there, in the midst of gloomy vapors, a terrible vision meets their eyes. "Who art thou," asks Gama, "thou whose prodigious mass fills me with astonishment?" Then, writhing his lips and rolling his fiery eyes, the spectre answers in a severe tone: "I am the great cape, unknown of the ancients, but whom you call the cape of storms. The coast of Africa terminates at my promontory, turned to this antarctic pole, insulted by your audacity. But woe to those who shall dare to follow in your wake! they shall find these waters hostile and become the sport of tempests. For one, I shall be the eternal tomb of him who first traversed these yet virgin waters: even here died Bartholomew Diaz." So spake Adamastor, the spirit of the cape of storms; then, like a thick cloud melting into rain, he sank into the sea, and heavy crashes of thunder rattled long afterwards along the

distant crests of the billows. Still, if the giant disappeared, it was not so with the terrors inspired by the famous cape. In 1667, Angelo asserted that the Cape of Good Hope rather deserved the name of the Cape of Death, because all those who approached it trembled for their lives. Thus all the efforts of early navigation tended to double and lose sight of these menacing mountains. They made all sail for the Mozambique channel, to cast anchor at one of the Portuguese establishments on the coast of Sofala. Thence resulted a complete ignorance of that portion of Africa comprised between Cape Negro, the Cape of Good Hope, and Cape Corrientes. They were content to designate this region by the name of Caffraria, or country of the Caffres, a denomination borrowed from the Arabs, among whom the word *Kaffir* signifies *infidel*.

Still a few navigators, having ventured to cast anchor in Saldanha Bay, and then in Table Bay, were delighted with the beauty of the country, the gentleness of the inhabitants, and especially with the abundance of food, with the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Towards 1660 the ships of the Dutch East India Company began to put in there regularly. A Dutch surgeon named Riebeck, explained the advantages which would result from an establishment at this point, to the directors of the company, and obtained from them three vessels to found a colony, of which he was the first governor. He began to make a treaty with the Hottentots, purchased of them all the land about the cape for 1500 florins' worth of merchandise—a rare example in those days, when Europeans were not accustomed to recognize any rights as vested in the inhabitants of the countries where they landed. The fortunate situation of the new colony and perhaps, also, the spirit of justice which prevailed over its set-



A FINGO WOMAN.



MAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

tlement, soon assured its prosperity. A crowd of adventurers established themselves there, and the company, foreseeing the future extension of their valuable possessions, soon purchased for 30,000 florins, the Natal territory, extending to the east of the cape. After the establishment of the Dutch in this colony, almost all the ships going to India stopped there.

To the north of Cape Town rise several ranges of mountains which run towards the northeast, nearly parallel to the line of seacoast. Beyond the last chain extend vast plateaux, generally barren and desert, which decline a little towards the north, to the bed of the great Orange River. This river rises in the east, in the country of the Zoloo Caffres, runs towards the west and flows into the Atlantic ocean at about five degrees of latitude north of Cape Town. Orange River has been long regarded as forming the northern limit of the colony, and is, in fact, a perfectly natural frontier. To the west and south murmur the waves of the ocean, therefore there is no expansion of territory possible except on the east. The mountain chain ranging from west to east takes the name of Roggeveldt, Bergen, Nieuweld-Bergen, Sniew-Bergen, and Draken-Bergen. It gives birth to a great number of water-courses which make towards the south, impetuous and destructive during the rainy season and almost dry at other times. These streams, which flow in a direction nearly

perpendicular to the coast, have successively served as an eastern frontier to the possessions of the Dutch and English. The principal, as you go from west to east, are the Sunday, which empties into Algoa Bay, the Cowie, near which Graham's-town has been founded, the Great Fish River, the Keiskamma, the Buffalo, on which King William's Town is built, the Great Kei, which is now the limit of the Caffres subjected to the British government, the Umzinkulu, which separates the country of these Caffres from Natal, and the Tuguela, which divides the territory of Natal from that of the Zooloos. In 1780 the Dutch governor, Plettenberg, made a treaty with the Caffres which fixed Great Fish River as the eastern limit of the colony. The district situated to the southwest of this river, and now known as Albany, was then colonized by boors; the latter hired Caffres to serve them as shepherds and domestics, but neither these servants nor

the wandering tribes could behold with indifference rich flocks pasturing on a territory which had so long been theirs. Cattle compose the entire wealth of the Caffres, and almost all the fortune of the colonists, so that the carrying off or the defence of herds, is the only care of both. This species of theft is conducted in heroic style, that is to say, by force of arms, and is associated with surprises, murders, pillage, incendiarism, etc. The re-capture is not more pacific. The colonists, commonly guided by black allies, follow the trail of their cattle with the sagacity of Indian hunters, often overtake the robbers in the heart of the wilderness or of the black tribes, and, re-taking their horned property, massacre both the robbers and the inhabitants of the villages or kraals suspected of having given them harborage. It will easily be guessed that, with such manners, it is difficult enough to live peacefully, and hence there was a terrible rising not long after Plettenberg's treaty. The boors were driven from their farms and the Caffres extended their ravages to Sunday River. At that time the convulsions of the French revolution occupied Europe too much to permit the Dutch to protect their colonists effectually. The latter had long suffered from the monopoly of the East India Company; they complained bitterly of the niggardly protection Holland gave them in exchange for a yoke which they supported with impatience. It is asserted that an insurrection against the

mother country would have broken out at the Cape, if England, by seizing the colony, had not crushed these notions of self-government. English troops, under the command of General Craig, landed in Simons Bay in 1796. To reach Cape Town it was necessary to traverse the defile of Muisenberg, formed by very steep mountains which hardly leave a passage through them. This Thermopylae was not defended, and the Cape surrendered September 16, 1796. Martial law was immediately proclaimed, and they went to work to improve the fortifications. But while the English busied themselves with the material means of preserving their magnificent acquisition, they apparently neglected moral means, for the colonists resumed their love for the mother country and exhibited the deepest hatred to their new masters. Yet this hatred did not assume an active shape, and new enemies, more formidable, appeared in the Caffres of the frontier. Lord Macartney, governor of the colony, sent his secretary, Barrow, on a mission to them. Barrow first met the Caffres at the river Gowrie. The women advanced first, laughing and dancing round the wagons. They made use of all the allurements they could think of to obtain brass buttons and tobacco. Notwithstanding their deep brown complexion, many of them were really pretty. They had neither the thick lips nor the flat noses of the negroes, while their black and brilliant eyes and admirably white and regular teeth, imparted a charm to their faces. Most of them were entirely naked, but some of them had a sort of mantle which they called *Karouze*. The women also wore this cloak, which came half-way down the leg. On their heads they wore leathern caps ornamented with bits of glass, shells and plates of polished copper or steel. We have not, however, space to follow out the details of this mission. In virtue of the treaty of Amiens, the English evacuated the Cape. Troubles between the Dutch and the Hottentots and Caffres ensued. January 4, 1808, at break of day, an English fleet of sixty-three sail, was descried from the mountain summits of the Cape. They came to re-take the colony. Notwithstanding a feeble resistance, the English effected a landing, and on the 8th, were victorious in an engagement which gave them possession of the Cape. England has preserved this important colony; she has already sacrificed there vast numbers of men and immense sums of money, but she sets a high value on it. In fact, if the route to India seems to be established by way of the Red Sea, the Cape is still the necessary

stopping-place on the voyage to Australia, and besides, her African colony has taken a start within a few years which renders it intrinsically important.

In conclusion, we present two Australian portraits taken from life. As the aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia are fast disappearing before the advance of civilization, it becomes deeply interesting to preserve some records of their peculiarities and appearance. The two concluding portraits of this series are from photographs, and have been engraved with the utmost nicety, thus preserving the actual traits of the originals. The lady has certainly the advantage in point of looks, the gentleman presenting too close a resemblance to an aged ape to rank as an Apollo. Naturally, the natives wear no clothing; but if any article of dress be given them, they are proud to array themselves in it. The manner in which they wrap a blanket around them, fastening it over one shoulder, is very graceful. The women are exceedingly susceptible to gay colors—the nature of the sex is the same in all climes—and accept a bright pocket handkerchief, or a few beads, with as much delight as an English girl would receive a Parisian bonnet, or a souvenir from Howell and James's. The features of the aborigines are not pleasing, being very coarse. Their lips are thick, with flat noses and low, receding foreheads. They are not, generally speaking, tall or well made, neither are they particularly strong.



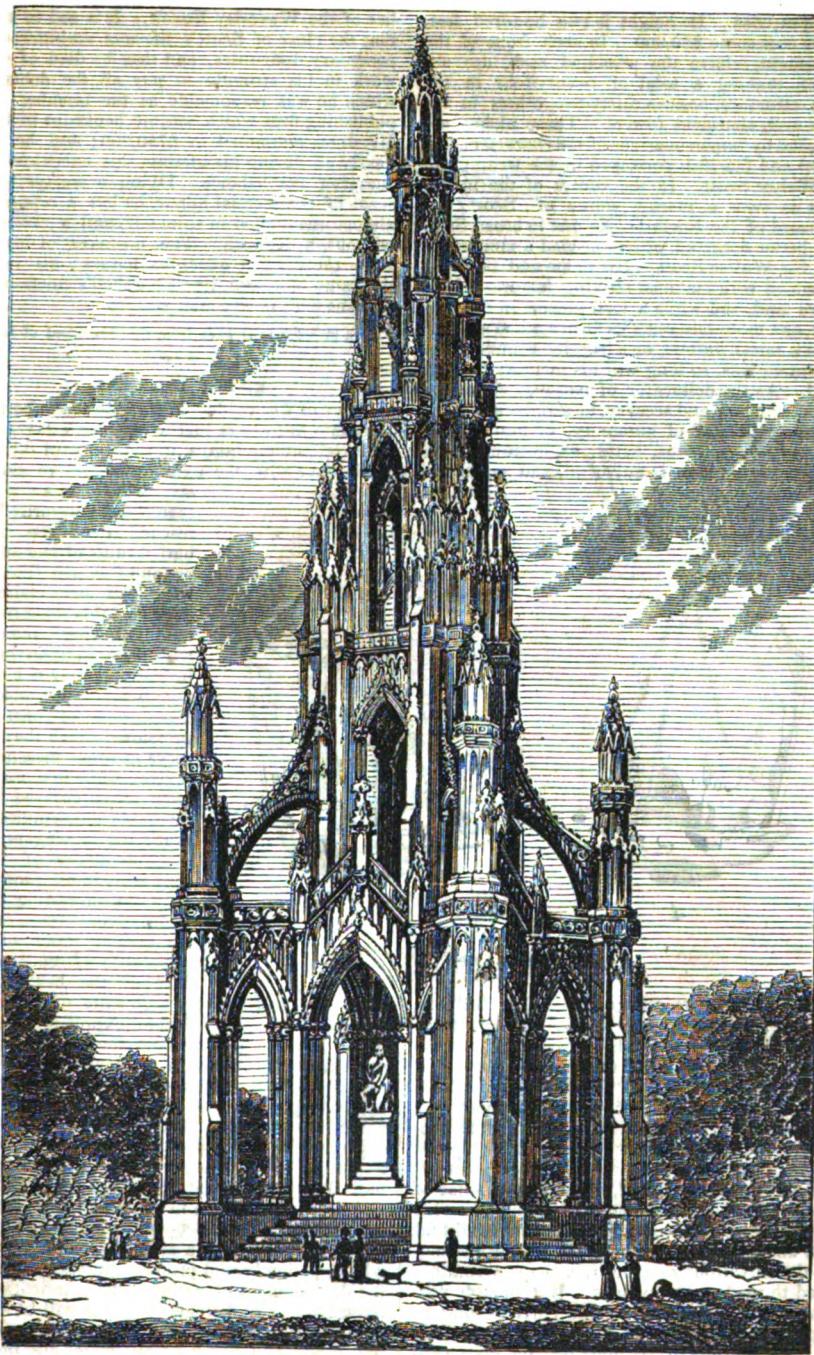
WOMAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



JOHN BANVARD THE ARTIST.

The accompanying engraving represents Mr. Banvard, the panoramic artist, in his Oriental travelling costume, with fez and caftan, and the luxuriance of beard necessary to harmonize with his eastern dress. But a very few years since, Banvard, a poor young man, was floating down the Mississippi in his skiff, sketching the features of the Father of Waters, to form the basis of a panorama, miles in extent—a gigantic undertaking. He made little noise about it, only, before coming to the Eastern cities with his completed work, he obtained authentic testimonials to the accuracy of his representations. His painting he left to speak for itself. It proved an immediate fortune. Wherever he exhibited it, it was received with enthusiasm, and attracted crowds. After having travelled with his panorama extensively in this country, he removed it to England, meeting with the same good fortune which had established his reputation in this country. He remained abroad a long time; and, after returning to the United States, projected a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which he carried into effect, gathering, with great exertion, difficulty, and expenditure, the data for a panorama no less successful than that of the Mississippi, and still a

lucrative exhibition. And now, after wandering for a quarter of a century without a fixed habitation or a home, Mr. Banvard has at last pitched his tent on the shores of his native State, at Cold Spring Harbor, one of the most beautiful of the many inlets which indent the shores of Long Island Sound. The architect of "Glenada," the name by which Mr. Banvard's residence is known, is in the Italian castellated style, and the house is located in a lovely and romantic glen, which declines gradually towards the water, the southern side ascending the slope of a gentle swelling hill, from which a view is obtained of one of the most picturesque landscapes in the country. Mr. Banvard was the architect of his own house as well as his own fortunes, and personally superintended the erection in all its details. The castellated style was selected for its picturesque effect and its adaptedness to the local scenery. The grounds immediately surrounding the castle contain about six acres, the entrance to which is from the lawn in front. The taste of the owner and the skill of the gardener are rapidly converting this territory from an ordinary farm into a picturesque *ferme ornée*, beautiful for its location and the extent of its prospect.



STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, EDINBURGH.

The city of Edinburgh is literally filled with statues and monuments; turn where you may, you will see one or the other. But the most

interesting one is the Scott Monument, situated at the foot of David Street. The foundation was laid in 1840, and the monument was com-

pleted in 1844. Its height is two hundred feet, and it cost some \$80,000. In each front of the monument, above the principal arch, are six niches, making a total of twenty-four in the main structure, besides thirty-two others in the piers and abutment towers. These niches are occupied by impersonations of the characters, historical and fanciful, portrayed in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. In the centre of the monument is seen a marble statue of Scott, the "Wizard of the North." No one in broad Scotland better deserved or less needed a monument than Sir Walter Scott. His name and fame are associated with the most striking features of his native land, and while a loch gleams in the sunlight, or a mountain rears its form against a cloud, while a tartan flutters, or a bagpipe sounds in her romantic glens, so long will his memory be cherished. As the delineator of national character, of local history and scenery, he stands unsurpassed, but as the painter of humanity, of human passion, of hopes, loves, hates, aspirations, common to all, his fame is universal, and second in

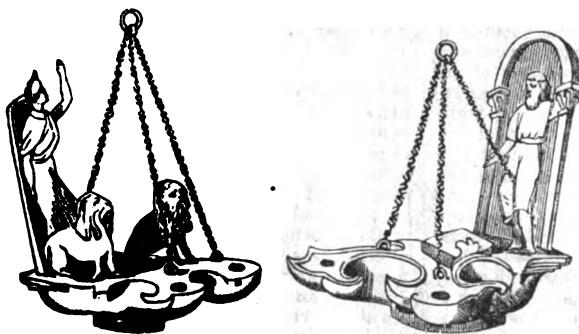
liker of the Waverley Novels. It is sad to think that the close of Scott's life was embittered by pecuniary difficulties, and that he died of over-work in his struggle to pay all the debts for which he was responsible as the member of a publishing firm which became bankrupt in 1826. His debts amounted to \$750,000; and he paid nearly all during his lifetime, his executors discharging the balance. Dying a martyr to his sense of commercial honor, he left a reputation almost unequalled in splendor, and a character without a blemish. The mistakes of his life were those of a generous nature; his record shows no blot, and, like Campbell's chieftain, he was entitled, if any man was, to

"Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame."

ANTIQUE LAMPS.

Many of our readers have doubtless been so fortunate as to have met with some stray specimens of antique lamps, in the course of their acquaintance with the exhumed relics of ancient

art, which modern research and enterprise have rescued from the long-buried ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. To those who can lay claim to such enviable experience, the following remarks, with the accompanying illustrations, may not be altogether unacceptable as mementoes of past impressions, which they will serve in some measure to revive; while to those who have never enjoyed such favorable opportunities of gratifying an elegant curiosity in affairs of virtue, they will, in all probability, prove interesting, if not instructive. There can be no greater proof of the general preference of a love of the beautiful in



ANTIQUE LAMPS.

this respect only to Shakespeare. The brilliant period of Scott's literary career extends from 1802, when he was in his thirty-first year, to 1825, when he was in his fifty-fourth year. The success of his poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," published in 1805, was immediate and unexampled. It was not, any more than its successors, the effort of a poet aiming at the highest effects of his art; but it was a work of great genius and originality; and, if inferior to some of Scott's later poems in mechanism, and less rich in striking poetical passages, it was more faithful than any of them to his design of reconstructing the chivalrous romance in a shape accommodated to modern sympathies. But though portions of his poems will probably live as long as English literature endures, his fame as one of the great masters of art must rest on his splendid series of novels, the first of which, "Waverley," published in 1814, opened on the world an entirely new phase of romance. The reading world will probably never again experience so universal a sensation as that caused by the ear-

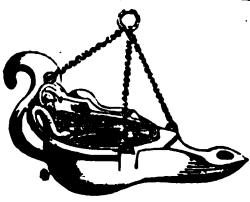
early ages, and the very high state of perfection to which art, its most faithful expression, had attained in those periods, than the exquisite taste and skilful workmanship displayed in the delicate design and elaborate finish of even the commonest appliances of domestic economy with which the humblest household was furnished; and the veritable philosopher, long after the dilettantism of the mere virtuoso is sated to the full, finds ample food for grave contemplation and deep study, even in these apparently trivial traces of an extinct people, inasmuch as they afford a certain clue to a profounder investigation, which, patiently and properly pursued, leads to the development of national characteristics of a nature not to be disregarded. He will be struck with surprise at first, to observe how completely the minds and hearts of all classes are imbued with the intense and passionate adoration of the sublime and beautiful, which, after all, contains the hidden germ of most human excellence and greatness. He will thence derive, by a strictly legitimate and logical course of induction, a far



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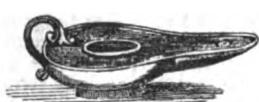
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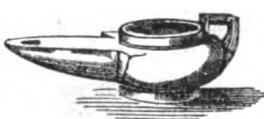
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ANTIQUE LAMPS.

more just and intimate appreciation of the true characteristic peculiarities of such a people than can possibly be gleaned from the slender, dim and imperfect outlines that remain of their recorded history. Trifling and inconsequential as the subject of our brief memoir may appear, at a casual glance, yet there is, independently of the graver considerations already adverted to as being involved in it, a true and fascinating sentiment associated with the lamp, that cannot fail to address itself favorably to the intellect and imagination of all, save the dullest and most unpoetical. At least it has appeared so to us since our fancy was first fanned into an ecstasy of boyish rapture, by the perusal of the wonderful story of Aladdin, and subsequently penetrated with a bewitchingly mysterious sense of fearful glamour, connected with the sepulchral lamp which shed its perpetual rays around the secret cavern of the sorcerer Virgil. Apart from all fiction, however, there is a deep and abiding interest in the thought of its true and faithful ministry, which must still commend it, even when divested of all the romance and poetry which it conjures around us without an effort on our part. It was and is the pride of the aspiring student, the best friend of the sage, and the most confidential companion of beauty in the charming and mysterious hours of retirement, relaxation and repose. Its truly Promethean ray has lighted the undying fire that glows in many a poet's page from time immemorial. It lured the lovelorn Leander across the stormy Hellespont, and shed its pale gleam on the mysterious pillars of the inner-templed shrine, where the lone vestal kept her unseen and unseasonable vigil. It has traced in shadow the grand profiles of antique men on the draperies of the Tyrian loom, or on the frescoed walls of marble mansions long since buried under congealed oceans of lava.



6



7

ANTIQUE LAMPS.

It has thrown the exquisite outline of the fairest face on earth, old Egypt's queenly daughter's, on the broad, heaving breast of the enamored Roman, who lost the empire of the world for the sake of that wondrous loveliness which is now—ever less than was that flickering shadow on his heart. By the light of the lamp, the silent, mediæval monk, in his cold cell, has conned his curiously-illuminated missal, and the cold, passionless nun counted her cloisteral beads, or quietly called from the richly sorted skeins of her silken treasury, the color best suited to her quaint embroidery.

It has shown the way alike to the sultana's trellised bower of delight, and to the cathedral's dim vaults of monumental death. It has solaced the weary couch of sickness, solemnized the holy mass, dazzled the eyes of princely assemblies, and cheered the poor man's solitary hearth. The lamp!—it is the universal friend of mankind, and consecrated, in all climes and in all ages, to literature and science. Had it a tongue, what tales might it not tell? No wonder that the ancients should have felt its mute appeal, who loved beauty so well, and taxed their utmost ingenuity and taste to invest its form with a recherche grace and beauty. Who knows but some one of the drawings to which our attention is now directed, may be the representation of one of those to which a grand, beautiful or touching history is attached? The numbered specimens are all of bronze, and mostly of very elegant design, particularly Nos. 3, 4 and 5. They are copied accurately from originals now to be found in the British Museum. The last two are especially remarkable for the sculptures with which they are adorned. Those furnished with chains are designed to be placed at pleasure either on the stand of a candalabrum, or to be suspended from the projecting branches with which many candelabra are found ornamented. The dimensions are as follows, viz., No. 1 is about four inches in length, without a handle, and altogether of the simplest form in use; No. 2 is more complicated, the handle being formed of the head and legs of some grotesque animal—length about nine inches; No. 3 is of very elegant shape—its length six inches; No. 4 is a lamp for two wicks. It is very beautifully carved, and measures six inches in length, by about five and a half in height. No. 5 is of similar style of workmanship, and is about eight inches in length by the same in height.

SPANISH SKETCHES.

The accompanying sketches are accurate delineations of costumes and scenery in Spain. The first and last of this series of engravings delineate the Spanish nurses and children. The figures of the nurses are replete with national grace, while their costumes are pretty and striking. The children—those in arms, have a very doll-like air. The most noted peculiarity in these pictures is the manner in which one of the nurses carries her pretty charge—suspended on her back. We see in the second sketch, in the two ladies in the foreground, the slender, graceful and rounded figure, the black eyes, the delicate hands, which are char-

acteristics of Castilian beauty. The accessories are the graceful mantilla floating from the head, the embroidered handkerchiefs, the expressive fan, and the ample black silk skirt. The little girls, dressed in French costume, have nothing national about them, unless it be the grace of their figures. The two ladies in the distance, near the fountain, serve to show the effect of the mantilla from another point of view. The next engraving exhibits a group of priests at Madrid. The Spanish clergy never appear abroad without the *capa*, which is, in fact, a long black gown. Raphael, in his cartoon of Paul preaching at



SPANISH NURSES.



SPANISH LADIES.

Athens, has painted the apostle wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. But whatever may be said of the cloak, nothing can be more grotesque than the long projecting hat worn by the priesthood. The fourth engraving exhibits a pair of pretty manolas—girls dressed in a truly Spanish style, with large ear-rings, flashy kerchiefs tied round their chins, and ample short skirts, showing their pretty ankles. Most of the groups we have depicted may be seen at some time or other on the Prado (meadow), the Hyde Park of Madrid, the great resort of horsemen, carriages, and high fashion. It may be said that the people of Madrid spend half their lives there. It is, however, strangely

fallen off from the good old times, before the fatal invasion of the *nuevo progreso*; every afternoon the march of trans-Pyrenean intellect is crushing some national costume and custom. You find few traces of the national Spanish costume and character, except in the mantillas of half the number of ladies. The mantilla is kept in place by the fan (abanico), which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it like her. She can express with her dumb fan nearly as much as Ole Bull can with his fiddle-stick, and a handbook might be written to explain its code of signals. A *frulling* sound, like the chattering of

birds in a cage, reigns in every direction, produced by the tremulous shake, the opening and shutting of innumerable fans of all colors and sizes, so many eloquent tongues speaking an intelligible language to conscious observers. Mr. Hughes, in his "Revelations of Spain in 1845," says: "How the fair Andalusians contrive to pass their time without once peeping into a book from month's end to month's end, with no pastime but church, no excitement but devotion and an occasional dash at love, it is not easy to conjecture. The balcony, and the paving stones in the streets beneath, when surveyed in perpetuity,

become a little fatiguing; the coarse rags and mats hung over the window fronts to subdue the glare of a torrid sun, make street-gazing less pleasurable than in other cities. The passing of a vehicle is a rare occurrence; love is for the twilight of a midnight hour, and the most determined church-going people cannot kill more than a couple of hours per day. How fill up the immense vacuum! how complete the *dies solidus* (solid day), without any book more interesting than the *Rosario de la Virgen* (Virgin's Rosary), or the *Horas Castellanas* (Castilian Hours)! The accomplishment of reading is by no means uni-



PRINCIPAL OF MADRID.



MANOLAS.

versally diffused; beads are still more in use than prayer-books, and when my landlady once, —a lady of respectable station, whose titles were as formal as those of her sovereign, being always, by a courtesy extended to every milliner, styled *La Señora Donna Isabel María*,—was requested to sign a receipt for my quarter's rent, she could not; and her son, a youth of twenty, could not write it without black lines to guide him." The Moorish eyes, the pride of the Spanish female face, are said to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalusia; "they are very full, and repose on a liquid, somewhat yellow bed of an almond shape, and are compared to dormant lightnings, etc." Mr. Hughes tells

us that the eyes of the Andalusian beauty are like burning glasses—black, lustrous, and terrible in wrath; almond-cut, and in repose hiding liquid. There is no country more interesting to the traveller than Spain, and it is less hackneyed than many other portions of Europe. From the circumstance of its comparative isolation, its manners are more traditional than those of almost any other land. Rich in historic associations, rich in striking scenery, in architecture, and in peculiarity of manners and emphasized character, it has attractions for varied taste. Many glorious treasures of art are scattered through its museums, palaces and churches. Mrs Le Vert, in her interesting "Souvenirs of Travel," says

"It is nearly thirty years since the civil war began, soon after the death of Ferdinand VII., and during that long period fearful and frightful has been the desolation of homes and hearts. Kindred blood shed by kindred hands has deluged the land. Parties and fierce factions have risen up, each contending for power, while the wretched country was tossed from one end to the other, as though it was a football. Yet, with all this demoralizing strife, and its attendant evils, of poverty, rapine and murder, the loyalty and chivalry of the Spanish character have never been extinguished. It still possesses the noble bearing, the love of independence and generous ardor of those ancient days when Spain was first among the na-

tions of Europe; and though dimmed by its surroundings of discord and internal warfare, its elements of greatness and true dignity still live in many and many a heart. Spain is really a wonderful country; for none other could have so long sustained itself under such trials and difficulties. Often is my admiration called forth by the firm faith with which its people look forward to the future, always picturing it as bright and prosperous, and saying, 'after the storm comes the sunshine;' and though constantly disappointed, they are ever hopeful. Amid all classes of persons, from the nobility to the poor peasant, we have received the kindest and most genial attentions."



SPANISH NURSES.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FOREST'S JOYS.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

Come, come to the forest!
The wildwoods for me,
Where a shout can resound
So joyous and free;
Where the oak and the pine
With the hemlock unite,
To form nature's wild music,
And gladden our sight.

O, come to the woods!
There is nothing so gay
As the trees and the flowers
Clad in summer array.
Then, come, let the echoes
Our laughter resound,
For freedom and gaiety
Here can abound.

More pleasant in winter
The parlor may be,
But a moss-covered log
And gay summer for me;
With the sweet woodland violets,
Whose perfume will say,
"To the woods, to the woods
Let us hasten away!"

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LAST OF THE SAVED.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

[How the following narrative came into my hands, it is a matter unnecessary to state. The main matter for the reader's consideration is, whether it is sufficiently interesting to repay him for the trouble of perusing it; and that, unfortunately cannot be ascertained beforehand, since "the only proof of the pudding is in the eating." It is an account of the adventures of probably "the last of the saved" from the wreck of the ill-fated Central America, being a transcript or statement made by himself.]

I was born in the great West, and there brought up till I was old enough to enter the United States navy, where I remained until the close of the war with Mexico. Soon after that event, I resigned my place in the service, and became a resident of California. It was in making my second visit to the East that I became a passenger aboard of the Central America. I will not attempt any history of what occurred on that unfortunate vessel, since all the facts have been already laid before the public in a variety of forms. When the ship went down, I was drawn

down to a great depth, and was almost beginning to despair of ever rising again, when I at last became conscious of a change of direction, and a slow upward movement, which was soon accelerated.

About the time that I thought I ought to have reached the surface, I received, as I supposed, a smart blow on the crown of the head. I soon discovered, however, that I had in reality struck my head against the under surface of some floating object, which no doubt came from the wreck. It required two or three more bumps to restore my presence of mind sufficiently to induce me to think of swimming out from under the obstruction. At last I reached the surface, and it was not a moment too soon, for my lungs would not have endured the restraint imposed on them a second longer, without consequences of a most serious nature. With a great gulp of relief, I disengaged my mouth and nostrils from the water, threw back my head, and gazed upon the extraordinary sights around me.

Hundreds of human beings were struggling in the waves, amidst a confused medley of objects thrown up from the wreck. Many were already in the agonies of death, and some were clutching their stronger companions with the proverbial tenacity of drowning men. Others were grasping at the floating articles, and not unfrequently two or more of them would catch a plank or spar too small to sustain their united weight, and then all would go down into the mighty abyss together. Some would hold up their hands while they were disappearing, and shriek piteously for assistance; while others calmly and silently resigned themselves to their awful doom. The scene was such as no words of mortal man could adequately describe, and I will not pretend to attempt it.

The stoutest and best swimmers were all making their way out of the struggling throng, and I was about to follow their example, when I perceived that the object against which my head had struck—a large door or hatch—was already occupied by a gentleman whom I had known very well in California. I therefore relinquished my design of resting upon it, and was swimming after a plank which was floating a few yards off, when the Californian uttered a shrill cry, and almost immediately disappeared. From the manner in which he struggled, I saw that some one of the numerous drowning men around him had seized him by the leg and dragged him under. I saw him no more, but I took warning by his fate, and determined to get out of the struggling throng as fast as I possibly could. I therefore seized the hatch, and striking out with my

legs, pushed it before me, and thus made my escape. Before I could get out of the crowd of desperate, dying men, I was clutched several times with desperate tenacity; but, by exerting my strength to the utmost, I always managed to disengage myself, and at last reached a spot where I was secure from any danger of that sort. One by one the struggling wretches disappeared, a great majority of them in the depths of the ocean, but a few floating away until they were out of sight, and I was left alone—alone on the wide ocean, and the shades of night closing rapidly around me. For the first time in my life I realized the true meaning of loneliness. The thick darkness and the ever-restless sea were my only companions, and my heart sank within me, with a sense of utter desolation, which bordered closely on despair.

Rousing myself at length, I strove to look my position fully in the face. My door was thick and strong, and made a tolerably good raft for a single person, though of course it did not prevent me from being continually drenched with water. I had no clothing but my pantaloons and shirt, but there were thick flannels underneath. The water was not very cold, but being continually wet made it very unpleasant, and the air became quite chilly as the night advanced. My first thought was to look for the brig *Marine*, to which our women and children had been transferred. After I had been about three quarters of an hour in the water, I began to catch an occasional glimpse of a light from this or some other vessel, and if I had had any means of locomotion, I might possibly have reached it; but I was entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves, and in less than an hour I lost sight of it altogether. After that I composed myself as well as I could, and waited till daylight with all the patience I could muster, though never before had the night seemed half so long.

The tedious monotony of those long hours of darkness was broken only by a single incident worth recalling. I was once hailed by a fellow-sufferer, who drifted near me, clinging to a broken spar. We conversed a short time, but while he was telling me that it would be impossible for him to hold on much longer, his voice suddenly ceased, and all was still. I felt that it was the silence of death, and that at any moment his fate might be mine. Day dawned at last, and as the shadows vanished from the waters I was relieved of a portion of the still heavier shadow that rested on my soul. I had seen many perish before my eyes, but I was far better prepared to battle with the frowning ocean than most of them. Few of them had been provided with so

good a vessel, and there was perhaps not one whose physical powers were capable of an equal degree of endurance. I was in perfect health, and I had been injured from childhood to hardship in almost every form and variety. As the gray light of dawn stole over the sea, I scanned the horizon with intensely eager interest, but nothing was to be seen—nothing but a lowering sky and a dark, turbulent ocean. The day was spent in fruitless examinations of the same monotonous scene. Twice I caught sight of a far-distant sail, and once I thought that the vessel was gradually drawing near, but it was merely one of hope's delusions, which left me more hopeless than before.

What followed for three weary days and nights I will not dwell upon. It would be but a barren recital of hours and days of suffering, each one differing but little from the last, except that the terrible thirst which I endured became every hour more unendurable, particularly when the tropic sun blazed with unclouded violence, so that his fiery beams seemed an avalanche of burning brands perpetually falling on my naked head, till my very brain appeared to be on fire within my skull, which felt as if it were a solid case of red-hot iron, ready to burst with the heat-engendered vapors which could find no vent. The fourth day the sun was more terrifically hot than ever, and I felt sure that I would either die or go mad before night. For a single draught of cool water, I would have sold myself to either alternative. Heaven, to my imagination, was an ocean of ice-water, and I would have purchased it willingly with the sacrifice of life or reason either. In short, I was already more than half-crazed, and the burning sun was fast completing my mental alienation. But there was at least a partial relief at hand.

A short time after the sun reached the meridian, it became shrouded in thick masses of vapor. Clouds on clouds, in immense masses, dark as midnight, began to pile themselves up in the horizon, while gleams of forked lightning illuminated their ragged crests, followed more and more speedily by louder and still louder reports from heaven's artillery. The wind, which had quite died away, now burst forth with tenfold violence, and for an hour or more, blew a perfect hurricane. Lashed by the fierce tornado into fury equal to its own, the seething ocean whirled and foamed, and boiled and bubbled, as if it were a huge caldron, with the fires of ten thousand Etnas roaring beneath it. A tiny atom tossed on the surface of this raging sea, my little vessel was safer than a gigantic three-decker might have been. There was no possibility of foundering,

though there was very great danger of being torn from the planks to which I clung with such desperate energy. And yet, upon the whole, the tempest with all its fury, was welcome; for it brought with it a delicious coolness, and obscured the fierce sun which was driving me frantic. But the glory of it all was the rain, which soon began to descend in torrents. The richest Falernian wine that ever tickled the Latin poet's palate and fancy, could never have yielded a tithe of the gratification afforded me by the first delicious drops that fell upon my fevered tongue. I had but one regret—that they did not fall in hogsheads instead of drops. But it was best as it was, and I managed at last to slake my vast immensity of thirst. By various expedients, too, I succeeded in catching and preserving enough for one or two subsequent draughts.

Like most violent things, the storm was of short duration, and the sun shone out brightly again before setting. I felt greatly refreshed, and passed a much more comfortable night than I had done of late, though the sea was so rough that it was hardly possible to go to sleep without the certainty of rolling off into the sea. Hunger, too, now began to make demands which had hitherto been kept in abeyance by the superior claims of my raging thirst. My strength, however, kept up wonderfully, and my health was good, except some scorbutic symptoms and boils, which were quite painful.

The morning of the fifth day was clear but hazy, and as I was examining the horizon with my customary anxiety, the sun rose red and fiery from his ocean bed. As I watched his lurid disk emerging from the waves, I saw right in its centre, the hull and hamper of a two-masted, fore and aft rigged vessel. It was plainly and beautifully visible for a few moments, traced in dark lines upon the copper-hued ground. But what surprised me was, that though but a very light breeze was blowing, not a rag of canvass was anywhere to be seen. She was not lying to, for there was nothing to keep her stationary, and as I had never heard of any craft anchoring in mid-ocean, or scudding under bare poles before a three-knot breeze, I was a good deal puzzled to know what to make of her. I did not, however, spend much time in speculating upon this phenomenon, for it soon occurred to me, that if she continued to make head in that lubberly fashion, I might some time or other overhaul her. There was a goodly sized splinter almost, but not quite, broken off of my little raft, which I had not seen till the morning after I was wrecked, and which I had never detached from its position,

because I had never before met with an opportunity of using it to any advantage, and I thought I could carry it best where it was. I now broke it off, and paddled away with it with all my might, steering for the mysterious schooner. My progress was of course very slow, and as the atmosphere was very thick, I lost sight of my object for a while; but it was not more than ten minutes before I saw it again, lying right under the sun. It was a long pull and a weary one, and my hands were blistered and my arms were aching before I could see I had materially lessened the distance.

Meanwhile, the sailless craft continued to present exactly the same appearance as at first, and before I had accomplished half the job, I became pretty well convinced that there was nobody aboard of her. Her rigging hung neglected and torn in many places, and she was manifestly under no intelligent guidance, her helm being apparently lashed amidships. Towards the last, there seemed to be a current favoring me. The slant of the wind, too, was such as gradually to lessen the distance between us. If it had not been for these helps, I do not think I could have reached her before dark. As it was, I hauled alongside somewhere about four, P. M. As soon as I was near enough, I hailed, but received no reply. The vessel had certainly been deserted by her crew, but for what reason I could not conjecture. She was not exactly in ship-shape condition, certainly, but I could see no damage which might not have been easily repaired. At all events, she promised me an asylum much more desirable than the quarters I now occupied. There were several ropes towing over the side, and I had no difficulty in getting aboard. Having reached the deck, I looked curiously around me. There was no one to be seen, and all was quiet. My first thought was for water, and I soon ascertained there was plenty on deck, such as it was.

As I was leaving the water-cask, after a colossal draught, my foot struck something which caused me to look down. It was a human skull, and looked as if the flesh had been carefully scraped from it. A little farther aft lay a portion of the skeleton to which it had belonged. The bones were everywhere denuded of the flesh, which had evidently been torn off at no remote period, and they looked as if they might be relics left from the feast of some hungry cannibal, or some fearful ogre, who had devoured the schooner's crew. Looking further, I found the remnants of five or six human skeletons, scattered here and there upon the deck, and all presenting a similar appearance. I gazed upon them with a

mingled feeling of curiosity and awe. Were these ghastly relics all that remained of the men who once tenanted the vessel? If so, what had been their fate? How had they been slain, and wherefore? While pondering these sad queries, I heard a noise below. I could not make out what it was. It was a sound the like of which I had never heard on shipboard before. It proved, however, that I was not the only living tenant of the vessel, and I hastily bethought me of some means of defending myself, in case it should become necessary. I could see nothing better than a handspike, or an iron belaying-pin, and being desirous of putting an end to the very unpleasant state of suspense in which I found myself, I seized a long iron bolt or rod which lay by the mainmast, determined to seek no further.

The noise below had been repeated several times, but I did not stop long to speculate upon it. Merely waiting long enough to ascertain its direction, I sprang down the main hatchway. The light was dim, and coming from the bright sunshine above, I was for a moment unable to discern anything. I was peering somewhat anxiously into the darkness, when a tremendous roar directly in the rear, which seemed to shake the very timbers of the vessel, induced me to "wheel about and turn about" with an agility that would have done honor to "Daddy Rice" in his palniest days. And there, within six feet of me, and in the very act of preparing for a spring, crouched an enormous African lion, grim and gaunt with famine, his mane erect, his tail lashing his sides, and his eyes glowing in the obscurity like a pair of live coals. It was much the largest lion I had ever seen, but you will readily believe that his comparative magnitude was not then the thing that stood uppermost in my thoughts. I believed myself to be lost, and it was, I suppose, merely an impulse of the instinct of self-preservation which induced me to drop upon the floor, just as I saw the huge beast rise into the air, aiming apparently at my throat.

There was—though I had not then noticed it—a large bale, or package of some kind of goods between me and the lion, and I fell directly behind it. This was doubtless the means of saving my life. The monster flew harmlessly over my head, and I heard him crashing and scratching in the midst of a pile of miscellaneous articles among which he had fallen. I am not a slow-moving man at any time, but I do not recollect ever to have "picked myself up" quite so nimbly before or since, as I did on this occasion. Nor did the *vis à tergo* by which I was influenced, cease to operate after I had regained an upright position. Like a rock from a catapult, I

dashed forward with headlong velocity, having barely self-guidance enough to lay my course for the nearest place of refuge. I had no time to see what sort of a port I had gotten into, until after I had entered it, but it proved to be a better shelter than I could reasonably have expected to meet with in flying from such a four-footed tornado. It was a long, strong, iron-barred cage, the habitation, no doubt, of the very lion from which I was trying to escape. The door through which I had entered, was at one of the ends. It was fastened by a bolt which was somewhat rusty, and before I could move it the lion was upon me. He darted at the cage with a wicked snarl, and obliged me to leave the door unfastened, and take refuge in the extreme back part of it, which was made of solid wood, and placed close against a bulkhead. It was only in this way that I could avoid his monstrous paws, which he pushed in between the iron bars as far as he could reach, roaring and lashing his flanks, while he scratched great furrows with his claws in the tough, well-seasoned woodwork in which the bars were fixed.

My worst enemy need not have wished me in a more critical predicament. The lion was evidently furious with hunger, and would make every possible effort to reach his destined victim. I found that I could in no way contrive to reach the door, which remained unfastened. One touch of one of those huge paws in the right direction, would immediately throw it open, and leave me utterly defenceless. Fortunately, the blood-thirsty creature (blood-thirsty without a metaphor) seemed for the present to think only of making direct plunges at the spot where I sat, without showing any disposition to go to the end where the door was. The prodigious strength of the animal caused the iron bars to bend and rattle and crack with every one of those desperate plunges, so that I could hardly persuade myself that he was not coming through. I think no one will doubt my veracity when I say that this sort of music was not quite so agreeable as some I have elsewhere listened to. But even supposing that this could last—that the lion should never think of trying to force the door—what then? Was I to sit there watching him hour after hour, day after day, with knees and chin in contact, till hunger and thirst should finish one or both of us? In such a game as that, the lion would have the advantage of me; for he wanted nothing better than to eat me; whereas I should make but a poor business of eating him, even if I had the very best of chances.

If I must die, an active death was greatly to be preferred to a passive one. But what could

I do? Sometimes my persecutor would remain quiet for a minute or two, and I would try to move stealthily towards the entrance, but before I could advance an inch, a savage growl would inform me that my maneuver was detected. Having tried this over and over again, and always with the same result, I finally gave it up in despair, and tried my best to think of the unfastened door no more. As I have already stated, the cage was of considerable length, the front and the two ends being stout iron bars, and the back made of solid wood. Against this I was crouching, but a foot or two from the door at the end, which I had shut, but which the lion would not allow me to fasten; and in fact I was afraid to make any further attempts to do so, lest I should draw his attention to the door, and allow him to discover how easy it was to push it open. Having given this up in despair, I turned my eyes towards the other end of my prison. I then saw that the cage was divided into two parts by a partition made of iron bars, like the front and the two ends. In this partition there was a door, and another on the other side of it, at the extreme end of the cage to my right, corresponding to that on the left, which I had passed through and left unfastened. I have been somewhat prolix in this description of the cage, but I am anxious that the reader should fully understand it. The door in the partition was standing ajar; that at the extreme end was shut, but not fastened, apparently; though of this I was not certain. Like the other end door, it opened on the outside, and the bolt was on that side, of course. After noting and speculating upon this state of things for a while, a project suggested itself, the feasibility of which I determined to test by an immediate experiment. It was by no means sure to succeed, and its failure involved the certainty of a speedy and terrible death. Still, after mature reflection, I came to the conclusion that it was the best thing I could do, and the only course that afforded any hope of relief from the eminently disagreeable predicament in which I found myself. I was in a "tight place" indeed, and I could not expect to get free again without some hard scratching. Celerity of movement must evidently be the mainspring of my operations, and with safety before, and death behind me, I was not likely to prove a laggard. With a slow, sidelong motion, I gradually approached the partition door, until I was near enough to ascertain, by means of the iron rod, which I still held in my hand, that the bolt which fastened it on the opposite side moved freely. I would have given much for the privilege of passing through and examining the door at the end;

but his majesty, the "king of beasts," who followed every motion, never relaxing his vigilance for a single instant, gave me plainly to understand that he would not permit it; for, in order to pass through the partition door, it would be necessary to come so near the front of the cage, as to be within easy striking distance of those terrible paws.

Under these circumstances, I was obliged to content myself with a rather unsatisfactory reconnaissance, by means of which, I ascertained that the door in the far end was apparently like the other one through which I had passed, with a similar fastening. It was shut, but I could not satisfy myself whether it was bolted or not. I was inclined to think it was not, or, if so, that the bolt had been shot only a part of the way.

Having done all I could in the way of examining my ground, I now prepared myself for the final effort, on which depended liberty and life on the one hand, or death and burial in a wild beast's maw, on the other. My design was, to open the door in the partition with my rod, wide enough to admit my person, and then to throw open the door by which I had entered, and induce the lion to come in after me, taking care, if possible, to have time enough to escape through the door in the partition into the other compartment, and shoot the bolt into its socket before my enemy could reach me. Everything, of course, depended upon the celerity of my movements. If I should be quick enough, I might hope to get out of the way in time; if not, not. It was an unfortunate circumstance that the door in the partition opened outwardly from the place where I was, for if it had moved the other way, I could probably have prevented my pursuer from getting through for some time, by merely drawing it to, even without fastening it. There was no help for this, however, so I stretched out my rod cautiously, and pushed the door (the partition door) open. This preliminary being settled, I advanced towards the outside door—the one by which I had entered. The lion followed me up, advancing or retreating inch by inch, just as I did. I tried to attract his attention with my right hand, while I opened the door with the rod in my left; but the famished brute would keep himself directly in front of me, snarling and showing his enormous tusks every moment. The end door, as I have stated, swung outwardly, like the others, and I soon found that the monster's muzzle would be inside of it as soon as I could get it open. It was "do or die," however; so, bracing my nerves "hard up," and throwing one foot forward, I stretched out my arm, with

the rod in the opposite direction, gave the door a vigorous push, and then ran for my life.

Having sprung through the partition door, I wheeled about to shut it, but a single glance behind me made it apparent that there was no time to stop. The terrible brute was within two feet of me. With the energy of desperation, I dashed at the outer door. It yieldeed to my weight, and I shot through it like an arrow. Here, I must stop—there was no alternative. I checked my headlong speed as quickly as possible, and slamming the door to with one hand, seized the bolt with the other, and strove to force it into the socket.

For a moment I gave myself up for lost. I could not move the bolt, which was covered with rust. As I tugged at it with frantic violence, I saw the lion bursting through the door in the partition. The narrowness of that door was the means of saving my life. The beast was a second or two in squeezing through it, and reached the end of the cage where I was, just as the rusty bolt was yielding to my last desperate jerk. As it was, he managed to rip up the back of my hand to the bone. I had no time to note the damage I had received, nor did I even feel the pain, so intent was I upon completing the job, by running round to fasten the door in the other end of the cage. In that I met with less difficulty than I had expected, for though the bolt was quite as rusty as the other one, I had time to make use of my iron rod, and drive it home, before my persecutor could re-pass the partition door and reach the spot. He was terribly disappointed, and roared and lashed his sides most furiously, even attempting to wrench away the iron bars with his teeth. But they were sound and solid—the bars, I mean—and the old fellow, being fairly outwitted, was, to my intense satisfaction, a close prisoner, to be disposed of as I might think best.

After a little reflection, I instituted a search throughout the schooner, with the view of finding some means of putting my captured enemy to death. There was nothing aboard for him to eat, except myself, and I thought the best thing I could do for him would be to terminate his existence at once. With some difficulty, I succeeded in finding fire-arms and ammunition, and sent the troublesome brute to his long home, by putting a musket-ball through his heart. Having captured and killed the enemy, I now proceeded to examine my prize. She was a clever-sized schooner, and was called, as I ascertained from various sources, the "Maritana." Among the effects which I supposed to have been the property of the captain, I found some papers in a

very fragmentary condition, which were written in a language meant to be Portuguese, but of which every line was an orthographical problem. Portuguese that was Portuguese, I could read tolerably well, but of the queer-looking hieroglyphics before me I could decipher only a very little.

I guess (and I can only guess) that the *Maritana* was originally from some port on the African coast, but lastly from one of the Cape de Verd islands, and that she was probably bound for some port in Brazil or in Portugal, I cannot say which. Indeed, anything I have to say on the subject is little better than a conjecture, and part of that conjecture is, that the lion and other wild beasts which had certainly been aboard, were destined for a royal managerie, perhaps in Lisbon, perhaps in Rio de Janeiro. At all events, the captain had been in correspondence with the keeper of such a managerie. There was a miscellaneous cargo still remaining, but, with the single exception of the monstrous brute I had destroyed, every living thing in the schooner had been put to death, and probably devoured. This melancholy history I could read (geologist-like) in the ghastly "organic remains." None of the schooner's boats were absent (unless she had such as were not ordinarily used in such vessels), and there were in different parts of her, the bones of at least ten or twelve human beings. There were also the osseous remains of a number of quadrupeds—how many, or of what sort, I did not attempt to ascertain. What had brought about this lamentable catastrophe, is not easy to say, though a variety of conjectures might be hazarded on the subject. From certain mute witnesses which I fell in with, I think it not improbable that on some festival-day all hands had indulged in a jollification, which was allowed to transcend the bounds of prudence and propriety, and leave most, if not all of those on board in a stupid and helpless condition. In that state of affairs, the great lion, and perhaps other beasts of prey, may have been suffered to escape, possibly in a famished condition, and to commit such havoc as they chose on the defenceless crew. There was a large pen or cage, where bones were strewn over the floor, and it looked as if it had been purposely thrown open. Possibly this might have been done by some frightened survivor of the slaughter, in order to let other beasts loose upon the huge lion, in the hope of their fighting and destroying him, or at least disabling each other.

Besides what I have mentioned, however, I found other traces which would seem to indicate that there had been fighting of men with each

other, in addition to the havoc evidently produced by wild beasts. In short, the whole thing was a mystery, and one that will hardly be unravelled this side of eternity. I will, therefore, pursue the subject no further, merely remarking, what I forgot to state before, that most of the beasts (possibly all of them) had evidently not been confined in cages, but simply secured by a chain and a collar round the neck.

I found in the captain's cabin a chronometer, and some other navigator's instruments—charts, etc., but I saw nothing like a log-book. There were plenty of provisions aboard, and if the weather remained tolerably fair, I had no doubt about being able to keep afloat till I could effect my release in some way or other. After a good deal of splicing and fixing, I managed to hoist sail enough to keep my craft steady, and to get two old flags flying in an inverted position, as signals of distress—one in the main rigging, the other at the mizzen gaff. This being done, and the vessel put before the wind, I proceeded hastily and roughly to form a sort of estimate of my position. I found that the nearest land was the Cape de Verd Islands, but with the wind I had, and in the condition in which I was placed, the best thing I could do was to lay my course for the African coast, in the neighborhood of Sierra Leone. Having come to this resolution, I next set about contriving how to get on more sail; but while I was considering the point, I spied a vessel to windward, which I hoped might render a solution of the problem unnecessary. My signals were observed, and about two hours afterwards, I was lying alongside of her Britannic majesty's transport, Cormorant, filled with troops, and bound for Calcutta. Being rather short of hands, the captain could not spare a crew sufficient to take the schooner into port, but he received me very kindly. They were to touch at the Cape of Good Hope, and it was originally my intention to stop there and take the first vessel for the United States, but I was afterwards induced to go to India, where I have been fighting the Sepoys almost ever since.

A strange Bequest.

Mr. William Kenett, a well-known Marylebone Reformer, and who died in Paris some three or four years since, has left by will a sum of twenty guineas each to the Marylebone Almshouses and the Christ Church National and Infant Schools, which has been paid to those institutions. The following extraordinary request was also made in his will: In the first place, that his body should be given up to one of the medical schools of the metropolis for dissection, and that his bones and remains should then be handed over to the Imperial Gas Company, to which company, on condition that they consumed them in one of their retorts, he is stated to have bequeathed the sum of £10.

A SPECULATING CLERK.

Late accounts from Paris state that another clerk in Rothschild's house has just been condemned to five years' imprisonment for embezzlement. This time no excuse or extenuating circumstances could be found in the state of want or destitution of the guilty party. He was well to do in the world, possessing the confidence of the masters and the esteem of his comrades. He was earning 9000 francs a year in Paris, an enormous sum for an employee. He suffered himself to be dazzled by a fellow-clerk, who one day came to visit him in a splendid carriage, and driving his own blood bays. From that hour the unfortunate employee knew no more happiness. He resolved to try his luck likewise, and soon having risked and lost his own fortune, he began to dip into the strong box of the Rothschilds. Vast sums disappeared, until at length he found the Bourse and all its airy visions changed for prison walls and the Court of Assize.—*New York Herald.*

HOW WE WORRY THROUGH LIFE.

Men are in too great a haste to get rich. Every other faculty, end and aim are absorbed in the universal desire for gold. Is a thing to be patronized, the response comes at once, how much will it pay? Is any great social idea to be developed, the question comes, how much per cent will it pay? Now this is all wrong. We are not contented to amass a competence; we keep on digging and toiling a long lifetime to acquire a heap of gold, only to lose it. We work and strive year in and year out, until the hair grows gray, and the shadowy night of old age shuts in upon us, and then our light goes out.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

IMAGINATION.

It would be well for us to remember that all which gives a spiritual charm to the daily intercourse of life; all that gives generosity to benevolence, and a soul to love, and heroism to self-sacrifice, all that makes the earnestly religious mind live for the future and the unseen, and triumph over the power of the senses, all that makes the human heart glow with rapture, and thought soar through countless worlds to the throne of the Almighty, is due to imagination—the purifier, the consoler, the liberator, amid the trammels, the sufferings, and the evil of our actual existence.—*Emily Sturtevant.*

POWER OF THE FRENCH GUNS.

In the late battle of Montebello, the new French guns threw their bullets more than two English miles. The effect was so terrific upon the Austrian ranks that the centre was obliged to fall back upon the reserve. It would seem that the Austrian guns do not equal those of France, and that Francis Joseph will be obliged, like an unskillful duelist, to force his antagonist into close quarters.—*Scientific American.*

THE NIGHT.

In her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn the language of another world.—*Byron.*

[ORIGINAL.]

A HISTORICAL PICTURE.

BY ALFRED B. HALL.

It is the Sabbath morn—but no deep bell
Wakens the woods with its melodious swell;
No sculptured portal of some Gothic pile
Invites an entrance to the silent aisle.
A rude frame building, in the half-cleared wood,
Receives the dwellers in the solitude:
Women and children near the pastor old,
And more remote the guardians of the fold.
Plain are the forms of worship—long the prayer,
Long the discourse that chains the listeners there.
But hark! that sudden outcry, known too well:
No Christian accent!—'tis the Indian's yell!
Prompt to their arms the hardy settlers fly—
The crashing volley rends the Sabbath sky.
Beset by foes, these Puritans at bay,
Prove they can fight as well as they can pray;
The Lord of Hosts is with them in the strife,
And each believer bears a charmed life.
The foe repulsed at last, at close of day
Back to their homes they take their watchful way.

War through the borders of the Pilgrim land!
War with no single foe or feeble hand;
From tribe to tribe the hatchet has been sent,
And vowed to vengeance every settlement.

Ah, then arose a melancholy wail—
Fears in the heart, and sighs upon the gale!
No home was safe, the forest swarmed with foes;
In the deep night the savage war-whoop rose.
The lonely hamlet, taken by surprise,
Lit with its roof-tree fires the midnight skies;
For wives and children, altar-fires and life,
They bravely battled in the deadly strife.
What pangs were suffered, what dear blood was shed,
When the white man contended with the red!
Doubtful the issue—but the pale-face star
Triumphant shone at last upon the war.

[ORIGINAL.]

HOW I CURED MR. VAUGHAN.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

I WAS turned of twenty-six (not ashamed of my age either), and, excepting my loneliness sometimes, when I thought I had neither kith nor kin, and the little pinching made necessary by my small salary, was getting along very happily and prosperously, when the whole current of my life took a sudden turn.

I was sitting one day after school, mending my shoes for the fourth time (for the quarter's salary was not quite due), when Mr. Wells walked in with his little hurried knock, that leaves no one time to get suspicious work out of the way, and with an "ahem—good morning, dear—I've got some important intelligence for you," stood just inside of the door.

" You'd better sit down then, while you disburden yourself of it, sir," I said, laughing, as I put on my shoe.

What a dear, good, slow old man he is, and did he ever have important intelligence, I wonder! He sat down, took out his glasses, rubbed them three times, put them on wrong, then right, and finally took the letter from his pocket, opened it, smoothed the wrinkles, and with another "ahem!" looked over the glasses at me, as if I was some curious specimen of natural history.

" My dear sir," I said, " I am under the deepest obligation to you, and I love you like a father, but it won't be safe for you to keep me waiting much longer."

" Spoken like yourself, my dear," said he, " and I won't keep you in suspense; but I was only looking at your eyes to find something there that a friend has seen more plainly than myself." And he proceeded to read the letter he held.

It would take too long to relate the conversation and all the particulars of the history, as he gave them to me, but I will make them plain in a few words as possible.

Miss Vaughan, an old school friend of his wife's, was dying, and would leave an only brother in a very peculiar state of nervous disease, with no relative, or friend even, whose presence he could bear, encumbered with quite a valuable property in the country, which he had neither sense nor will to control, and, heavier burden still, a load of unoccupied days, and weeks, and years, without even the stimulus of severe disease to give them a tone. He was much younger than his sister, being no more than thirty-five, and it had been her sole business for ten years to nurse and amuse him. Now, when a sudden disease had laid her low, her only earthly thought was for him, and where in all the world the person could be found, who had the courage, the cheerfulness, the self denial, to take such a charge upon her, and who, at the same time, had no other ties to stand in the way. Why she thought of me, I do not know and how she found out all the remarkable traits in me, that I have never been able to perceive before nor since, I don't know either, unless it may be that people always see what they look for very earnestly; but the tenor of the two letters to Mr. Wells and myself was, that if I would take so great a charge upon myself, I should have such a legacy as would make me independent for the rest of my life, and would confer upon a dying woman the greatest possible consolation. I looked at Mr. Wells when I had finished reading my letter.

" What do you think of it?" I asked.

" I think Providence gives you an opportunity

to do a great deal of good," he answered. " You are well fitted for such a place, and there can be no impropriety in it, since Miss Vaughan's companion and servants would still remain, and it would materially better your prospects (glancing at my shoe). " But you will want a few hours for consideration."

" Not an hour," I said. " You are a good man, you always counsel me right. What ought I to do ? "

" I think you ought at least to try," he said.

" Then I will try," I answered, " if you can get some one to fill my place here without difficulty. But I will have nothing to do with the legacy—no bribes for me. She may pay me just what I receive here, and I will do the best I can, provided I can give up the charge when I think I can no longer do any good."

" I think you won't repent it, and I'm very glad to have such a favorable answer to send Miss Vaughan, for I assure you her heart is in it," he said, as he went out.

If, in the few days that were required to furnish a substitute, and prepare my small wardrobe for the change in my fortunes, any secret anxiety or regret as to the step I was about to take crossed my mind, I comforted myself with the reflection that I was entirely alone in the world, poor and friendless, excepting the good people who had compassion upon my forlorn childhood, and if they thought I had better take this responsibility, if I had health, hope, a clear conscience and a pretty good stock of patience, what should deter me from giving the new life a trial ?

I pass over the journey which I made with Mr. Wells in the old chaise and gray mare that had transported him for twenty years, with all the varied incident and pleasant conversation by the way, the sad greeting of Mrs. Wells, who had been in attendance upon her friend, and closed her eyes only the night before, the funeral, the departure of my two friends, and the dreary blank of two lonely, rainy days that followed. I almost repented of my decision. But the sun rose brightly and the fields were sweet and soft on the third morning, and I went out to see what sort of a home I had got. A lonely enough place it was, but very finely situated, with noble old trees, and meadows, and thickets, and brooks, and a real lake, though a small one, with the remains of a bath-house and a boat in the little cove. The house was rather a stately one of brick, and there were gardens about it that had been fine, and plenty of tumble-down pigeon-houses, and pigeons, and poultry-yards, and stables. I thought, as I stepped on a hill to

look at the decaying old place, that it should look better in a twelvemonth, or it should not be my fault. I carried my hands full of flowers, for it was early summer, and forgetting myself, I went humming a tune through the hall. That was one of the forbidden things, the housekeeper gently told me. Mr. Arthur had not been able to bear singing for several years. She was just arranging his breakfast, and after watching the disposition of the viands upon a tray, I put a few of the dewy flowers in a glass, and crowded them into one corner.

" Mr. Arthur can't bear flowers."

" Never mind, put them in, and say I sent them, and I will take the responsibility," I said. I found afterward that she was obliged to throw them out of the window. I expected all that day a summons to call upon the invalid in his room, for I had not yet seen him, except during the funeral services, when he was muffled all up and half lifted into a carriage, but I heard nothing from him, except the fretful jingling of his bell once or twice, and the monotonous reading of the " companion," whose voice sounded much like the drone of a spinning-wheel. She was reading a work on moral philosophy, for I was mean enough to stop on the stairs and listen long enough to catch a sentence. The family physician called that day, and I had a chat with him.

" Was Mr. Vaughan really diseased ? "

" No more than any person need be, who had shut himself up for ten years."

" Wouldn't a good bit of steak or mutton be better for him than all his broths and messes ? "

" Much better, if he could only be persuaded to take a little exercise."

" Would a little fresh air, or a little noise, or the smell of a flower annihilate him ? "

" Nothing better for him than all these, if he could only be interested in them," he said, smiling. " Only they must be administered with some discretion."

" But if he thinks I am going to wait six months for permission to pay my respects to him, he's somewhat mistaken," I said, smiling in turn, as he bowed himself out.

The next morning, " an estray from Paradise," as balmy and bright and musically still as morning there must be, I think—I went out after breakfast, and taking a long walk, came back with my hands full of flowers, and feeling quite tired. The windows and blinds of Mr. Vaughan's room were closed, but his parlor door stood slightly open. I stepped up and tapped softly.

" Come in, Margery," said a faint voice.

" It's not Margery, sir, but myself come to inquire for your health, and bring you some

flowers," I said, walking into the room in front of a pale, listless man, half-reclining on a sofa, and looking at a volume before him, as if it had been a wild beast ready to devour him. He started, turned red, then pale, and pointing to a seat, sank back helplessly, and played with the cover of the book to hide his distress.

"It's so warm, and such weary work walking up the hill," I said, carelessly, though I felt my own cheek flush a little; for this man, effeminate as he was, had the air and look of a gentleman.

"You have been very fortunate," he said, stammeringly, looking at my flowers.

"Yes, indeed! And you are very fortunate in having such a fine variety here, Mr. Vaughan," I said. "Those beautiful wood roses I had some difficulty in getting. They grew in a very steep place.

"I came near losing my life there once," he said, speaking more to himself than me.

"Tell me about it while I tie these up," I said, shaking the flowers loose into my lap.

"It would scarcely interest you, and if you'll please excuse me, I should be grateful," he said, in the tone of an abused child.

"O, certainly," I said. "Another time will do as well," but I coolly continued my task of arranging the flowers, asking him all manner of questions, telling him how thickly the flowers bloomed on a certain bank, where he must have gathered them many times (I'm sure he brushed away a tear then), how gracefully that beech drooped to the lake, and how I meant to sketch it some day, and other things I meant to do, too, if he gave his permission—among the rest, to work in the flower-beds in the front garden.

"O yes," he said, languidly, "I had his permission to do whatever I chose." And he looked so very much wearied and bored, that I took my leave, laying a fresh bouquet on his book as I went out. I dare say Margery threw it out of the window when she went in, and I know she was very careful to close the door, and intimate that Mr. Vaughan was miserable after my call. But I was not to be balked in that way.

Two days afterward, I presented myself again to ask permission about repairing the bird-houses, and get a little advice as to how it was to be done. Mr. Vaughan looked excessively annoyed, would leave the whole matter in my hands, and permit me to do just as I pleased.

That was hardly fair, I told him. I really thought the repairs ought to be made. I had no experience, and besides, the servants would be so much more prompt if they were obeying their master's orders. In short, I made him have Tim the gardener in, and hold quite a consulta-

tion, much to that worthy's astonishment. When the buildings were completed, and all swept and garnished about them, I went for him to come and see them. He actually opened his eyes wide with astonishment at the proposal, but I pretended not to see. I insisted that he would be so delighted to see his poultry in such a superior habitation—I laughed and teased, and was so determined, that he gave up, though with a poor grace, and allowed himself to be conducted out. Once there, I introduced him to the hens and chickens with the most ridiculous gravity—I made him feed and count them, and when he would leave that, I persuaded him to go round and tell me the name of a flower that had just bloomed beneath his windows.

"It was a favorite flower of my sister's once," he said, "though I have not seen them in a long time." He turned away mournfully.

I asked him if it would disturb him to have me work there? I had already arranged the other flower beds.

"Not in the least," he said, "if I would be good enough not to remove that flower."

I promised that it should be very carefully tended, and the next morning I commenced. I suppose he heard me striking the hoe and spade against the stones (at least I meant he should), for after I had been a couple of hours at work, he sent Margery to ask if I had not better let the gardener do that hard work. I kept it up every morning for a week, taking care to work pretty hard and make some noise, and at the end of that time I sent him a bouquet of the flowers, and asked if he would not come out and see my improvements. I knew he would be ashamed to refuse, and when I got him out, I took pretty good care to fatigue him well. Then I wished him to go with me into the sitting-room to see the wild flowers I had brought. I sat him down quite as a matter of course, and ringing the bell carelessly, I asked if he would not as lief have his luncheon there with me. I knew he was annoyed, for Margery always took in his luncheon with the same solemn state, walking on tiptoe, as though the breath of a jostle would spoil the whole contrivance.

However, I made him take it there, and he ate much more than usual too, I saw. And I ate a plate of sandwiches and chatted with all the relish in the world. I told him stories of Mr. and Mrs. Wells, and some of their parishioners, and he smiled two or three times at my description of some of the droll people. Then I offered to wait on him into his room, and was careful that he should bear his own weight considerably. The next day I dragged him out to

see about thinning out the grove at the back of the house, and persuaded him to let me read to him after I went in. After that day I was regularly installed as reader; at my own request, or rather demand, it is true, but I saw my patient grew more and more interested in the volumes I brought him. I cooked his luncheon, too, and in a playful sort of tyranny I made him give up his gruels and simple messes, and take more generous food. I soon saw a change in him. He liked the morning exercise that I always proposed, and after much persuasion was induced to let me drive him out sometimes in very pleasant weather. He would criticise the reading, sometimes ask for an extra cup of chocolate when he was very tired, make me stop the horse while he looked at some view of which he had been fond, and relate anecdotes of his youth and the schoolmates who had come home to spend the vacations with him.

He asked me one day if I ever sang. I told him I was very fond of singing, but only indulged myself in the luxury when I was out in the woods among the birds. He stammered, colored, said he hoped he hadn't stood in the way of my pleasure. He wished me to do whatever I liked about the house.

" Didn't he dislike singing?" I asked.

" Not in the least—at any rate, not now," he answered.

It was twilight, and without another word I opened my mouth and let the imprisoned songs go free. I had been longing to sing all day, and I sang to my heart's content, until the darkness fell, and I heard my companion weeping as silently as he could in its shadow.

" Now you are wearied all out with my nonsense, Mr. Vaughan, and want to go to your own room," I said, rising and offering my arm.

He took it without a word, stopped at his door to say " thank you," hesitated as if he would have said something more, but went on without doing so, and sat down in the window towards his sister's grave. That wouldn't do, I knew, so I took in his tea myself, drew down the shades, made the room cheerful, and spent the evening chatting merrily. From that time I sang as much as I chose, and Mr. Vaughan's door was always opened quietly when I began. I don't know how he found out the amount of my salary, unless he took the trouble to write to Mr. Wells, who was his sister's executor, but one day, about a week after he had seen me turning an old, much worn dress, he said with so much embarrassment and effort, that I was some time in comprehending him, that he wished I would accept a larger stipend, since the one I received

must be altogether inadequate to my wants, and far below what such a sacrifice as mine required. He would have added something about his deep obligation to me, but I stopped him at once. He was under no obligation, for I had been as happy there as ever before. I had no home to leave when I came there, no friends to regret or long for. If I could do him any good I was more than satisfied. And as to my finances, I told him laughingly how much money I had laid up out of my small salary for the last five years. He should see that I was not so poor as he thought me.

" And I have wasted those years," was all he said.

I knew that his moral nature was roused to a consciousness of the wickedness of such a waste. It was what I had wanted, and I watched him day by day as it grew in strength, pushing him before it relentlessly, more and more into the proper life of a man of such privileges and responsibilities. To be sure, he was months in getting a man's strength and courage, and such a burden of listlessness as lay upon him was not shaken off at the first effort, but the principle of life was there, and I bended and encouraged it as a mother would a feeble child.

But as the summer passed, our relations began to change. From being a nurse, teacher, tyrant, I found myself obliged to settle gradually into a companion and sort of upper servant. Mr. Vaughan treated me with all possible deference and attention. He consulted me upon all subjects, and never seemed to be so well pleased as when I was sitting with him reading, or singing, or walking about the grounds. A sister could not have been more tenderly considered, more gently cared for, but he was taking his proper place in the house, and without a struggle or effort I fell into mine. I was well pleased that it should be so; it was what I had labored and wished for—a remarkably fortunate termination to my mission, and I was proud and thankful that I had won such a man back to his sphere. But there was a lingering dissatisfaction which I tried hard to root out of my heart, and was most heartily ashamed of, but which nevertheless, would not be buried out of sight. I had been first there, most considered of all, the prop on which a gifted man leaned absolutely, and it was hard to find myself nothing more than an esteemed guest among others. For now Mr. Vaughan had taken up his manhood again, old friends and neighbors crowded around him, and whether he liked it or not, the house was always full of company and excitement. Once in a while we had a quiet morning's reading or walk-

ing, as of old, but those times grew more and more rare, and I could not but feel that some of Mr. Vaughan's elegant guests looked upon me as an inferior. Then my pride rose. I hadn't believed there was so much in me. I was something like the stripped trees I walked among. All the leaves that had flaunted and rustled about me in that fortunate summer had fallen, and left me but a very scant skeleton of a trunk and a few straggling boughs. I might walk on my faded honors forevermore, with as much impunity as I trampled on the dead leaves now, and nobody would care. Never mind, it was something to have bloomed once, and they should find that my fibre was as tough as any of theirs. I went home from that walk quite hard, and determined to think myself ill-used, packed my trunk (it didn't take long), wrote to Mr. Wells that I was coming, announced my departure to the housekeeper, and then walked stiffly into Mr. Vaughan's sitting-room, where he and Mr. Bailey were (Mr. Bailey was always there now), and told him I should leave the next day, as carelessly as I would have asked him what sort of a pudding he would have.

"Leave!—and to-morrow, Miss Ray?" (he always called me Miss Ray before Mr. Bailey or his sister.)

"Yes, sir," I answered, coolly. "My little charges are again without a head, Mr. Wells writes me, and they clamor for their old teacher. I must say my heart draws me strongly back there. (God forgive me the lie.) I think I can be dispensed with now, and I should have announced my intention before, if you had not been so much engaged."

He followed me into the hall.

"You ought to give me the refusal of a week or two, Esther," he said, with a faint smile and a very gentle voice.

He would have used that same term with a servant. My proud blood was all up, but I held the reins tightly, and my voice was calm.

"I have already stayed from my duties longer than I ought, Mr. Vaughan—stayed from my home, I should say, and as winter draws on, I feel that I must be there in my own suitable place. In short, if I must confess it, I am a little homesick." (Again I ask forgiveness.)

"Then we will not detain you," he said, quietly, I almost thought a little sadly. "I will take you the first stage myself, or, if you wish, I will go quite there with you."

"By no means, and I should be quite content if Daniel took me to the post-routes in the wagon, if he pleased it would do just as well."

"It should be as I liked," he said, now a little

hastily. And bowing stiffly, I went up stairs. I've seen children fling their cakes or toys away to gratify a stubborn pride, and grieve themselves to death for the loss of them. I was just like such a child. I set my teeth hard together, and would not weep that night; neither when Mr. Vaughan again in the morning urged me to stay a little longer, nor when in faltering words he pressed his deep obligation, and the lifelong friendship I had earned from him. It is a wonder that I got away so calmly, and they must have thought me all but heartless; but Mr. Bailey was there, early as it was, and he should not see me flinch. I had to keep up until Daniel was out of sight, and I found myself whirling over a rocky road, the only passenger in a closely-shut coach. How thankful I was for that solitude! How thankful for the lonely room at the hotel, and the unexpected absence from home of my friends, who had not received my letter. I had time to go down to the bottom of my heart, to bury its dead, to mourn, and to be comforted, as those can who feel that they have lived the best part of life, but scorn to walk less proudly in the shadow, than when the sun shone pleasantly upon them.

The good people of the parsonage were not so much surprised to see me as I had expected. They had heard from Mr. Vaughan, of his almost perfect recovery, and had been looking for me, they said. I was overwhelmed with praises and welcomes, although I thought they seemed a little surprised when I told them that I had come to my school again. Perhaps they thought I would accept Mr. Vaughan's munificent offer of a large annuity. If so, they misjudged me. I heard from him only once in the next three months, although he wrote a few times to Mr. Wells on business. There was always a kind message to me, and Mr. Wells used to say in answer to my inquiries that Mr. Vaughan was quite well, and remarkably attentive to business. I hope I had not wished otherwise, but it gave me a pang to think that he could do so well without me.

One afternoon—it was late in February, and very snowy—Mrs. Wells sent the boy up with a note for me to come down to tea, and after the copy-books were all prepared, I put on my bonnet and went slowly along, watching the heavily laden trees by the wayside, and the gray, low-lying clouds that promised a yet heavier burden. I stopped so often to look about and think, that it was growing dusky when I stepped into the hall, but as they drank tea late, I thought it no harm. Mrs. Wells looked out from the dining-room door and pointed me to the parlor.

"You will find an old friend in there," she said.

"And not an unwelcome one, I hope," said a voice that thrilled me like a lightning shock, and a warm hand held mine, and drew me, I scarcely knew how, into the bright parlor, and pulled off the wrappings with a dear, familiar kindness, quite irresistible to one who had thirsted for it so long.

"How very thin you are grown," he said.

"How you surprised me!" I answered. "I should never have thought of seeing you."

"But you are not sorry to see me, I hope," he said, with a look and tone that brought the blood into my cheek.

"Not exactly sorry," I answered. "But are you perfectly well?"

"Not so well that I can live without my physician," he said, softly. "Esther, the school will do very well without you."

"No, indeed, Mr. Vaughan," I said, trying to look indifferent. "I'm indispensable here."

"You are indispensable to me," he answered, "and you promised to stay as long as you were needed. You broke that promise when you went away so suddenly. It was scarcely fair."

"You had no further need of me."

"How inexpressibly I have needed you, Esther!" he exclaimed. "When you went, I lost my physician, nurse, companion, friend, my very life and soul—you were everything in one. Esther, will you take a life-lease of the place and its master, and come back again?"

Mrs. Wells said she rang the tea-bell six times, but I always thought she was joking.

A BAD SPELL OF SICKNESS.

The following unique description of symptoms and sensations is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the original document, which was lately received by a physician in this city: "I have a noise and a blowing in my right ear and in my left there is a cracking and it beats as if there was something flying in it and when I lay down it is always worse. I have again in the opeen of my head and it comes down into my left eye and brow and some times it is like the birds sining (singing) but that dont last long some times I cant sleep to itis (it is) nere day and a beatting at my heart and the pasperation will poor out of me as cold as water and a creaping over all my face as if there was something on it."

In publishing this, the Boston Medical Journal says, "It is a deeply interesting and affecting case; can any one tell us what is meant, in an adult subject, by the 'opeen' of the head? It cannot be an example of open fontanelles, we conclude—it is, at least, on open question."

MERIT.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;
Who well deserves needs not another's praise.—HEATH.

USEFUL MEDICAL HINTS.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a large number of cases than any half-a-dozen medicines we can now think of, is a teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacupful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops. In cases of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in cold water gives entire relief as instantaneously as the lightning. Meanwhile, get some common dry flour, and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part, the moment it emerges from the water, and keep sprinkling on the flour through anything like a pepper-box cover, so as to put it on evenly. Do nothing else; drink nothing but water; eat nothing until improvement commences, except some dry bread softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burnings have been performed in this way, as wonderful as they are painless. We once saved the life of an infant, which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and which was fast sinking into the sleep which knows no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—*American Medical Journal*.

A MARTYR'S BIBLE.

The following account of an old Bible, taken from the Journal of Commerce, will be read with interest by all. The writer says: "Speaking of old Bibles, there is one now in the city of New London, which is remarkable, not only for its antiquity, but for its early history. It claims to be the identical book that Rev. John Rogers, the martyr, owned; and after the persecution of Mary, concealed in a bed to keep it from being destroyed by the minions of Gardiner and Bonner. The martyr, who was burned three hundred and three years ago, gave it to his oldest son. The posterity of that son removed to America in 1638, bringing the martyr's Bible with them. When its owner, James Rogers, travelled, he wore it his bosom, and when he slept at night it was his pillow. It was the light of his log cabin, and the instructor of his children. It descended from James, through the generations of the same name, to Judith Rogers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, and has now been in the possession of the Potter family about one hundred years. The family claim also the direct Rogers descent, through Judith Rogers, wife of Thomas. Its present owner now lives at Potter Hill, Rhode Island; but the Bible is, for a time, in the hands of Daniel Rogers, Esq., of New London. It contains the New Testament, Psalms, and a part of the Liturgy of the English Church in the reign of Edward VI. It is not divided into verses, and its division into chapters differs from ours."

[ORIGINAL.]

A POET'S LOVE.

BY WILLIE WARE.

A poet's love—"tis like a flower
That blossoms in the shady bower;
Of all the jewels to the sight,
The poet's love is most bright.

A poet's love—"tis like the air
Of morning fresh, or fountains fair;
It is—it is a star of light,
To guide one's footsteps day and night.

A poet's love can never die—
All other loves may fade, may fly;
'Tis holier, purer, brighter far
Than golden sun, or moon, or star.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE JEW:

—OR,—

THE OLD HOUSE IN JUDEN STRASSE.

BY REV. WM. C. HALL.

In one of the most distinguished quarters of Frankfort-on-Maine, was the street called *Juden Strasse*, or Jews Street. Although in the very heart of the city, it was quiet and retired, and not much frequented. A people distinguished only for great wealth, who rarely make use of it, and only hoard it in their coffers without contributing to the various public charities, or helping to beautify the city of their residence, will rarely attract others towards them; and therefore the *Juden Strasse* represented but a small number of the busy residents of Frankfort.

In one of the houses dwelt a Jew, whose love of gain, if indeed such a passion had entered into his soul, was under the full domination of his honesty and integrity. These were jewels which he prized far above the gold and precious stones with which his brethren sought to solace themselves for their outward poverty of appearance.

I will not say that he was not earnestly seeking for means to provide against the future contingencies of fortune, and to lay up something for the little ones who sat around his board; but high above all these was enthroned a pure principle of honor and justice, perfectly incorruptible, to the loss of which, wealth and honors could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

The wife of Ben-Heber Rothschild was a fit companion for such a man. Stately as an eastern princess, and beautiful as only her own race can be, in the wealth and brilliancy of her deep,

black eyes and raven hair, distinguished for the peculiar purple tint that flashes over it in the sun's rays, just as they gleam over the ring-dove's neck, Sara Rothschild was as good as she was beautiful.

Their house was neat and beautifully ordered. Although the furniture was all of a simple form, yet it was made of a rare, old wood, that would now bring its weight in gold. One closet was devoted to sets of differently-patterned Dresden china—the heir-looms of families who had been impoverished, and who were glad to let them lie in the Jew's closet while they lived upon the money they brought. Ah, how few could redeem them. This closet was often carelessly exposed to strangers, and its wealth of beautiful cups and plates was the theme of many lips, as they were the admiration of the children of Ben-Heber. They, indeed, never tired of gazing upon the paintings and fine gilding that enriched the china.

Although the outer closet was thus fearlessly exposed, few would have imagined that behind its seemingly secure back, there was an inner one that contained princely inheritances in gold and diamonds. This was the *trust* closet—so constructed that the closest inspection would not reveal its existence; and in it were hidden—not the treasures that extravagance had pawned, and for which the worthy Jew was receiving profits, but simply those which had been entrusted to his integrity to keep, and for which he would never be paid.

One night, when the family was about to retire to rest, a faint knock was heard at the door, and was answered by the master of the house. A gentleman, plain and simple in his dress, and carrying nothing, not even a cane, with which to defend himself, appeared on the steps. His person was wholly unknown to the Jew; and it seemed that his was equally so to the stranger; for he was particular in asking for him by name.

He ushered his visitor to the room where his wife was still sitting, as he left her, in front of the famous closet, which stood with its wide glass doors quite open. At first the stranger seemed half disposed to object to the presence of the lovely Jewess; but when she turned her superb head, and acknowledged his own presence by a bow, while her grave and serene countenance relaxed into a smile, he seemed content that she should stay and witness his business with her husband. This was soon unfolded. The visitor was a German prince, who, from some political or personal reason, was forced to flee from Frankfort. He had heard of the purity and uprightness of the man with whom he

had come to deal, and he wished to place all he had in the world under his charge, if he would accept the trust.

"I wish only," said the prince, "to retain enough for my expenses to a foreign land. Once there, it will go hard if a prince cannot find something on which to exercise his wits sufficiently to obtain a living. If nothing offers nearer, I shall shape my course to that land towards the setting sun, where, I am told, the distinctions of rank vanish, and where every man is as good as his neighbor."

The Jew promised, and asked when he would bring his treasures, so that he might be able at a private meeting to arrange their business.

"I have them here," answered the prince, drawing from beneath his vest a wide girdle. On examination, it was found to press apart with a secret spring, and in its recesses, which were deeply lined with soft wool, was found a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones that ever greeted the eyes of the Jew. Diamonds, whose lustre was like a star, rubies and sapphires, each of which was worth a principality, were in turn admired and commented on, and taken account of. It was past midnight when the examination ended and the accounts finished.

"Now," said the prince, "I would fain see where my treasure is to lie; that, in case anything should happen to you and your wife, I might know where to seek it."

"That is a precaution of only common prudence," answered the Jew. "You shall yourself behold it placed in a place of safety, from which it will not be removed until your return, save by circumstances which even the sacrifice of my life will be demanded."

The shutters were closed, to prevent all prying eyes. The Jew and his wife removed the china from one side of the closet and then carefully slipped aside a panel which had been so beautifully fitted in, that no one, ignorant of the secret could have detected it, he lowered the girdle into a receptacle beneath the shelf. In a moment all was replaced. The prince bowed his thanks, shook hands with his new friend and was soon on the road, flying from pursuit.

Months passed away into years, and the Jew worked hard and late. The beautiful Sara watched the cradle of her children with a mother's tender affection. Her ambition for her sons was not that they should become great men, but good; but she hoped they would become a little more successful in life than their plodding, laborious father.

Then came the terrible French invasion, and those revolutions which convulsed all Germany.

Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, felt the shock; and the poor Jews, hunted, pillaged of their wealth, denounced, persecuted, were scarcely able to escape with life, while the horrible cry of "Down with the Jews!" prevailed over all other sounds, and deafened the ears of the poor Hebrews themselves.

In this time of alarm and confusion, Sara Rothschild kept a brave woman's heart within her bosom. She did not blench from sorrow, but grew more gloriously beautiful and stately than ever. A mother and a wife, she lost sight of herself in her heroic love for the dear objects of her affection. The house was ransacked and pillaged—everything of value was taken by the lawless French soldiery who scornfully reviled her husband for keeping such a magnificent woman in so poor a cage. The persecution did not cease here. Every Jew who showed his head out of doors, was required to take off his hat to the Christians; and if he omitted this act of humiliation, he was stoned and abused. And the proud spirit of Sara chafed to see her husband and the brave, beautiful boys who dared rebel against the multitude, receive insults and threatenings from even the children of the Christians.

Years went by. The prince returned. He had seen both troublous and joyous times in the far country which he had flown to as a refuge; and now, with renewed health and strength, and a brave, strong spirit that was determined to take life as it came, and bear on without murmuring, he settled quietly down near Frankfort. All around him were traces of the recent struggle with a foreign power; but as the grass springs up elastic from the foot that treads it down, so does a city or a nation recover itself after the oppressor has been trampling within its borders.

The German prince sometimes thought of the treasure he had committed to the Jew; but he knew what his class was reported to have suffered, and felt that in those times of extremity, human integrity must fall before the absolute necessity that surrounded the unhappy Jews. He comforted himself that, at least, the high-bred and stately Jewess and her husband might have been most essentially benefited by the deposit he had left with them; and thus the matter rested.

One morning, while the prince was at breakfast, he was told that a person wished to see him on business. He desired his presence in the breakfast room, and on his entrance, was surprised and gratified by the sight of his old friend.

"I came," said he, "to speak about the property left with me."

"Don't mind it at all, my friend," interrupted the prince; "but come and take breakfast with

me. Nay, I insist—and pray do not mention the affair. I rejoice that it was there to do you service in a time when you must have needed it so much. Sit down, and in this admirable coffee, we will drink away its remembrance altogether."

The Jew took the proffered chair.

"Believe me, prince, your treasure is all safe, just as I told you. The closet was searched again and again, and every seam examined without success. The fine old china and indeed all our possessions were sacrificed to the plundering rapacity of the enemy; but, thanks to the name of Israel's God, we were enabled to keep sacred the trust you reposed in us. Your property only awaits your order, to be restored to you as you gave it."

The prince was astonished. "I had scarcely believed in such virtue, my friend. You have taught me that a man's integrity may be incorruptible; and henceforth I shall have increased faith in the dignity and purity of human nature."

A few days after this, the prince called at the house in Juden Strasse, and received his girdle with not a stone missing. In that very house, the children of Ben-Heber were educated in the principles of honor and justice. Everywhere the integrity of their father was sounded abroad by the prince, who deemed that his thanks and presents alone were not sufficient. The world heard the tale; and the humble Jew received not only the trust, but the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world, men heard the name with veneration; and at this day, his family are scattered about in the grandest cities of Europe, the monarchs of finance—the arbiters of the money market, the successful, because honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

But though frequently urged to make her home in one of the princely palaces in which they dwelt, Sara Rothschild passed her peaceful old age in the quaint old house in the Juden Strasse. When her sons, who were princes in their own right, and nobles by their country's gift of nobility—given, too, to merit alone—when they visited her, she received them in the same room in which they had received their lessons of truth and honor; and while they bowed their heads to receive her blessing, the stately woman rose up with a grace and dignity that would seem to belong only to a queen, and, laying her hands upon their heads, would bless them in the name of Israel's God.

"May their tribe increase!" is the heartfelt thought of all who know their worth and integrity. Such is a true sketch of the great house of Rothschild.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S TENT.

Some thirty years ago, the New Yorkers were preparing to celebrate the 4th of July, and by a voluntary courtesy one of his descendants sent the general's tent that he had used during the Revolutionary war, to New York, to assist in the celebration. The general's body servant brought it, and bore a letter to the New York committee, asking that some attention should be paid to him, which was done. He was a quadroon, but a fine, dignified and noble-looking old man.

The tent was pitched in the park, where the writer of this saw it. Shortly afterwards he went up the Hudson River on a steamboat, and this servant was on board, and told him some of the habits of General Washington during the war. He had a fixed hour for rising in the morning, and going to that part of his tent where his breakfast was to be prepared for him, he would enter this place and take a chair, and seat himself by the breakfast-table in his morning-gown, and with the Holy Bible before him, and read until breakfast-time, and when his man would say to him—"general, your breakfast is ready," the general would draw out of the book a silk ribbon that was bound with the book, and place it between the last pages which he had been reading. The servant then brought his boots, which he would immediately draw on, throw off his morning-gown and put on his military coat, and mount his horse, which was ready at the door. Then would commence the labors of the day. This is a true account of the camp life of General Washington during the Revolution.—*Jersey City Cour.*

CHINESE CONTEMPT FOR DEATH.

Mr. B— related an anecdote to show the contempt of the Chinese for death. When he was in China, three robbers had been arrested, and were put into a cell in the guard-house; and in the morning the keeper came to say that they had all three hanged themselves, and wished him to come and see them. He went, and found the cells occupying the sides of a large room, and opening into a corridor, where a policeman walked up and down all night. The only thing in the cell was a pail, and they were constantly visited by the policeman, who looked in at the door. The window was a small round hole, seven or eight feet from the ground, with an iron bar across it. They had turned the pail over, and tied a noose around the bar. One then got up, and hanged himself; the others then took him down, and laid him upon the floor. The second did the same; and the third, after taking him down, got up and put his head in the noose, merely slipping his feet off the pail, and died without a single movement, for his legs were hanging on each side of the pail, which was not kicked over. When Mr. B— went in, he saw there the three fellows, who had written some verses on the wall, to the effect that, having been captured, the Flowery Society would not receive them again, and so they had resolved to die. This they had done so noiselessly, that neither the prisoners in the next cell nor the keepers had heard any movement.—*Boston Post.*

Your noblest natures are most credulous.—*Chapman.*

[ORIGINAL.]

OUR COUNTRY TO-DAY.

BY LIEUTENANT J. B. BALL, U. S. A.

Peace in our borders—peace by valor won!
 Steady and smooth the stream of life glides on;
 Life, busy life its varied channels fills,
 Peuring its mingled tides of woes and ills.
 Westward, with axe in hand, the pioneer
 Pushes his fortunes to the far frontier;
 State after State in eager haste is set
 Within our country's starry coronet;
 And the old world beholds with mute amaze
 The newest wonder of a marvellous age.
 Ships without wings upon their passage speed:
 Thunders o'er hill and dale the iron steed,
 Mocking the fleetness of the arrowy wind;
 And lightning powers, the messenger of mind,
 With stern utility refinement blends,
 And graceful art her soft enchantment lends;
 Belshazzar shudders at the fiery scroll,
 And the Greek maiden melts the gazer's soul!
 The lips of Poesy are touched with fire,
 And Architecture rears the sculptured spire;
 All that man's heart can compass or demand,
 In gathered glory lights our favored land.
 Nor yet, as years accumulating roll,
 Flags the high purpose that sustains the whole;
 Still lives the valor, "eager for the fray,"
 That blazed at Mexico and Monterey—
 Ready to re-enact the deeds of yore,
 Should foes again assail our guarded shore.
 In hall and camp, in learning and in art,
 Still shall our country well perform her part:
 Still shall her power for glorious deeds increase,
 In war resistless, and supreme in peace.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE POOR NIECE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In a close, mean chamber, up two pairs of back stairs, in a small country town about forty miles from Boston, a young woman was sitting by the only window sewing. There was a stove in the room, but the air was little warmed by it, the fire having evidently been suffered to go out from it after the breakfast was over.

She was embroidering a beautiful cashmere cloak—an infant's cloak of most elaborate device. Her chintz dress, coarse and dark, was very clean, and she had on a white apron and white linen sleeves to protect the embroidery from contact with anything colored. There was a half cheerful smile on her face. I say half cheerful, because the other half of the smile might have been thought bitter or sarcastic. Evidently she was not quite at ease, and the scanty appointments of her apartment would seem to intimate that poverty might have tried her some-

what too severely. An open letter, apparently just received, was lying on the window-sill. It bore the post-mark of Boston, and was dated the day previous. She took it up and read it again. Her voice in reading was as bitter as her smile. It was an invitation, couched in no very cordial terms, from a sister of her deceased mother, to spend a few weeks with her, and more than a half-intimation that, as the time was one of busy preparation for winter clothes, she would be expected to assist in making them, as an equivalent for the great courtesy extended to her.

Margaret Ashley's mother was the sister of a rich widow in Boston, who had never noticed her since her marriage. The one had been the wife of a poor clergyman, who had died almost in his pulpit, worn out with toiling for a scanty living—the other had married a rich man, who had long ago forgotten the mean and sordid ways in which his wealth was accumulated. Under her father's tuition, Margaret had become a fine scholar. He had intended her for a teacher, but the long illness of both her parents had so exhausted her strength, that she was unable to attempt it, even if she had had opportunity to do so; and so her really fine talents and her strongly intellectual character were merged in the effort to support herself by needlework.

One only resource she availed herself of. This was an old, but finely-toned piano, which her father had bought for almost nothing at a sale of household goods. When Margaret was quite young, she had taken lessons in music, and her quick ear and aptitude at learning had supplied the place of more careful practice. When she sold from their furniture all that could be spared, during the heavy time of sickness, no one would make even an offer for the old-fashioned instrument, and so it remained, almost the only thing of any value in her room. But when the day was ended for work, instead of sitting down to brood over her troubles, she had played through the twilight hours, until she had really acquired a fine touch—and her voice, always sweet and pleasant, had attained a firmness and volume which in a city might have ensured her compensation. But who would seek out the poor, friendless girl? And what could she do in a small country town that would be at all remunerative, save to sew from morn till night at almost starving prices? She had often heard of her Aunt Morrison and her great wealth, but she had never seen her. And as she looked around the poor room and upon her thin, wasted hands, she resolved to go. Perhaps something might "turn up" which would make this eternal toil unnecessary, or at least better paid. She would try.

She wrote to accept the aunt's invitation, but it was a cold, brief note, surpassing in coldness and brevity the invitation itself; and she appointed the following week for her visit, without naming any particular day. On the succeeding Thursday, after finishing the little cloak, and receiving the hardly-wrung pittance for which she had wrought it with such elegance of design and execution, she packed her small trunk, and with her plain, gray woolen dress, checked shawl, straw bonnet and cotton gloves—all perfectly neat and whole, and harmonizing in the soft, neutral tints of each garment, she set out to make her first acquaintance with the great city. The ride was a cold one. The wind blew clouds of dust into the stagecoach by which she travelled, and her hair and complexion soon showed its effects. She arrived just before dark on that wintry afternoon, stunned with the noise of the streets, and glad when the driver turned his horses into the more quiet region of Mount Vernon Street, and into a shorter one where rose the imposing mansion of Mrs. Morrison.

Unfortunately for the lady's pride, she had that day received company to dinner. Many of the guests came in carriages that blocked up the way, and only by skilful manœuvring, could the country stage be brought up to the door. The windows were lined with faces, but fortunately Margaret did not see them. She was occupied in gathering up her box and carpet-bag, and finding her purse to pay the driver. It was well that she did not see them, for the sneering smiles that gathered on many of the faces, would have sent a pang to her heart, and driven her back into the stagecoach to brave a cold ride home.

There was a contrast between her dusty gray garments, thick boots and umbrella, and the splendid silk dress, rich laces and jewels, the dainty rigolette and superb cashmere shawl thrown carelessly upon the pretty little figure that was just being taken out of a carriage and delicately carried into the house, without touching the French kid slipper to the ground. The driver took off the shabby little trunk, that looked so much shabbier for all these gauds about it, and elbowed his way through the crowd of coachmen in white gloves, as he carried it up the steps and set it exactly in the middle of the hall.

No welcome awaited poor Margaret; but Mrs. Morrison, who stood horrified at the window, dimly suspecting who was her visitor, whispered to a servant to take her and her trunk away as speedily as possible. Up—up—more flights than Margaret travelled at home, and into a little, dark-looking bed-room, the man escorted her, not stopping an instant to see if she wanted

anything. There was a low bed, a chair, and a table that answered two purposes, for it held the cracked bowl and ewer that was guiltless of water as the drawer was of towels. She could not even part with the dust. She was tired, and had eaten nothing since morning. There was no lamp in the room, and daylight was fast disappearing. She sat down and shivered with the cold, wishing herself back at the old piano. She heard the clatter of dishes, and fancied they were at supper below. She did not dream that the meal could be dinner.

"Why need I care?" she asked herself. "They sent for me as they sent for others. Why should I not go to their table then? Surely they don't expect me to live without food while I am here. Take courage, Margaret! Mrs. Morrison is only your aunt, after all."

And she shook out the dust and wrinkles from her dress as well as she could, and descended the stairs where the blaze of lights almost blinded her. On she went without impediment, for company and servants were now in the great dining-room. Thither she followed the sound of voices, and entered just as the soup was being served. At the head of the table was a woman whom she supposed must be her aunt, or she would not be in that place—although she marvelled that the large, haughty-looking person, with such a red face and such a profusion of flowers in her head-dress, could be sister to her pale, gentle-looking mother. No one noticed Margaret, the company probably supposing her a servant, and Mrs. Morrison and her daughter evidently not designing to recognize her. The thought roused up her independent feelings, and she walked straight up to the hostess, whose red face grew redder at her approach.

"I have come, Aunt Morrison," said Margaret, very quietly, yet loud enough for all to hear. "I presume you got my letter accepting your invitation?"

There was a seat occupied by a gentleman next to Mrs. Morrison, and close to that was an empty one. The gentleman, who had heard her words distinctly, half rose, and putting out his hand, led her to the vacant seat. A glance at an opposite mirror showed her that she was pale and tired-looking, and she half-regretted that she had come down. Her neighbor was so exquisitely dressed, that she felt there must be a terrible contrast to him in her own appearance.

Margaret was hungry, and the gentleman loaded her plate unmindful of Mrs. Morrison's severe looks. As yet, she had not even answered her niece, nor looked at her. The whole party seemed to feel that something was wrong, and

there was little said except between Margaret and her agreeable neighbor. He had been in her native town and had known her father. That brought her acquainted with him at once, and forgetting that she was intruding upon a company so grand and imposing, she talked on rapidly and well, showing by her chosen words and correct pronunciation that she was as refined in speech as any there. But she took occasion at the first opportunity to make her exit, and taking a lamp from the hall table, she again mounted the stairs.

This time she succeeded in finding some water, which she carried to her room. With its assistance, and the help also of another gray dress, which was less tumbled, and a fresh collar and sleeves, besides an extra nice arrangement of her fine hair, she found herself more presentable—and to get away from the cold, she again descended to the drawing-room. Preparations seemed to be making for dancing, and yet no one seemed willing to play.

"Do pray help me, Mr. Hallowell," said Mrs. Morrison, "to help me find somebody that will play for one waltz, at least." And the gentleman thus addressed—her niece's dinner-partner—turned immediately to Margaret herself, who stood near the door, and entreated her not to force him to make the circuit of the room to find a musician. Probably he did not expect a little, plainly-dressed country girl like her to be able to comply, but he seemed as much pleased as astonished, when she accepted his arm to be led to the instrument. Mrs. Morrison was thunderstruck.

"Your niece, I believe," called a lady from a group near her.

Mrs. Morrison bowed stiffly. "Yes. She knows little perhaps of music, but she may answer. Poor thing! she is so odd—wont dress at all."

"I like that," said a very pleasant-looking man beside her. "Just that style pleases me, I wish all the ladies would adopt it."

"Mama, I wish you would see that I have a gray cashmere made up to-morrow." And mama consented, for the admirer of subdued tints was rich, and a desirable match for her Matilda.

But hark! The waltz strikes up. Margaret played with ease and spirit, and Mr. Hallowell stood leaning over her as if enchanted. Her small hands glance rapidly over the keys, keeping perfect time, although she had never before played for dancers. Another waltz, and still another. Young ladies drew near the piano, because Mr. Hallowell was there. And one of these he imprisoned, beseeching her to take Mar-

garet's place while she danced with him once. She was a good-natured girl, and complied at once. And soon the gray dress was mingling its folds with white lace and satin in the dance.

"Well," said Hallowell to himself, when nearly exhausted, as he led Margaret cool and composed to her seat—"well, she talks, plays and dances admirably—three things that Georgiana Morrison cannot do. Mrs. Morrison need not look so much ashamed of her. Perhaps she will yet have to withdraw her daughter from the field, and leave it to the niece."

And Hallowell smiled at his own conceit, and brought a glass of water to his partner, to whom Mrs. Morrison now deigned to speak. After the company was broken up, she could not help telling her that she would rather not have seen her to-night—that she had better have waited until she could receive her alone.

"But I was very cold and hungry, Aunt Morrison, and did not expect you would have any company that was too grand for your own relations to mingle in."

Her aunt colored. She saw that Margaret Ashley was a match for her—cunning as she thought herself.

A week had passed. Margaret had gained the absolute love and confidence of Kate Morrison, but Georgiana kept aloof. She had shone herself from day to day, a proficient in all the elegant accomplishments which so beautify a woman's life; and no less so in the more solid and useful branches of knowledge.

"Two or three weeks," Mrs. Morrison had named as her stay, and Margaret determined to stay to the utmost verge of the invitation.

Ah, in those few weeks she found it harder and harder to think of going away! For far above Mrs. Morrison's neglect, or Georgiana's haughtiness, rose the respect, the delicate attentions, the love, as she truly believed, of George Hallowell. The time was out, and she was to go in the morning. She had walked out for the last time, and returning just at twilight, Mr. Hallowell had joined her. She told him that she was going, and that she was glad to see him this once.

"Going, Miss Ashley—Margaret—forgive me for calling you so. But I am indeed unprepared for this. You must not go."

"Indeed I must, Mr. Hallowell! I have idled away time enough, and must go back to my work. It will be sweeter than ever, after eating the bread of dependence for the last month."

"Of dependence?"

"Certainly. Am I not indebted to my aunt for the first meal I have eaten since my parents'

death, that my own hands have not earned?"

"And do you—can you think that she grudges it to you?"

"No—but I do. I grudge the independence I have sacrificed, the serenity I have lost—for I will not conceal from you who have seen it all, that my feelings have been wounded by her indifference to her sister's child. When I get back to my attic, I shall feel so no longer."

"Margaret, you shall not go back until you answer me one question. Will you give me a right to take this independence out of your hands?"

She looked up inquiringly, but did not answer. Only that morning, Georgiana had blushed and looked consciously when Hallowell had ridden up to the door—and had snatched a rose and some buds which he had given the servant for Miss Ashley. The servant had remonstrated. "He said for Miss Ashley, ma'am, indeed he did!"

"Nonsense! they are for me." And Margaret heard it all, and knew that Georgiana would not resign them without a hard struggle.

"What are you thinking of? You do not answer my question. Speak, Margaret—may I hope?"

"Mr. Hallowell, I am a poor working girl, and as such, I must not mate with a rich man like yourself. My cousin were fitter for such a station. I shall go back to my lonely home, feeling that, at least, I have not interfered with her rights."

"What can you mean? She has no claim on me whatever. I know of no woman who has, except yourself. Pray, do not pain me by saying this. Say, rather, that you will think of what I have said to you, and that you will stay yet some weeks longer."

No, that was impossible. She had made all her arrangements, and had taken leave of the family—for they had all gone to the opera, and she would not see them again, as she would go early. Why was not he at the opera too? Georgiana had said he was going. She rang the bell at Mrs. Morrison's door at that moment, and when she turned to bid him good-by he had followed her in, and both proceeded to the drawing-room, which they expected to find empty. But Mrs. Morrison and her daughters were still waiting for company—both hoping too that Hallowell would come. They looked surprised to see him return with Margaret, but concluded they had met at the door.

"You are imprudent to stay out thus alone," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Miss Ashley was not alone," said Hallowell. "I was with her, guarding her as I wish to do

through life—as I shall do if she will permit it."

Mrs. Morrison looked horrified, and Georgiana had to sit down very suddenly.

"Miss Ashley has played her cards well," said the latter. "I did not dream of such diplomacy in a country girl."

"Miss Morrison," said Mr. Hallowell, in a voice that sounded cold and severe, "I am surprised that you, of all women, should make that remark."

Georgiana did not understand whether he thought she was too generous to make it, or that she was too artful herself to charge artfulness upon another, and she looked puzzled and confused. But the gentlemen who were to accompany them came, and she was reluctantly obliged to leave them together.

One week from that time, Margaret sat in her own little attic room, but not alone. George Hallowell sat beside her, and his eyes were charmed by the exquisite neatness of the little humble apartment. Margaret's look of happiness told what answer she had been giving to his renewed urging. And before many weeks had gone by, she was dwelling in a home in which every beautiful object that taste could suggest or affection supply was gathered to make a pleasant abode for the poor sewing girl.

Mrs. Morrison and Georgiana are invited to it sometimes, but very formally. Kate is ever welcome.

THE PIG AND THE VENTRILLOQUIST.

Another time, at Macon fair, he saw a country-woman driving a pig before her, which could hardly move, so laden was it with fat. "What's the price of your pig, my good woman?" "A hundred francs, my good looking gentleman, at your service, if you wish to buy." "Of course I wish to buy; but it is a great deal too much. I can offer you ten crowns." "I want one hundred francs, no more and no less; take it or leave it." "Stay," Comte said, approaching the animal; "I am sure your pig is more reasonable than you. Tell me, on your conscience, my fine fellow, are you worth one hundred francs?" "You are a long way out," the pig replied, in a hoarse and hollow voice; "I'm not worth one hundred pence. I am measled, and my mistress is trying to take you in." The crowd that had assembled around the woman and pig fell back in terror, fancying them both bewitched, while Comte returned to his hotel, where the story was told him with sundry additions, and he learned that some courageous persons had gone up to the woman, begged her to be exorcised, and thus drove the unclean spirit out of the pig.—*Memoirs of Rober Houdin, by Lascelles W. axall.*

INTERCOURSE.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

GOING TO MILK.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Early this morn when the sun came up—
Drying the dew on the daisies white:
I, with my milk-pail swung on my arm,
Went to milk in the golden light.

Happy and sleek the fat cows stood,
Chewing their cuds with a patient grace;
That one was mine which came to the bars,
With a snow-white star in her silken face.

Beautiful pictures were those I saw,
As I tripped away to the pasture green—
Pictures all glowing with light and shade,
And loveliest settings of emerald sheen.

The mist which hung on the mountain's brow,
Like a bridal veil's rich folds of snow,
Grew thin—then parted in shining waves,
Melting to clouds in the sun-bright glow.

Down in the meadow across the road,
The grass was tall and the clover gay;
But the merry haymakers were coming soon,
To hurry the grass and the bloom away.

Out on the upland the broad-leaved corn
Rustled and shone in the morning sun;
You could count the hills and furrows between,
For the second ploughing had just been done.

Bright was the morning—my glad heart sang
Gay as a bird from its cage let free;
But the white cottage embowered in shade
Is the dearest home in the world to me.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WHITE TEA ROSE.

BY COUSIN EMMA.

THERE had been a long day of summer rain. It began early in the morning, before the most of people were up, with a delicate tinkling against the windows that faced south, accompanied by warm gusts of wind of that mournful, sighing kind that is sure to send you heart and soul back among all the shadows that ever fell over your life. Yes, it had rained all day, and a June day too; but just before six o'clock, there appeared close to the horizon a broad belt of clear sky, growing moment by moment wider, until the sun sailed dazzlingly into it. Then the clouds grew softer and thinner, and glimpses of blue might be caught beyond them; presently they gathered themselves up into huge scrolls, and swept away to the east, leaving behind a heaven of glorious azure.

As the first sunbeam stole in through the un-

curtained windows of Seth Kent's garret chamber, and flung itself lovingly, first upon his hand, and then upon the manuscript over which he had bent ever since noon, he started from his chair with a smile, and made just two steps across the floor to the window, where he stood, rejoicing over the rapidly clearing sky.

It was a brave, noble face, glowing with hope and enthusiasm, and yet, looking upon his shabby garments, worn almost threadbare, and at the uncarpeted, uncurtained, ill-furnished apartment, one would have been sorely puzzled to determine the source of his hopefulness, or the spring of his enthusiasm. But in spite of his bright smile, as he stood gazing out upon the sky, there was a look of exhaustion around the mobile mouth and large eyes, and while one hand rested firmly on the window sill, the other moved tremulously over and amidst the heavy waves of brown hair that shaded his forehead. It was quite evident that he was weary after his day's work, and quite as evident that the hour of rest was not yet come, for after a few minutes' watching, he turned resolutely back to his ink-stained table, and unfinished manuscript.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining garret, a young, fair-haired girl, sitting near the window, with her lap full of fine sewing work, scarcely snatched a moment to glance out upon the clearing sky. Rain or shine, it mattered little to Florence Airley, as she sat and stitched the weary, dragging hours away. True, as her eyes for an instant looked into the blue heavens, they brightened and grew soft, and something like a smile flitted over her lips, but it faded soon, and left the habitual expression of anxiety and care, very painful to behold in one so young and fair. In a small closet, and screened from her sight by the unpainted door, which was left open only wide enough to admit a single, straggling ray of light, an old man crouched upon the floor, in front of an iron safe, over whose contents he muttered and muttered, with childish eagerness. Sometimes, when the yellow papers he held rustled in his trembling fingers, he would turn his head anxiously towards the crack, and peer out at Florence to see if her ear had caught the sound, and finding her still at work, he would return to his papers, with a knowing nod, and sly smile, more eloquent than words.

Busied with her own thoughts, which to judge from the expression of her countenance were not of a very merry character, Florence did not move until her work was completed. The slight noise she made in rising, and folding the garment, startled the old man, and he called out to her almost breathlessly:

"Don't come near the closet, Florry, there's nothing here you want; not a thing."

Heavy leathern bags, huge morocco pocket-books, a package of yellow papers, and a roll of yellower parchment, he shuffled hurriedly, but with care, into the safe, which he double locked; then rising, he tottered out into the room, locking the closet door, and dropping the key into his pocket.

"I have been looking over some old letters, Florry," he said, and it was strange how he could meet her calm, truthful eyes, with such a lie on his lips. "I keep them in there, you know, and once in a while I like to take them out to read—that's all there is in the closet. Florry, you don't suppose there's anything more, do you, now?" he asked, eagerly scanning her quiet features.

"I never looked in there, grandpa," replied Florence, with a heavy sigh. "You have often told me you had nothing in it but old letters."

"That's a good girl, Florry, you must believe what grandpa says." And Artemas Jones sat down on the chair she had just vacated, with an expression of relief on his thin, miserly countenance.

"I am going to carry home my work," said Florence, tying on her bonnet, which, though coarse and simple in the extreme, served to make still sweeter and fairer her beautiful face.

"How much shall you get for it? Can't you make him give you a cent or two more? Tell him, Florry, how dreadful poor we are," cried her grandfather, in a whining voice.

"It will do no good. I have asked him repeatedly, and he always says there are enough girls willing and glad to do the same work on the same terms," returned Florence, with her hand upon the door-latch.

"Stop a minute," called the old man, "don't buy so much bread, Florry, we must try and get along with less. Half a loaf ought to last us two a whole day. I'm sure I ain't much of an eater; but young folks like you, that never know what it is to want, are the ones to be lavish!"

Too much accustomed to remarks of this kind, Florence made no reply; but smiling, half in bitterness, half in sorrow, hastened on her way. It was well for her wasting frame, that she had quite a long walk to take; there was strength and peace in the pure summer air that fell gently on her white forehead, and raised the curls from her cheek and neck, and by the time she reached the door that led to her humble home, she felt, although weary, fresh courage to bear her daily burden.

She passed slowly up the stairs, climbing to

her chamber in the roof, so intent upon her own thoughts that she took no notice of a step that came bounding up behind her, two stairs at once, until the cheerful voice of Seth Kent uttered close behind her a "good evening, Miss Airley." She turned quickly, and her eyes rested first on his fine, open face, and then on an earthen flower pot which he carried carefully in his hand.

"O, what a beautiful rose!" she cried, her pale face brightening, as he held it closer for her to catch its fragrance.

"I am glad you think so," said Seth, his fine countenance expressing the pleasure he felt. "I want you to let it stand on the window sill, close by your chair, where the sun will shine upon it."

"I must not take it from you, you need its fragrance and beauty quite as much as I do," said Florence, blushing.

"I would let it die for want of water, in a week, which you will not; and besides, I shall like to know that you have something to remind you of your neighbor, I am so selfish!" And the young man looked earnestly into the fair face on which the color deepened at every word he spoke.

By this time they had reached the top of the house, and stood at Florence's door. She held out her hand to receive the gift, and he was so sure there were tears in her eyes, that he said, more gravely than he had yet spoken:

"If you are in any trouble, Miss Florence, if you need a friend, I hope you will trust in me; we are alike poor, and our poverty must be a bond of sympathy between us. Say that you will trust me, Florence!"

The girl looked up in his honest, handsome face; she could not speak a word, but she bowed her head, and a tear, bright and warm, fell upon his hand. She opened her door, went in and shut it after her, while Seth Kent, in his low garret, lit his solitary lamp, and with his pen in his hand, seated himself resolutely at the table. But it was far, far easier to dream than to write. A pair of soft blue eyes, a quivering lip, a cluster of brown curls drooping from beneath a coarse straw bonnet, a smile of delight, and a delicate, sweet-toned voice, would come, each in turn between him and the fair white sheet, interfering seriously with his work. Vexed, and out of patience with himself the young man threw down his pen, and went to his window. The air had not yet lost its delicious, dewy fragrance—it was an evening of soft, summer twilight.

Seth was more than half inclined to murmur at the necessity that kept him from the open fields, and fastened him to his close, uninventing

garret. Poverty, poverty, he said bitterly, and then, suddenly his face brightened, and a tender smile came in place of the frown, for, on the adjoining building, his quick eye caught the reflection of the rose bush, which Florence had placed in the window. A moment after another shadow fell—the girl's slight figure. It came close up to the flower, and knelt down beside it; he could have vowed that her lips touched the buds and blossoms—he saw her delicate fingers caress them—and in the stillness of the evening he was sure he heard a sigh, so deep it was far more a sob.

"Dear child!" he said to himself. "If I could only give her the beautiful home she ought to have!" And then, as if inspired with fresh hope, he went resolutely back to his seat, and in a few minutes his pen was moving rapidly over the paper.

It is not too much to say that Florence Airley found great comfort in her rosebush, and considerable strength in the thought that the giver was her friend. It was pleasant to sit at her work now, so close to the window that by just raising her hand it would touch the bright green leaves and delicate cream-colored blossoms of her pet. Every breath of air that stirred it, sent a delicious fragrance into the room, and even into the mouldy, musty closet, where hour after hour, and day after day, Artemas Jones crouched and muttered over his papers and parchments.

Two months slipped by, and the weeks seemed shorter to Florence, since she had her rosebush for company. Little she realized how many bright pictures her fancy wove, as she stole now and then a moment from her sewing, to watch an opening bud, or pick off a shrivelling leaf; but true it was they served to brighten her eyes, and paint rosy flushes on her cheek, and give to her careworn, sorrowful face the roundness and fairness which was rightfully its due.

It chanced now that she and the young student frequently met on the stairs, and although their exchange of words was rarely more than a friendly greeting, yet the low tones in which they were uttered, his earnest glances, and the sudden crimson that dyed her fair cheek, betrayed the secret which each was anxious to conceal. So the days passed with even flow, until one sultry August afternoon.

Florence Airley, in her accustomed seat, with her needle in her fingers, hurrying as fast as possible under heat so intense, to finish her work before night, and her old grandfather in the closet at his safe, they two were alone together. There was silence in the room, broken only by

the hum of the flies that swarmed on the windowpanes, and the tiny click of the busy needle as it went in and out, in and out, on the thick cloth. Everything seemed as usual, but in the midst of the close garret there stood an unseen intruder. Noiselessly he crossed the threshold, even through the carefully locked door; stealthily he stole through the tiny crevice that admitted a single ray of sunlight to the miser's closet, and laying his cold hand upon the shrinking shoulder of Artemas Jones, he bade him leave his iron safe, his leathern bags and yellow parchments, and follow him into a silent and unknown country.

Florence saw not the spectre, but the faint, despairing cry of her poor old grandfather smote upon her ear:

"Florence, Florence!" And dropping her work, she sprang up, threw wide open the door of the mysterious closet, and raised the old man's head from the floor.

"I am sick," he gasped, with purple lips, and struggling vainly to recover himself. "Shut and lock that iron door, Florry, and give me the key. There's nothing in it you want, nothing but some old letters that I like to look over once in a while, Florry dear," said the old man, in a whining, wheedling voice. "I can't breathe—I—I—" His face grew livid, and as the power of speech left him, he made frantic gestures at the safe, which Florence hastened with tremulous fingers to lock. When she had done this, she unfastened the outer door of the garret, and stepping across the entry, rapped nervously at Seth Kent's door.

"Will you please come and see grandpa?" she said, hurriedly, as he answered her summons. "I am afraid he is going to die, and I am alone!"

Her white, frightened face and tremulous voice went straight to Seth's heart. He took her hand, and held it a moment in his; the cool, firm grasp calmed her agitation, and she suffered him to lead her back to her grandfather. But it was too late for earthly aid now. The spirit of the old man had gone—gone whither? Florence shuddered as her eyes fell upon the heavy keys which he held clutched in his wrinkled hands, and hugged close to his pulseless heart, evidently his last thought.

"It is dreadful, dreadful!" she sobbed, and her companion could not forbear echoing her words. They closed the old man's eyes with gentle care, and Florence wept over him, for he was her own grandfather, the only one living who had loved her mother.

Seth Kent proved himself the friend he had

promised to be during the three days that followed this sudden death. He took from Florence all care and responsibility in regard to the funeral, and when it was over, undertook with her the examination of the contents of the safe. Wonderful secrets it had to reveal. The poor man, the almost beggar, Artemas Jones, had left, hoarded away where no eye save his own could see, a princely fortune, and now that he was gone, Florence was an heiress! No need longer for her to bend over her needle, until she was ready to faint with side-ache, and exhaustion; no need for her to cherish a single tea rose as a luxury, for green-houses and rarest exotics were henceforth at her command; no need for her to seek the friendship of Seth Kent, the poor student, for very soon friends by the score among the wealthy and aristocratic would offer themselves to her acceptance.

So he thought, as he stood by her side when their investigations were completed; but when he spoke, and congratulated her on her good fortune, his voice was so calm and composed that Florence could not have divined his thoughts.

"Have you no relatives, Miss Airley, no friends to whom you wish to write?" was his first inquiry.

"My father has a brother living in New York, but when he married my mother, his family were so angry, I have often heard poor grandpa say they would never have any further intercourse with him. Do you think I should write to him?" And Florence looked doubtfully up in his face.

"Certainly I do," was Seth's unhesitating reply. "That is, if he is such a person as would be a proper guardian for you."

"Mr. Airley is a very rich man, a lawyer. Grandpa often wished me to write to him for assistance, but I could not," said Florence.

"Then you should let them hear from you now." And Seth went for his writing desk. "You need some one to take care of you, Florence," he added, returning in a moment, and drawing her chair up to the table.

Florence looked very much as if she thought she needed no better care than his, but she took her seat silently, while he stood by her window and mused over the rosebush while she wrote.

In reply to her letter, came the Hon. Thaddeus Airley in person; tall, aristocratic, courtly and proud; very indignant that he was compelled to bow his head before he could enter the miserable garret, which his niece still called home, and very much surprised to find that notwithstanding her poor, coarse gown, she was a beautiful, delicate girl, with the Airley cast of features—not a bit of Jones about her!

Just as soon as possible, she was led away from her garret; Mr. Airley scarcely allowing her a moment to exchange farewells with her friend in the chamber opposite. He gave a withering glance at the little plant which she insisted on carrying away in her own hands.

"Why don't you leave it where it is, Florence?" he said. "Poor weed! I will soon show you such flowers as you never saw before."

But Florence only held it tighter, answering, as they passed through the entry, "I shall never see a rose that I shall love like this."

Softly as the words were uttered, Seth Kent heard, and treasured them in his heart, to encourage him on in the toilsome way that was before him.

Three years passed swiftly away. Florence Airley was no longer a frail, white-faced girl, but a tall and graceful woman. She had lost none of the simplicity and gentleness which had been the charm of her girlhood, even when she was clothed in coarse garments, and lived in a garret; but added to these, were now the refinement and dignity that come only of high mental culture, and the self-possession which intercourse with the world rarely fails in giving.

Miss Airley was beautiful, and an heiress, and these two facts were sufficient to secure for her the title of the belle of the season, at Newport, where, with her aunt and cousin Clotilde, she was spending the months of July and August.

People generally thought Miss Airley a little too reserved, some pronounced her statuesque, others still called her an iceberg; but these were people who never got a glance into the heart that beat warm and true beneath her elegant attire. They who were honored with her friendship, knew best how gentle and loving she was.

In the large, airy apartment, whose front windows overlooked the ocean, Florence had made for herself a temporary home. Her favorite authors were arranged nicely on the bookshelves of carved rosewood, her guitar had a corner devoted to itself, and leaned gracefully over a portfolio of choice music; near the west window stood her drawing-table, and in the centre of the apartment an ebony writing desk, while on the window that commanded a view of the ocean, close beside her low sewing-chair, stood the white tea rose, beautiful and fragrant as when, three years ago, Seth Kent placed it in her thin hands, and bade her take care of it, and think sometimes of the giver.

Clotilde had laughed when her cousin declared her intention of taking the plant with her to Newport, and Mrs. Airley shrugged her shoul-

ders, and curled her haughty lip, but Florence, with her well invested million, was privileged to do any ridiculous thing she chose; so laughing and shoulder-scrugging went for nothing, and the rosebush had its accustomed place, close under the loving eye of its mistress.

One sultry August morning, Florence lounging on her sofa, with a book in her hand, was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Clotilde, who, closing the door behind her, threw herself down in a rocking chair, and began to talk.

"I declare, Florry," she cried, waving her fan, "it is enough to provoke a saint, to see you lying there so cool and comfortable, in your white wrapper, and I half roasted in this silk. I have a great mind to be naughty, and not tell you the news, I'm sure you are dying to hear."

Florence smiled with provoking nonchalance. "I can survive without it, until you are cooler," she said. "Take a glass of lemonade, Clotilde." Clotilde was too indolent to move, so Florence filled a goblet for her, and then quietly resumed her book.

"Now, Florry, don't you really want to hear what I have to tell?" asked Clotilde, half vexed at her cousin's indifference. "Why, there has been an arrival this morning."

Florence laughed outright. "With an average of seventy-five arrivals a day, the last is not so stupendous an event as to excite me very greatly," she said.

"O, pooh! This is one by itself, I do assure you," cried Clotilde, sipping away at her lemonade. "You have no idea who it is, and now to punish you, I'm not going to breathe his name, but this much I will tell you: he is an author—young, distinguished, handsome, and you have been longing to see him ever since you read his—dear me! I had almost told my secret!" And laughing gaily she sprang up, set down the empty goblet, arranged her curls coquettishly before the mirror, and danced lightly out of the room, so intent on herself she did not notice how the color came on the cheek of her cousin, dyeing even her white forehead with a crimson flush.

To Florence Airley, the world just at this time, held but one poet, and that one was her old-time friend and neighbor, Seth Kent. Could it be that he was under the same roof with herself, that she should meet him, should hear him speak? Like a dream the hours passed away, until the dressing bell aroused her from her reverie. With it came her maid, a shrewd little French woman, who looked at Miss Airley in astonishment as she turned over one after another of her elegant dresses, for the first time in her life particular in the selection.

"If mademoiselle will wear her blue brocade with pearls," ventured the little woman, "it is the most *charmant*! So lovely is mademoiselle in the blue brocade and pearls!"

But mademoiselle did not choose to dress in brocade, with the mercury standing at ninety-two in the shade. A blue tissue was comfortable, and that was all she wanted, she said; but Celeste, smoothing out the long, silky folds of chestnut hair, smiled slyly, and said to herself:

"Mademoiselle's hands tremble, and the red comes and goes—comes and goes in her cheek—she will look *charmant* in the blue tissue!" And Celeste's thought was that of every one who saw Miss Airley pass slowly and gracefully up the long dining saloon, and take her seat at the table.

"There is the lion, yonder with Mrs. Talmadge, and Louise," whispered Clotilde, "just look—no, wait a minute, he is looking straight at you, Florry. What magnificent eyes! I declare, if it were not for Harry, I should fall in love with him."

Florence was in no haste to look, much as she longed to see once more that familiar face. She laughed and chatted with Clotilde and the gentleman who sat opposite, and it was not until the dining-room was nearly vacant that she ventured a glance at the seat which Mr. Kent had occupied. He had just left it, and was escorting Mrs. Talmadge and her daughter to the drawing-room.

"Louise is in her element now," remarked Clotilde, *sotto voce*, "she intends to take the young man by storm. Won't mama Talmadge be more fussy than ever?" And thus they passed down the hall, Florence going directly to her own apartment, and locking herself in.

The bright little tea rose seemed to wonder like a living being when there fell upon it two great tears. Many months had passed since she who watched and tended it, had cause for weeping. What could it mean? Florence herself could scarcely tell. She questioned herself when she saw them lying bright and glistening on the green leaves, and suffered no more to fall.

Presently Celeste came up, smiling, with a bouquet and tiny note for Miss Airley. It was no uncommon occurrence, and yet her twinkling black eyes were wonderfully shrewd in their expression, when she saw the color mount to Miss Airley's brow, as she held out her hand to take them.

"Does mademoiselle have anything for me now to do?" she inquired.

"Nothing, I will ring when I want you." And Florence spoke impatiently, for Celeste seemed bent on lingering.

Before breaking the seal, Florence knew whose gift she held, and when her maid was gone, she pressed it impulsively to her lips. A bunch of white tea roses, buds and blossoms, looking up into her wet eyes from their setting of green leaves—who else should send them but Seth Kent, her old friend? Close to her heart she held them, while her eyes ran eagerly over the note, and she read half aloud :

“Three years ago, you took from my hands a little rose tree. The world was not very smooth to either of us just then, but I think we had some sympathy and friendship for each other while travelling over the rough places. Now for the first time since then, I may venture to claim a renewal of the old-time friendship; nay, more—that alone will never satisfy me. If I may hope to win what I shall ask, wear these flowers to-night.”

Florence read these words over and over, with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. Had she been less ingenuous and truthful, she would have determined at once to leave her bouquet in a glass of water on her table, and appear in the drawing-rooms sparkling and glittering in diamonds. But no such thought occurred to her. Her heart responded too freely to these frank and earnest words to admit of trifling. Three years of absence and silence had tried them both, and she felt to-day, as she had felt in her time of sorrow, when he bade her trust in his friendship and care. So when Celeste came to her, she bade her bring from her wardrobe a white muslin dress, the simplest she had, while she herself brushed her soft hair in smooth folds over her brow and temples, twisting it in a heavy coil at the back of her head.

“It is one very plain way, mademoiselle,” interferred Celeste, “will I bring the pearl bandeau or the diamonds?”

“Neither.”

Celeste opened her little eyes in widest astonishment.

“What then will mademoiselle have?” she asked.

“Nothing whatever—or, yes, you may fasten this rose in, Celeste.” And Miss Airley sat down before the mirror, arranging the others into a graceful cluster, which she wore on her bosom. With these simple ornaments the beautiful heiresses descended to the crowded rooms below.

Louise Talmadge, flirting in a corner with Mr. Kent, saw her as she entered, with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes, and was about to remark on her affectation of simplicity, when suddenly, with scarce a bow by way of excuse he left her, and in a moment more with Miss Airley on his arm, passed through the crowd, out upon the

moon-lit balcony. He had read his answer at the first glance, but was not content with that alone. He would have over again from her shy eyes and tremulous lips, the yes which for three years of severe study and self-discipline it had been his constant hope one day to hear.

Later in the season, when the Christmas holidays came, there was a grand wedding in Trinity church, followed by a grand reception at the mansion of the Hon. Thaddeus Airley, on Fifth Avenue, where Florence, in robes of snowy satin, and a misty veil of the finest lace, was bride, wearing on her brow instead of orange flowers, a wreath of white buds from her own little rose-bush, the gift years ago of her husband, Seth Kent.

ABOUT DRESS.

It is not a little curious to recall what has been said and written by the thoughtful upon this fruitful theme, and to observe the different stand-points from which different minds have viewed the subject. From turned-down leaves in our reading we select the following.

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.—*Pope*.

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others.—*Franklin*.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his clothes.—*Shakespeare*.

Next to dressing for a route or ball, undressing is the greatest woe.—*Byron*.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and furr'd gowns hide all.—*Shakespeare*.

A fine coat is but a livery, when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman.—*Addison*.

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.—*Bible*.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry, and keeps our larder clean.—*Couper*.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man.—*Shakespeare*.

Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band that indicates a small wound drawn crosswise over the brow.—*Jean Paul*.

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.—*Sir Joshua Barrington*.

[ORIGINAL.]

FLOWERS.

BY LUCY J. SAWYER.

Flowers, bright flowers, that fill the air
With sweetest fragrance rich and rare,
Who does not love their blossoms bright?
Who, with a heart, can hate the flowers
That gem the fields and deck the bowers,
That scent the breezes of the night?
They cheer the lonely, weary heart,
And brighter hopes and joys impart.

They deck the hair of maiden fair,
They cheer the couch of pain;
They rest upon the buried dead,
And meekly droop their modest head,
Nor see the light again.
Far, far beneath the cold, damp ground,
They spread their last faint sweets around,
And droop, and die, and fall away.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PLAGUE-STRUCK SHIP.

BY JOHN F. GREGG.

IT was a lovely eve as ever fell on the North Atlantic. The full moon was but a few degrees above the horizon, bathing the rippled surface of the sea, eastward, in a flood of silver light; while the western sky was still gorgeous with the glory of departing day, which was rapidly fading into that mellow twilight so peculiar to high latitudes, and which, with the roseate blush of day, remains all night during the summer months, cheering by its presence the lone and weary voyager.

Yet 'twas night with us. The dog-watch had passed and the first watch had the deck, and had already disposed themselves in small groups forward, round each of which was gathered a cluster of our passengers, deeply interested in the exaggerated descriptions of America and its people, with which various members of our crew were entertaining them.

Twenty-four hours previous, night had enshrouded the "green island" from our view, and during that period, we had been standing to the westward, on an easy bo'line, with the wind about north; but so light, that the old Queen stood as steady on an even' keel as if still on the stocks, while she glided at an average rate of about three knots an hour. Land-legs had proved as serviceable as sea-legs so far, and the result was apparent in our crowded deck and the hilarity of the occupants; the majority of whom—young men and maidens—were promenading the spar-

deck in pairs; leaving their elders, and the less romantic, to drink in the well-stretched yarns of the seamen.

One bell struck, and simultaneous with the sound, the enlivening strains of a violin were, wafted aft, when a general rush forward ensued, and five minutes later, the patter of two-score tripping feet was heard, as their owners beat time to the lively measure.

"We've a happy set, this passage, Ralph," said the veteran mate. "I only hope they may continue so. That fiddle sounds so sweet I've more'n half a mind to dance myself; but—push! They wont keep that up long."

"Why not, sir?"

"'Cause 'taint in their nature. I wish it was! Let the fever show itself, and we'll have them dancing on the other tack; ay, dying by dozens."

"Why do you think so, Mr. Ross?"

"'Cause that's their nature! I've seen it before! When I was in the Greenwich—Humph! What's wanted, my man?" he demanded, abruptly, as we were confronted by a passenger, on whose countenance sat an expression of sadness, not unmixed with fear.

"Shure it's me wife wants the doctor, sur. Can ye tell me where he is, I dun-no."

"What business has your wife with the doctor?"

"Sure an it's taken bad she was, a while ago, an it's me'self duzent know what can be the matter, at all, at all."

"What's your number?"

"Of me berth, d'ye mane?"

"Yes!"

"Wan hundred an' tin, sur."

"Well, go below, my man, I'll see that you have the doctor," and addressing me in a low tone, the mate added:

"That's the wind-up of all music in this ship, Ralph! I've expected it, and here it is."

"What is it?"

"The fatal fever! Jump down, and pass the word for the doctor. Be sure that none of the cabin passengers hear you, or we'll have the deuce to pay, off hand!" And the mate passed forward, leaving me to obey his order, while he descended to the 'ween decks, for what purpose will be hereafter explained.

The summer of 1850 had proved singularly fatal to emigrants seeking the shores of the New World. Thousands had died at sea, and some ships had lost full half their passengers ere they reached port, in which the remainder were landed, only to die by dozens; scarce thirty per cent. of the whole number shipped escaped the fatal disease.

The physicians termed it fever—ship-fever—probably from the fact that it made its appearance on ship-board, and among emigrants, to which class its ravages were generally confined. But as few cases had been reported during the spring of 1851, sanguine hopes were entertained by many, that the scourge had passed.

It was to this hope we owed our present full complement of passengers; thousands having flocked to Liverpool to embark, having full confidence in the published opinions of the English faculty, regarding the healthiness of the season. With confidence unshaken, our passengers had embarked, while their experience during the first week afloat had served to strengthen it, rather than otherwise; but the fabric was doomed to yield on that night, when by a lack of due caution on the part of Doctor Wallace, the fact became known, that one had been taken with ship-fever.

Ere four bells, the news had travelled the entire circuit of the ship; the violin was hushed, and the spar-deck deserted, while on the main-deck some eight or ten anxious groups were assembled, discussing the momentous question of life or death. One advocated this measure, and another that, for the arrest of the destroyer, all losing sight of the fact, that all necessary or available measures would be adopted by those in command, or were actually in course of adoption at the moment.

The mate and carpenter with ten of the watch, were engaged in building a temporary bulk's-head forward, in the 'tween-decks, and to this enclosure, as soon as completed, the sick woman was conveyed, accompanied by her husband, on whom devolved the duties of nurse, and when eight bells struck, order had been in a great measure restored, the majority of our passengers having retired.

Next morning, the woman was a corpse; and as soon as the fact became known, the 'tween-decks was transformed into a scene of the direst commotion I ever witnessed. All attempts to restore order were for a time in vain. As well might we have reasoned with things inanimate—the destroyer was in our midst, and its destined victims were appalled, or rendered wild with terror.

Ere noon, four fresh cases had been reported, and the parties placed in the temporary hospital, to which one man from each watch was ordered, to act as steward and superintendent in turn. But ere twenty-four hours elapsed, it was found necessary to send them aid, so rapid was the increase of patients, and ere a second day had passed, we were obliged to enlarge their quarters, in

order to meet the demand for room. At sunset of the fourth day we had buried ten, thirty more being under the physician's care; many of whom were already pronounced hopeless cases, and apparently dying.

Then it was that the last shade of fortitude deserted our passengers; the relatives of the sick deserting them, and refusing to return, when the whole task of attending to their wants devolved upon us, rendering our duties still more onerous. Fortunately, the weather continued fine, enabling us to devote ourselves almost exclusively to the task, while despite our most strenuous efforts, the malignant disease continued to spread, until the tenth day, when one fourth of our original number were either writhing in agonies, or had become food for the sharks.

Hitherto the crew had escaped contagion; but at four bells in the afternoon watch on the tenth day, one of their number came to me complaining of violent pain in the head, attended with dizziness. I sent him below, and entered the sail-room to report his symptoms to the doctor. We had all deserted the cabin, being desirous to prevent the contagion from communicating to our cabin-passengers, and had established ourselves—a separate community—in the sail-room, rendering it our general head-quarters.

I found the doctor compounding medicines—his usual afternoon task, in which Mr. Ross was aiding him at the moment, when I made known my errand, expressing my fear that the man had the fever.

"Of course he has!" exclaimed the mate, bounding from the chest on which he sat. "Of course he has. I've expected it all along. If I'd had my say, it wouldn't have happened though. Better have 'bout ship and run back to 'Cork,' than exposed the men. I shouldn't be surprised if they all had it, and half of them died. What the deuce would the old man do with the ship then, I'd like to know?"

"Well, it can't be helped, Mr. Ross; and 'what can't be cured, must be endured.' The sick must be attended to."

"The deuce they must! Well, just scare up what nurses you want, among the passengers after this. I'll stand such nonsense no longer, neither for you nor Captain W. The men must be exempt from duty between-decks, or I go to my room. A sick crew indeed! Why we're short-handed now, and if we lose any, Heaven help the passengers! I guess they'll fetch up at Davy Jones' afore they do in 'York'; and leaving the sail-room, he beckoned me to follow, when, as I joined him, he resumed:

"'Tis too bad, I declare. If the old man gains

the reputation of being humane, and all that, it's all he cares about—the men may be sacrificed wholesale. But it shan't be. My watch does no more hospital duty, see if they do!" And compressing his lips tightly, he ascended to the spar deck where I soon joined him.

Our joint apprehensions were well-founded. The pestilence had attacked our crew, in the person of one of our best men, and assured of the fact, Mr. Ross carried his threat into instant execution, ordering his watch to remain on deck, and on no consideration whatever venture below, until he sent or accompanied them.

It was a necessary precaution, and feeling it to be so, Captain W. forbore to countermand the order, informing the steerage passengers that they must provide nurses for the sick, the safety of the ship and cargo rendering the men's exemption from danger of infection absolutely necessary.

Three days elapsed, two more of our men becoming affected with the disease; when alive to the momentous danger which now menaced us, the captain ordered all passengers who had escaped infection up from below, when he addressed them briefly but impressively, reminding them of the claim of their suffering fellow-passengers, friends and relatives; and informing them, that under existing circumstances, he must enforce discipline, and compel them individually and collectively to render them that aid and attention they had hitherto withheld. He then proceeded to divide the males into small parties, assigning to each peculiar duties, for the performance of which they were to be accountable; and concluded by ordering the instant removal of necessary bedding from the 'tween-decks for the accommodation of all.

* But he might have spared himself the task; for although they removed to the main-deck, at his bidding, yet they persisted in an utter disregard of cleanliness, and in consequence went on from day to day, adding to the number of the dead and dying. How we prayed for a gale—anything that might displace the pestilence which seemed to hang over our devoted ship. But in vain. Instead of a gale, a calm set in—three dreary days of unbroken calm—and three such days! I pray Heaven I may never see their like again. Up to the failure of the breeze, a period of twelve days, we had buried one hundred and forty-eight; but during that calm, we swelled the number to three hundred and ten, six of those last being seamen.

Up to this hour, our cabin-passengers had escaped infection; but now their turn had come, and like their fellows in the steerage, they shrank appalled at the approach of the destroyer, ignor-

ing the claims of their suffering friends, in their selfish but fruitless attempts to avoid contagion. Of all their number, only one was found willing to enact the part of nurse. And she—the fairest being on board, not only accepted the task cheerfully, but assumed it of her own accord.

Edith Hall—I think I see her now as then, gliding so quietly from berth to berth; holding to the lips of one a cooling draught; arranging the pillows beneath a second's head, pausing beside a third to fan the fevered brow, and cheering a fourth desponding soul, with words of heartfelt sympathy. To us she was an angel. Unaware of her worth, her existence had scarce been heeded, until she appeared in the guise of a ministering angel, when, in view of her utter self-abnegation, our murmuring was hushed, and we once more divided our attention between the care of the sick and the management of the vessel.

A fresh breeze succeeded the calm, but failed to relieve us of the plague, the ravages of which appalled the stoutest hearts. By dozens our living freight went down—ay, like the wheat before the reaper—until two-thirds of their number had found a grave beneath the seaweed; when the mortality had evidently reached its climax and began to decline. At this juncture, Doctor Wallace was seized with the disease and died in a few hours; while the mate who had stood by him in his last moments, reeled from the berth-side when all was over, and seeking his own cot, never rose again.

Another week rolled over our heads, adding forty-four names to the list of dead, and witnessing the demise of the last victim of fever in the cabin, which now presented a range of untenanted state-rooms, seven only of the cabin-passengers escaping. Miss Hall's services being no longer required there, she sought the steerage, where she devoted every moment of her time to her generous task, and by her sweetness won the aid of many, who had hitherto turned a deaf ear to the cries of the suffering. Her bright example had first imbued us with hope, and now of a surety exerted a saving influence on the poor wretches below, who, cheered thereby from the stupor which defied our efforts, and bowing submissive to her will, began to adopt those measures for safety which had been advocated and ordered by our captain in vain.

At length we raised the land, two points on our weather-bow—the land, we had longed so much to see—when the small remnant of our crew were turned to aloft, to get the ship in harbor trim. They were progressing slowly with the task, and I was moodily pacing the quarter-

deck, when one of the ship's boys, who had been placed at Miss Hall's orders, came rushing aft, and accosting me, said :

" You're wanted in the hospital, sir."

" What for ?"

" One of the passengers as is dying has been asking for you for some time, and Miss Hall sent me to ask you if you wouldn't please go down."

" Of course. Go tell her I'll be with her in a moment." And calling the third mate from aloft, I descended to the hospital.

In the person at whose call I was sent for, I recognized an old man, whose lonely situation when he first came on board, had excited my sympathy, inducing me to show him unusual favor when serving out stores or water, and also to stand forth the champion of his rights on several occasions, when his more youthful fellow-passengers had evinced a disposition to infringe thereon. But on the advent of the pestilence I lost sight of him, or, seeing him, had failed to recognize him, until his existence had escaped my memory.

" Mr. A., your name has been on this man's lips since he was brought here, and within the last hour he has expressed a desire to see you, at least ten times, when, believing you would have no objection to gratify a dying man, I sent for you."

" And you did well, Miss Hall."

" Ah, sure it's his kindly voice I hear," chimed in the invalid, opening his almost sightless eyes. " Och, hone, sure it's mad I was to lave home at my age.—Where is he ? Spake, ma bouchiel. Let me hear yer voice wunst more."

" You desired to see me, old man—can I be of any service to you ?"

" Troth ye can. It's not ivery man I'd trust, but ye had ay a kind word for the lonely ould man, when his own countrymen showed him the cowld shoulder, so it's depind my life on ye I would."

" Let me know what I can do for you, and if possible, it shall be done."

" If possible ! Ha, ha, ha ! Faith, an' it's possible, an' more-be-token, a service many a man would be glad to render to a dying man. D'ye see this paper ?" he said, drawing a folded sheet from beneath his pillow. " It's my will sure. I have named you its executor, and now I want you to have witnesses that I acknowledge it, when you must take charge of it, and see it faithfully executed."

Believing it to be of little importance, I received it from his hand, and thrusting it carelessly into my jacket-pocket, turned to go, reiterating the assurance that his wishes should be observed.

" Not yet," he exclaimed, as he heard my retreating footsteps. " Ye must give me yer solemn promise that ye will execute that will to the letter, an' not cast it away as worthless when ye read it, because some of its provisions may seem too wonderful to be real. Have it proved and attested in due form, and an old man's word for it, you'll find it all right in the end."

Half amused at the old man's earnestness, I pledged my honor to carry out his wishes in all things, and taking leave of him, returned to the maindeck, which I reached as the bell struck seven and the watch were called. That evening we buried him, with several others who had died during the day, backing the main-topsail for that purpose. It was our last funeral ceremony at sea. As night closed around us, the breeze freshened, wafting us into the entrance of New York harbor by daylight, when we took steam, and at ten in the morning came to anchor at quarantine. During the hurry and bustle attending the disembarkation of our passengers, I never thought of the old man's will, nor did it recur to my memory for several days, when I found it tossing about among the papers in my desk, to which I had consigned it unread a few hours after I received it. I now subjected it to perusal, and could scarce credit the evidence of my senses, upon finding it contained bequests to the aggregate amount of ten thousand dollars, with explicit directions where the sum might be found, or rather bills of exchange representing that sum. I hastened to hunt them up, and found them where the will stated them to be—in an old oaken chest which contained the old man's wearing apparel, if such term may be applied to the heap of rags, swarming with vermin, which met my gaze, betraying the cause of the old man's loneliness.

He had been a miser. But what of that ? I had ample cause, in the sum bequeathed to me, to bless his bones, while Miss Hall's name was mentioned for a like sum—twenty-five hundred dollars—in return for her attention to him during his last illness; the remaining five thousand being bequeathed to the Emigrant's Aid Society, as a fund for the relief of the donor's distressed countrymen. The document was written in a scarcely legible hand, and bore unmistakable evidence of being one of the last acts of the old man's life, while attached to it were the signatures of two witnesses, rendering it a legal instrument. Charged with the document, I hastened on shore to seek our angel nurse. I found her in the hospital, suffering a severe attack of ship-fever, but in full possession of her faculties. Communicating the intelligence of her good fortune cautious-

ly, when her surprise subsided, I produced evidence of the fact, exhibiting the will, and requested instructions as to the disposal of her part.

"I shall not live to enjoy it," she said, after a brief pause. "Let it be added to his bequest to that society. Under existing circumstances I think he would dispose of it in that manner, and so let it go."

I expostulated—but in vain, and had taken my leave of her, when the physician who was present at the interview, whispered:

"A word in your ear in private, if you please."

I followed him to the dispensary, where he said: "Pay no attention to the lady's request at present, but let the matter rest just as it is. I have known much worse cases than she is recover, and I am almost certain she will; therefore, if placed in your position, I should be in no hurry disposing of the funds, which will doubtless be of great service to her, when turned adrift among strangers."

I acted upon his suggestion, taking no farther steps than was necessary to secure the payment of the legacies when demanded. And it was well I did so, for after a lapse of ten days, Miss Hall became convalescent, and was soon after fully restored to health, when I surprised her by payment of the legacy, experiencing sincere pleasure in the act, and well assured that the old man's hoarded wealth—had he bequeathed her all—could be applied to no more worthy purpose, than to reward his gentle nurse, the Angel of the Plague-struck Packet-Ship.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

O, the luxury of Indian servants, if you are obliged to have a lot of them! In the middle of night, I rose to get a glass of water, and walked to the door for a breath of fresh air, and a peep at the full moon, which was shining brilliantly; for be it known you rarely fasten any doors or windows in India—either there is no danger of being robbed, or else useless to try and guard against it, and then pay for immunity. The chief of the band of robbers sticks his spear in your compound (court-yard), and that shows the gang that you are under tribute; and as their chief holds himself responsible for your safety, you are secure. At my bungalow door there lay my butler on his mat across the entrance. My step woke him; his first words were, "Have a cup of tea, massa? can get it ready in a very few minutes." Imagine a servant in any civilized country in the world asking such a question at such an hour. Why, he'd meditate suicide first.—*J. W. Ireland.*

THE FIRESIDE.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.—*COTTON.*

[ORIGINAL.]

FANCIES.

BY MRS. S. P. KIRKWOOD HAYES.

A dream of the loved and the absent
Is haunting my pillow to-night;
Once more, in the summer eve's gloaming,
I gaze through the dim fading light
On the scenes that were dear to my childhood,
When hope shone unclouded and bright.

And methinks that the lost and the dear ones
I knew in those bright gladsome days
Are chanting with heavenly cadence
The sweetest Arcadian lay,
To lure me on to Hylasium,
Where sorrow and sin never stray.

Some left me to cross the dark river,
While the future yet seemed bright and fair;
And some when earth's shadow threw o'er them
The mantle of darkest despair;
But alike in the heavenly kingdom
The love of our Father they share.

And when yet a little while longer
I pass from earth's sorrows away,
To that land where night never enters,
But all is one bright endless day,
I trust in Hylasian bowers
To dwell with my loved ones alway.

[ORIGINAL.]

ALICE ROSSITUR.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WENT TO L.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Just as your papa thinks best, my dear."

Mrs. Rossitür folded her cashmere morning robe indolently about her, and leaned back among the sofa-cushions with a languid grace. Very evidently she was not in a mood for active exertion or remonstrance of any kind. If her pretty daughter Alice, kneeling there on the rich velvet carpet, with her curly head on her mother's knee, her blue eyes seconding the motion of her coaxing, cherry-red mouth, her little hands, so soft and white and delicately shaped, clasped in playful supplication; if she, I say, had proposed a journey to the South Sea Islands on a mission of charity, instead of a pleasure-trip to the little New England village of L—, Mrs. Rossitür would scarcely have found the strength of will to oppose her. As it was, the bright face of the kneeling girl grew brighter still, as she sprang up with a musical "thank you, mama," and exchanged her seat on the floor for one on the knee of a portly, pleasant-featured old gentleman who sat in a lounging-chair before the window, read-

ing. With a quick movement, as graceful as it was audacious, she pulled his morning-paper away from him, and dropping it on the floor set her slender, slippered foot upon it firmly.

"Say, papa!"

"Well, what is it, my pet?" The old gentleman did not seem much out of temper for the liberties she had taken, but putting his arms about her, drew her red mouth down to his, and kissed it over and over again. Any one with a half glance at the pair, would have known that Alice Rossitür was the pride and darling of her father's heart.

"Well, you see, papa, I've 'taken a notion,' as the girls used to say at school. Instead of going to that snobbish, stuck-up Saratoga, this hot weather, with Helen and Marion, I want to visit Auntie Russell, for a six weeks' rustication. It has been so long since I smelled a real country breeze, that actually I have forgotten what one is like. Buttercups and daisies would be greater luxuries than jewels to me, and for the life of me I don't believe I could tell to a certainty whether potatoes grow on vines or bushes. Then I overheard Dr. Andrews telling Gramma yesterday how shockingly thin and sallow I was getting. He said I needed air and exercise more than physic—that a few weeks in the country, with plenty of romping, pudding and milk, fresh air, and a flirtation with a rustic lover, would set me up in roses and dimples for a whole year. Beside, papa—"

"Hush, you rattle-headed pussy-cat. Your reasons are forcible ones, and so plentiful and well-arranged, that I think you must have made out a list of them, and learned them by heart. But what about Saratoga? I don't understand how the belle of one season—the vain miss who came home last year, with her giddy little head quite turned by her numerous conquests, can relinquish thus the chance to repeat her triumphs."

Alice curled her scarlet lip disdainfully. Her father smiled. That question was disposed of.

"But Ally, it wont be prudent for you to go alone. What with the fence-climbing and hen-nest hunting propensities which would develop themselves in you, I should be in continual fear of sprained arms, dislocated ankles, a bruised head or a broken neck. You would need some one to keep continual watch and guard over you. We could not spare any of the servants, and as for hiring a private companion—"

"That was just what I was going to say, when you interrupted me," Alice broke in eagerly. "There is Miss Dunbar, Hattie's governess, who could be spared as well as not, and I am sure she would be willing to oblige me."

"Very well, just as you and she can agree. You have my consent to anything reasonable. And now be off, gipsey. Here is something to defray expenses. Pick up that paper under your toes, and don't smother me with kisses, pusey;" and laying a roll of bank-notes in her hand, Mr. Rossitür unseated her from his knee, and following her graceful figure for a moment, with a glance of pardonable fatherly pride, returned to his reading.

Dear, sweet, unselfish Ally Rossitür! How from my heart of hearts I thanked her, when she came into my room a few minutes afterward, and told me of her success. The day before, when she was chatting gaily with me of her coming season at the fashionable watering-place—for I was more her confidant than were either of her haughty elder sisters—I had accidentally let fall a wish that I might have a few weeks' vacation from my duties as governess, to pass in the coolness and quiet of the country. Ever since the spring, I had been longing for the green fields, the singing birds—the smell of the young meadow clover, and the sight of the growing corn; for I was born and bred a country child, and the old tastes and instincts were strong within me. The hot breath of the city stifled me, and so I told her with wistful tears in my eyes. A shadow came over her fair face while I was speaking, and I checked myself involuntarily. I had without meaning it, stirred her generous, impulsive nature to pity. Blessed darling! She did not know that I saw through her affectionate little stratagem, when she came to me the next morning and asked me if I would be willing to accompany her to L—— on a visit to her relatives. Her air was anxious and inquiring—for she preferred to seem soliciting rather than conferring a favor—as though she did not mistrust how my very soul leaped up with delight at her question. At first I refused, confronting her with a knowledge of her self-denial and tender sacrifice, but she adhered so steadily to her resolution, declaring that if I did not accompany her, she would stay at home entirely—that she would not go anywhere if she could not go to L——, coaxing me with kisses, and holding up before me the very picture that I had painted the day before in my yearning sadness—that at last I yielded a half-pleased, half-reluctant, but inexpressibly grateful consent.

A week from that morning we were on our way to L——, and during our long, tedious ride in the slow, lumbering old stage-coach, Alice entertained me with graphic descriptions of the places and persons I should see. She had not visited there before for years, not since she was

a little girl in short frocks and pantalettes, but I knew her memory must be a faithful one, so life-like were the pictures she drew. I could almost see the low, brown farm-house nestled down in the valley, with the smooth plat of grass-green meadow land in front, and the broad hills-side orchard behind; almost see the clinging morning-glory vines that tangled their scarlet and azure bells over the narrow windows—and the pleasant sitting-room, with its striped, home-made, woolen carpet, its landscape curtains—the old-fashioned brass candle-sticks on the mantel-shelf—the three simple pictures on the wall—one a mourning piece where a fat, red-cheeked widow held a primly folded handkerchief to her eyes, to catch the pea-like tears that rolled into it—called up no doubt by the sight of the very straight, very green weeping-willow that stood guard over a purple tomb, and whose slick tassels almost brushed the chubby, beet-colored cheeks of the fatherless little boy and girl that clung to her side.

And then she told me of her homely, kind-hearted Aunt Mary—her rough, blunt-spoken Uncle James—her eldest cousin Edgar, away at college, and Frank, two years younger, whom she remembered as a wild, mischievous, bright-eyed boy, full of spirit, but generous and impulsive to a fault.

"But, dear me!" she said, in conclusion, "I'll wager by this time he is a verdant, gawky, overgrown fellow—a veritable country clown. By-the-way, Catherine, do you know I mean to try my arts on him? A whole summer without a conquest will be intolerably stupid, and such a triumph would be a novelty in the flirting world, worth scheming for. Imagine a sunburnt, shock-headed youth, standing before me, grinning with bashful simplicity, hoisting first one foot and then the other in sheepish embarrassment, and stammering out his ardent love-avowal something after this fashion: 'W-w-w-ill y-y-you *hev* m-m-me, Cousin Alice?'"

I laughed in spite of myself at her comical picture, but bade her have a care, for coquetish games were always dangerous ones, and she might be the smitten one after all. She shook her head at me with a merry, skeptical laugh, but made me no reply in words. She did not speak again till we had reached the end of our journey.

The pleasant, blue-eyed little woman who ran down to the wooden gate to meet us, with her checked gingham apron thrown up over her head, was very like the portrait Alice had drawn of her, and the motherly way in which she smoothed back the brown curls of her niece and kissed

her white forehead, her kindly voice, and above all, the cordial way in which she clasped my hand at introduction, quite won my heart.

While we were directing the coachman about our baggage, a gentleman and lady on horse-back galloped gaily down the valley road, and nodded to Mrs. Russell, as they swept past.

"My son Frank," she said, in an explanatory way as they went by. "We were not expecting you until to-morrow, or he would have remained at home this afternoon."

I turned and looked after the retreating pair, mentally comparing that tall, elegantly-formed man, carrying his handsome head so proudly, and managing his spirited steed with that graceful, easy skill which is the beauty of horsemanship, to the shock-headed, bashful youth of Alice's fancy. I think she recalled her own words, too, for her glance followed mine, and the look of pleased surprise that brightened her whole face did not vanish till the dust of their horses' hoofs had settled in the distance.

Deliciously cool and sweet was the little spare chamber assigned to us, and after a bath, and a change of apparel, I seated myself by the low, open window, and leaned out through the climbing net-work of vines to enjoy the beautiful freshness of the summer scenery spread out before my gaze. Alice was—I knew not where, though a snatch of gay song, warbled in the clearest of voices, or a trill of merry laughter, occasionally betrayed to me her whereabouts. All at once I saw her emerging from the barn—one foot slipperless, a great rent in her muslin frock, her curls tangled with bits of hay, her gay silk apron filled with eggs. She was laughing and singing all in a breath, but as she danced along her foot slipped on a pebble and she fell. I heard the crash of the eggs in her apron and saw the broken yolks and whites trickling out upon the ground in little rills of gold and pearls. Just as I was going to her assistance, I caught the sound of an amused mirthful laugh by the gate, and the next moment Frank Russell was assisting her to rise.

"What carelessness! Six whole hen's-eggs everlasting ruined! How shall we remedy such a loss?" he said, in a merry, mocking voice. "This is my Cousin Alice, I am sure. Even if I had not been anticipating your arrival, I should have known this face among a thousand. You are very little changed—so little, indeed, that I dare greet you just as I used to years ago," and stooping he kissed her blushing cheeks, gallantly.

They came into the house together, chatting like old friends, and pretty soon Alice came up to change her dress for tea. She lingered longer

than usual at the mirror, and I smiled, in spite of myself at the painstaking care which she manifested in dressing. That evening as we sat together in the porch, Alice asked her aunt, with a mischievous glance at Frank, who the young lady might be whom we had seen on horseback that afternoon.

"O, she was Annie Carter," was the reply. "I expect in a year from now you will be able to call her cousin. She has been engaged to my son this long while." And the old lady smiled good-naturedly over her knitting.

I saw a shadow come over Alice's face—very faint, but still a shadow—and noticing that, a sudden pain struck coldly to my heart—an instinctive fear of what the next few weeks would bring about. Frank was smiling, but there was not the slightest visible touch of embarrassment in his manner, as he composedly pulled off handful after handful of morning-glory leaves and rolled them up into balls to pelt the big Newfoundland dog lying at his feet.

The events of the next two months (for our visit had been indefinitely prolonged) were but a realization of that prophetic dread that fell like a cloud over my spirit the first night of my stay in L——. Alice Rossitur's heart was singularly simple in its affectionateness and childlike confidence, and I noticed with a feeling akin to pity the mastery which her fascinating cousin was gaining over it. They were inseparable companions. There were boat-rides on the pond, morning rambles in the meadows—long promenades under the summer moonlight—that white, magnetic flame in which Cupid so often dips his arrows. Now Alice would want columbines for a wreath; only Frank could show her where the finest ones grew. Again it was moss for a basket, or pond-lilies for her favorite vase; only Frank could procure them for her. Once she sprained her ankle in descending a hill. Frank brought her home in his arms, and I could but notice how tenderly he held her—how closely her white face nestled down against his breast, as though it never would ask to rise. A day or two after she was stung by a malicious bee. Frank must bandage the white, swollen arm, and then (did he realize what he was doing, do you think?) cover the smarting wound with kisses, saying with an audacious look into the half-averted eyes, that he knew as well as the bees where sweets were to be found. Annie Carter seemed to be forgotten, or if remembered, to be held in secondary consideration to his guest. With growing pain I witnessed their evident liking for each other's society—their intimacy, ripening every day into something more deep and tender. I

could not interfere or warn them—the matter was too delicate for my skill to manage, and yet who could fail to know what the result would be? One heart must bleed, whether Alice's or that of the fickle Frank's betrothed, I could not say. My selfish love would have chosen the latter.

One night we sat together—Alice and I—by our chamber window. Her chair was drawn up close to mine, and she half-leaned against me—her head lying on my bosom, her arms clasped loosely across my shoulders. We had been very silent, neither of us speaking for nearly an hour, and I was wondering what had brought such a pensive shade to Alice's face, when she spoke abruptly. Her question gave me the clue to the long reverie she had been indulging in.

"You saw Miss Carter yesterday, did you not, Catherine?"

"Yes."

"Am I as pretty as she is?"

"A thousand times prettier, my darling. Why, her face is no more to be compared with yours than a wax flower is to those roses in your hair—fresh, dewy and perfumed."

"Do you think so? I am glad, though I don't know as I ever cared much for being pretty until lately. I suppose Frank likes—loves her very much—don't you?"

There was something more than a careless curiosity to hear my opinion in that question. Had I answered her frankly I should have given a decided negative. But with a nature like hers I dared run no unnecessary risk. I would not encourage the latent hope that I saw slumbering in her heart.

"Of course," I answered.

She sighed—a long, dismal sigh that smote my heart to the quick. Just then we heard voices underneath the window. Her ear was quicker than mine, for she lifted herself up eagerly, bent her head a moment as if to listen, and then I saw a quick color, like the flush of a rose-leaf, ripple into her cheek. We leaned together out of the window. Beneath us were Frank Russell and Annie Carter, pacing back and forth on the grassy lawn, her hand on his arm—his handsome face bent down, till his dark curls almost brushed her forehead.

I saw Alice's eyelids droop to crush back the tears she would not have me see, and instinctively I put my arm about her and drew her away from the window. I could feel her heart beating stormily under her bodice, and when with a long, low, sobbing cry she threw herself into my arms and buried her face convulsively in my bosom, I knew she was conscious that her secret had passed into my possession.

The next day and the next passed dismally enough, but I saw with a sensation of relief that Alice shunned Frank's attentions. Once roused to a sense of her danger, the evil was half remedied, I thought.

On the afternoon of the third day, I went out for the solitary ramble I was accustomed to take after dinner. I walked down to the river, and to my surprise, as I neared my favorite seat—a little clearing among the willows that thickly skirted the shore—I saw Ally's white sun-bonnet lying on the grass, and a little further on, herself thrown down on the ground, her arms crossed on the cool grass, and her face buried in them. Her very attitude was one of hopeless, passionate grief, and I should have known she was weeping, even if I had not heard her stifled sobs.

While I stood hesitating, undecided whether to go forward and speak with her, or leave her to conquer her sorrow alone, Frank Russell came out from among the willows opposite me. He too noticed the weeping girl, and springing quickly forward, knelt by her side. Evidently he did not know what to say to comfort her, for he only smoothed her hair silently, apparently unconscious of my close proximity.

For once, Ally's heart misled her. She thought the intruder was myself.

"Do not blame me, Catherine. I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. He was so good—so handsome—so kind to me, that I got to loving him before I thought. We will go away from here to-morrow—will we not, dear, good Catherine?—where I shall never see Frank again. O, my heart will break!" she sobbed out brokenly, without lifting her head.

My heart leaped to my throat with a suffocating bound. I would have died, rather than that my beautiful, sensitive darling should so unconsciously have opened her heart to the man who, of all persons, ought to be blinded to its secrets. It would kill her, when she knew what she had done.

But I was unprepared for the revelation of the next few minutes. Not till I noticed the sudden start that Frank Russell gave, the flush of color that stained his face, the tenderness that leaped into his hazel eyes; not till I saw him gather her up in his arms, with passionate caresses, pouring a vehement story of love into her ears—love that had not dared to hope, and that but for that unexpected revelation, would never have found utterance—did I realize that Ally, after all, was to be happier than I had dared to wish she might be.

But I was startled when I saw her struggle from his embrace with a frightened cry, looking alternately from him to me, as if trying to com-

prehend her humiliating mistake—a hot flame of mortification blazing across her face, her blue eyes darkened by a look of pitiful distress.

"No, no! don't come near me, Frank Russell," she almost screamed, when he would have taken her hands. "I see how it is—what I have said—what I have done—what you would say to me, to save my pride. But do not mock me so! Let me bear this disgrace as my punishment—only respect my secret, for its own sake. Come, Catherine, let us go!" And she staggered towards me, with both hands pressed hard over her burning face.

Moved by her suffering—her shame—scarcely knowing what I did, in my great pity for her humiliation, I said, bitter, harsh things to Frank Russell, taunting him with fickleness, meanness, falsity, and concluding by bidding him to seek Miss Carter, and rehearse the part he had been playing. He listened in indignant surprise, but at that name a new light seemed to break across his mind.

"Miss Carter! Is it possible that you have labored under such a mistake as *that*? She has been engaged to my brother Edgar for these two years!"

The next moment Alice was in his arms, sobbing, laughing and blushing all at once. I left them together by the river, but not until I had whispered maliciously to Alice:

"W—w—will y—y—you *hev* m—m—me, Cousin Alice?"

IT IS OF THE LORD'S MERCIES.

I believe the Lord has always provided some kind Samaritan, journeying, as if by chance, on the very road where the wounded traveller lies, and who arrives just at the very moment when oil and wine are especially needed. I believe, too, that the Lord, in the workings of that providence which is over all his works, and which suffereth not a sparrow or a hedgehog to fall to the ground unpermitted of him, whenever he has torn and bruised one of his flock, needing a tenderer hand than usual to nurture and heal it, has that hand ready to stretch out and help—has one close at hand to supply the want—one whose own heart has been, perhaps, touched and prepared by sorrow for the especial work of sympathy with some other torn and sorrowing one of the family. We are apt to say of such apparently accidental circumstances, "How very fortunate!" but faith lifts up the curtain and sees God's hand at work, and cries out, "It is of the Lord's mercies!"—Rev. B. Bouchier.

TEARS.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way.
"Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.—AARON HILL.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SAILOR.

BY E. BOLLING ROCKBRIDGE.

The sailor on the ocean wide,
Thinks little of his life;
He laughs to see the wind and tide
Engaged in endless strife.

He laughs in scorn to hear the roar
Of breakers all around;
And steers his ship from off the shore,
Whence comes the dismal sound.

Away he flies before the gale,
And singing as he goes;
His men he tells to trim the sail,
And snug the hatches close.

Brave man is he who thus can dare
The wrath of Neptune grim;
But naught thinks he of fright or care,
If his stout ship is trim.

'Tis calm at last—the sky serene
Looks down upon the ship;
It seems as though no storm has been
Disturbing its fair trip.

All things are close—the ropes are taut,
And jolly sing the crew
Their songs of war, as if they sought
To bring the storm anew.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE VENETIAN CINDERILLA.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

Two faces flashed out from the polished mirror, whose richly carved silver setting formed a meet framework for the charming tableaux portrayed therein. The one in the foreground, with liquid, bewildering Italian eyes, and clear, dark skin, through which the southern blood flushed on the rounded cheek with a crimson glory, as vivid as the sunset of her native sky. The lustrous raven hair wound in skilful coils around the stately head, secured by a golden arrow, thickly studded with sparkling gems and jewelled bands and massive ornaments of gold clasped here and there, heightening the charms of a swan-like neck and graceful arm, while the imperial form hardly deigned to be confined by the rich, ruby velvet bodice, whose heavy fringe of seed pearl betrayed the high rank and wealth of the youthful wearer. The other, a calm, pale face of snowy fairness, meek, hazel eyes with a serene light scarce hidden by the drooping, silken lashes, the faintest sea shell tinge upon the cheek, but the hue of the coral on the indescribably charming lips, and all enhanced by a luxurious

fall of soft, brown curls about the slender throat. It was simple beauty unadorned and uncared for, and the slight, willowy form was clothed plainly in a coarse gray garment, as forcibly bespeaking her humble position as the gorgeous apparel of the other proclaimed her lofty estate.

It was when charming, romantic Venice was in its glory, and Lady Bianca Cario was toasted at the imperial fêtes, as the most beautiful and peerless of all the high-born maidens in the famous, wave-washed city of the sea, while little Lucia Amborini was but her humble tire-woman, unknown and unhonored, although to be sure, if she had dared, she might have claimed a share of the noble blood Lady Bianca so haughtily asserted to equal that of princes, for her mother had been a Cario, discarded and denounced by the whole haughty family when she listened to the prayers of the plebeian painter, Amborini, and stole away from her gilded home to share his humble lodgings. Persecution and alienation from her old ties, had soon withered away the young wife's life, after her husband's sudden death, and she had come speedily to a premature grave, sending her only child, little Lucia, with an imploring appeal for mercy and protection to her brother, the father of Lady Bianca. The disgrace, however, had never been forgiven, and Lucia was only a servant in her uncle's house. Possibly she might have been more kindly cared for, had she possessed less of the Cario's vaunted beauty; but when one day a thoughtless visitor openly expressed his admiration, the seal was set to Lucia's fate, and the haughty Bianca exiled her thenceforward from all kindness and favor.

Nevertheless those dexterous fingers were kept busy in her employment from morning till night. Even then, they were busy arranging the glossy braids, and twining the jewelled bands, while Lady Bianca sat before the mirror watching the effect, directing an alteration here, and an addition there, till poor Lucia's slender wrists were aching with fatigue. When at last the capricious beauty was satisfied with the radiant vision in the mirror, she said, languidly:

"Get thee to the wardrobe, Lucia, and bring hither the mantle for my head. The air is soft and balmy, the last new veil will be warm enough, and will match right prettily with the jewels."

Speedily returned Lucia with the black lace mantilla, gemmed with stones and bordered with sparkling silver fringe, and Lady Bianca flung it coquettishly around her head, its ample network falling nearly to her feet. She smiled at its marvellous effect, half-shrouding, and yet height-

ening every regal charm, and murmured softly as Lucia retired to a distant window, "Will Grimani remain still cold and insensible? Nay, something tells me I shall conquer to-night. I shall have him at my feet. What else could he have meant by saying I should see the bride he had chosen? Truly it would be right gallant to lead me to that glorious old mirror in the ducal palace, and bend his graceful form amid the throng of suitors that follow wherever Bianca Cario moves."

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her father, a tall, stately man, in black velvet doublet, thickly embroidered with gold, with the diamond star shining on his breast, to show his patrician birth.

"Nay, Bianca, cara, but thou art lovelier than thine own lovely self. All Venice will be at thy feet to-night, my child."

She gave an answering, complacent smile, and drew away the crimson drapery from the window to gaze down into the wave-washed street. Her own gondola was lying moored below at the marble steps. Glancing up at the fading sunset sky, where star after star was faintly trembling into view, she said, impatiently:

"Methinks the bells of St. Mark are laggard. It should be near the hour of departure, by the sky. Ah, there they ring!" as suddenly the mellow chimes reverberated through the square. "Lucia, call Floria to attend the gondola, and do thou gather the scattered jewels to the casket, and arrange to-morrow's wardrobe, and be ready to disrobe me speedily when I return."

The entrance of a servant presenting a quaintly carved ivory box arrested her steps, and she sank back into her seat again. "It was left by a stranger page for my lady," said the woman.

The lid was raised speedily, disclosing at first only a small hand mirror, in a superb frame of massive silver leaves, studded thickly with emeralds. "A pretty fancy," said the fair patrician, handing it to her father, and lifting from its satin bed a choicely arranged bouquet of superb blossoms, among which lay coiled a serpent bracelet, the scintillating scales formed by diamonds and emeralds.

"A costly offering, by my troth," said her father, smiling at her glowing face. "From what gallant does it come, Bianca?"

"I fancy from Count Grimani. If not, then it can only be Carrafelli, the stranger who is astonishing Venice with his prodigality," replied she, in composed musical tones, while her throbbing heart was whispering, "It is Grimani surely, and the mirror shows the bride he promised I should see."

Antonio Grimani, sole heir to the vast wealth and fine palace of his princely family, and possessor of great personal attractions, as well as a character remarkable for its purity and integrity in those luxurious times, might well have won away a heart, even as proud and capricious as that of Lady Bianca Cario, but a far greater attraction had been for her the coldness and carelessness he had always evinced for the charms that had brought all other cavaliers of Venice in humble homage at her feet. This insensibility on his part, had piqued her into the determination to win his affection in spite of every obstacle. Believing that she had at last succeeded in this darling object, she called Lucia to fasten the bracelet on her wrist, and fairly radiant with conscious loveliness and triumph, leaned lightly on her father's arm, and with a joyfully throbbing heart, descended the marble steps to the gondola, which was swiftly borne along the grand canal, on its way to the great fete at the ducal palace, with anticipations of which all Venice had been astir for many weeks.

The dimness of evening crept in through the window Lady Bianca had left unshrouded, and after replacing the scattered jewels in their casket, humble little Lucia extinguished the flaming tapers and sat down there, where the cool breeze wantoned with her curls, gazing down sadly into the street beneath.

"Ah me," she sighed, as the water became astir with the grand barges speeding along to the ducal fete, "how fine it must be at the fete to-night! If I could have a single peep at the glories I have dreamed so much about, methinks I should be content. What a hard lot is mine, while Bianca, my own cousin, though she treats me as her servant, has every blessing showered upon her. How gloriously she looked, and what splendid jewels she wore! She will be the queen of the festive hall. Ah, how fine it must seem to her! What ails me to-night?" Here, the glossy curls received a significant shake. "What a foolish girl I am, to be sure. Was I not as happy when Antonio brought me that darling rosebud yeaster-eve, as she with her costly gifts? And would I change my handsome gondolier, poor and humble though he be, for the great Count Grimani, whom one can see is always in her thoughts when she is dressed for company? Nay, I am content with my lot, only I do so long to see one fete like this. The bright lights, and flowers, and music, and brilliant dresses, haunt me, and make my own poor robe and menial life seem weary and distasteful." And the tears came plashing over the delicate

cheek, but were as quickly replaced by a joyful smile, as a peculiar strain of vocal music came floating up to her, and gazing down below, she perceived a plain, dark gondola gliding up to the steps of the Cario mansion.

"It is Antonio, surely," she exclaimed, springing up, and wrapping her slight form in a dark gray mantle. "I thought he would be kept busy plying to and fro with the visitors at the fete." And away she fled down the staircase into the arched passage-way, whose grim lions carved on either side had often and often witnessed the meetings of this degenerate scion of the great Cario family with the obscure and humble gondolier. A graceful form sprang up from the oars and drew her fondly to his side.

"You see I am here, carissima—Lucia, my darling—light of my eyes. Come with me into the gondola. I have much to say to you, and no time to lose by the interruptions we might meet with here. She allowed him to lead her into the little luxuriously furnished room of the gondola, where a hanging silver lamp diffused a twilight radiance, and did not check him, as he dropped the velvet arras over the windows to screen them from all view without, but retreated bashfully when he folded his arms about her slender waist, and pressed his lips again and again to her snowy forehead.

"Nay, nay, Antonio, thou art over bold to-night—be quiet, and let me tell thee how glad I am to see thee this night of all others. Thou shalt be my confessor, and hear how ungrateful and repining I have been. Scarcely wilt thou believe a moment since I was lost in a flood of tears."

"In tears, Lucia—for what? Have they dared—"

A low, musical laugh checked him. "Nay, it was all my own foolishness. I do believe it was all because I could not dress finely, wear jewels, and go to the great fete to-night. Now confess thy Lucia the most ridiculous maiden in Venice."

"Nay," replied Antonio, smiling proudly at the pretty roguish face upturned to his; "why not wish to grace the great assembly? There'll not be a fairer face, my Lucia, there to-night."

"O, Antonio, if thou couldst have seen Lady Bianca, thou wouldst say no more in praise of Lucia's poor, pale face."

"Ah, Lucia, Lucia, thou hast done sorry work for poor Antonio. I had well nigh forgotten the tidings I came to bring. If thou wilt, thou canst go to the fete to-night, and hold thy little head as high as the proudest there. Listen to the marvellous tidings, Lucia. Thou knowest

Count Grimani, the most worthy and illustrious, they say, of Venice's patrician youths. O, Lucia, where did he spy my flower? He has seen thee, loved thee, and applied to the doge for permission to make thee his bride, and as thy mother's birth doth not infringe the law, the doge has consented. Jewels, and fetes, and broidered robes, will be thine now, Lucia, and poor Antonio will be forgotten. But if thou art happy, he will try and keep his heart from breaking with the thought of thy prosperity. He loves thee all too well to hold thee back from such a splendid fate."

He hid his gloomy face in his hands, but she was shaking her fair head in gleeful scorn.

"Dost thou think Carnival is here, that I shall credit thy wild story? Poor little Lucia Amborini, the humble tire-woman, will be fortunate to exchange her present lot for the cheerful home of a lowly gondolier. Because she is silly enough to talk about the great fete, wilt thou cheat her into believing the great count, whom Lady Bianca can scarcely win to her feet, is ready to take her to his palace? Shame on thee, Antonio, to jest thus with me."

The young man lifted his bowed head, and raising his hand upward, said solemnly: "It is no jest, Lucia. I swear by the eternal stars I have told you nothing but the truth."

Instantly the pretty glow of indignation faded from her face, and amazement and perplexity struggled with a nameless feeling of terror. These were lost in a sudden, radiant light that glowed around her, like the great painter's seraphs in St. Marks, and bending towards him, she said, thrillingly:

"And dost thou doubt thy Lucia's answer, supposing this marvellous thing should chance? It is thou, Antonio, that hast my heart, only thou who canst have my hand."

The young gondolier kissed the soft hand reverentially, but answered gravely: "Thou art an angel of truth and purity, sweet one, but thou must weigh the matter seriously. The count bears a stainless reputation. He would give thee every earthly luxury and enjoyment, and the humble gondolier could offer little but his love, to soothe the care and hardship of the lot that would surely madden the heart wherein thy mother's patrician blood is already clamoring for loftier things. The very life thou hast been craving to-night, is within thy grasp. Thou shalt not put it by for poor Antonio."

"Hear me," said the maiden, slowly and impressively. "It is thou, Antonio, who makes the light of Lucia's life. The damp churchyard vault by thy side were more welcome to me, than a palace of my own where thou couldst

not come. If this wild tale be true, take me, I implore thee, where no count or ducal messenger can reach me. Let me go with thee to the altar this very hour—only forget that it was I who proposed the unmaidenly request."

A rapturous flood of words broke from the young man's lips. He caught the light form in his arms, and covered lip, cheek and brow with passionate kisses. "Sweetest Lucia, purest pearl of the Adriatic, I accept the sacrifice—thou shalt indeed be mine. So in, my love, and speedily I will send a gondola to bear us to our bridal. Fear not to obey the directions of whoever brings this ring to thee." And he held towards her a twisted hoop, with a single glittering opal for the serpent's eye.

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Confused and bewildered, Lucia suffered him to lead her again to the doorway of the Cario palace, and scarcely heeding his joyous adieu, stood dreamily watching the gondola, till it shot away from view. Then she ascended the stairs to her own little room, like one in a deep trance. Mechanically she gathered together her scanty wardrobe, sighing at first, and then smiling, to find no garment suitable for a bride. The coarse gray dress she wore was her very best. All she could do was to smooth out her tumbled curls, and fasten them with the single white bud Antonio had given her the night before. A cautious step startled her, and she trembled nervously, as a strange female, with a large package in her arms, came stealthily to her side.

"I have brought the lady's bridal garments," whispered the woman, beginning to unfold her articles, and lengthen them one by one upon the little couch.

"How thoughtful in Antonio," murmured Lucia, starting back in terror, however, as she caught a glimpse of the rich velvet and fairy-like lace, and saw the flashing light of diamond ornaments shining out from the tiny cases. "Nay, nay," cried she, faintly, as the stranger smoothed out a pearl-fringed patrician mantle, before adding it to the glittering trosseau. "There is some strange mistake—these beautiful garments are not for me."

"The gondolier bade me show you this, and tell you to have no fear, but question no one till you met with him." And she held up to the maiden's bewildered gaze the opal ring, and Lucia was silenced. Not a word more escaped her, while she suffered herself to be robed in the costly garments—not even when finally a pearl-embroidered bridal veil, fit for a princess's royal head, was thrown around her slender form.

Once, catching a glimpse in a mirror, of a white-robed, resplendent figure, glittering with

costly jewels from soft brown tresses, to fairy, satin-slipped foot, she passed her hand across her eyes, asking herself what weird spirit had taken possession of her—if it were possible it could be poor Lucia Amborini, the down-trodden, harshly-chidden tire-woman of Lady Bianca Cario, she saw before her. All that had gone before had been so strange, she did not pause to wonder her progress was not molested by the troop of servants waiting in the passage-way to catch a glimpse of her. Only when she entered the carpeted, flower-wreathed gondola, and Antonio sprang to meet her, did speech return. Clinging wildly to his hand, she pointed from her own pearl fringed, patrician mantle, to the diamond star of nobility glittering on his embroidered doublet, and gasped faintly, "What does it mean, Antonio? Hast thou a magician's wand, or is there a glamour fallen upon my sight?"

His face was radiant with joyful pride and tenderest love, and drawing the beautiful vision fondly to his side, he said, gently: "Wilt thou not trust me a little longer, sweet one—my life—my bride? Thou seest of a verity it is thine own Antonio. Dost thou care to know more now?"

"Nay, nay, I can trust thee, Antonio, whatever betide. I will not be frightened, even though I find myself at the great fete, whilst thou art there with me," whispered she, reassured by her earnest glance into that honest, ingenuous face. "Whatever thou art, thou canst never be more to me than thou hast been. If thy station be higher than I believed it, thou wilt know that Lucia's love was gained by the humble gondolier, and not by rank or show."

Meantime, amid the gorgeous scenes of the great fete at the palace, followed by a murmur of applause and approbation wherever she passed, Lady Bianca Cario moved restlessly through the gay assembly, leaning on the arm of Count Carrafelli, who seemed more desperately enamored than ever before. But Bianca's eyes wandered here and there throughout the crowd, searching for the graceful figure, whose non-appearance had already caused many curious inquiries. The duke, likewise, was missing, and when at last he was discovered ascending the steps to the ducal chair, all whispered conversation and merry laughter ceased, and a lull of expectancy followed. The doge waved his hand, and the soft strains of music died away. Then, with a merry gleam in his mild, gray eyes, he said:

"Pardon, kind friends, and noble Venetians

all, for calling your attention, but I trust not to mar the evening's festivities by informing you of a surprise in store for you, and relating a little romance that has occurred in our midst, the happy conclusion of which you shall all witness. Not long since, the esteemed sire of one of our noblest patrician youths was chiding him in my presence for his insensibility to the charms of our far-famed Venetian maidens, and lamenting the loneliness of a home which a fair young bride would make so joyous. I, too, joined my urgent entreaties, that he would allow me to give him a bridal fete, but our hero shook his head despondently, assuring us that the only maiden who could claim his heart, would be interdicted by us both, not for lack of beauty or virtue, but for the humble position she had hitherto occupied. In alarm we both exclaimed that we trusted he had not forgotten the marriage laws established by the council for the patricians of immortal Venice. Nay, replied he, this stranger was not alone the fairest and purest maiden in our vaunted city, but she escaped the law as a plebeian, sinceq her lawfully wedded mother had been of the highest patrician blood. It only needed my own and his father's consent, to make his union with her legal and honorable. The lover's description of so pure and rare a pearl, unknown in our very midst, aroused my curiosity, and his earnestness moved me to declare, if he could prove her all he had portrayed, as Doge of Venice, I would authorize and command the nuptials. He had informed us that the maiden only knew and loved him as an humble gondolier, and he was well assured no art or tempting bribe could win her from him. That, said I, shall be the test. Take me where I can be unseen, but hear the girl's decision plainly, and convince her that another—your own, true, titled self, of whose fame and reputation she has doubtless heard—has become enamored of her, and seeks her for his bride, and if she refuses the brilliant offer, to keep faithfully her vow to one whom she believes only an humble oarsman, I will confess her the pearl of our city, and give her a bridal worthy of a princess. Not an hour since, my friends, concealed behind the arras of his gondola, I heard the tempting offer of a palace and diadem put scornfully aside for an honest heart and lowly lot. Therefore you will see I have lost my wager, he has gained his bride, and this goodly company will grace the nuptials."

He waved his hand authoritatively as he spoke, toward the shrouded doorway of an antechamber leading to the grand staircase of the hall, and at a signal from an usher waiting there, the richly carved doors unclosed as if by magic,

and with a low, sweet refrain of music, came a troop of white-robed girls, scattering wreaths of fragrant flowers before the pathway of the advancing couple. Count Grimani's tall form was tenderly supporting a slight, airy figure that clung trembling and bewildered to his arm, the sweet face alternately flushing with timid joy, and paling with awe and excitement. In the rear followed the priestly train. Onward passed the group through the watchful crowd to the steps of the ducal chair, and there the solemn ceremony was performed.

Astonishment and excitement kindled every eye in the vast, magnificent hall, but Lady Bianca Cario's brilliant cheek grew suddenly white as the camellia nestling amid the costly lace and jewelled bands across her fiercely-throbbing heart. Never once were her wild, glittering eyes removed from the bridegroom's radiant face, till the doge descended to greet the new-made Countess Grimani. Then she bent forward to see the face disclosed to view, when the floating veil was for the moment brushed aside by the snowy arm, encircled by diamond coils that far outshone the glittering serpent humble Lucia had clasped for her so brief a space of time before. What was there in those pure, pale features and dove-like eyes to bring such a gleam of wicked hate to the haughty brow of Lady Bianca Cario? Wherefore did she clench her jewelled hands so madly, muttering:

"Lucia—by all the saints, it is Lucia Amborini that has outwitted me. Mine own menial, whom I left to arrange my scattered wardrobe, is now the Countess Grimani!"

Suddenly becoming aware of Count Carrafelli's scrutinizing glance, the proud girl with a mighty effort called back her usual air of stately grace and began carelessly a light conversation with him. No further emotion could his watchful eye detect, till Count Grimani, with his fairy, charming bride, came smiling towards them. Then the blanched lips were closely compressed, and one hand pressed hard against her breast, as if to crush down some sudden pang, and with a haughty bow, she turned abruptly away, and seeking her father's side, begged to return home.

Not many weeks after, Count Carrafelli bore away from Venice to his foreign villa, a pale, haughty, chillingly beautiful bride—for Lady Bianca sternly refused to remain longer in Venice, where she had reigned so long, to see the whole city offering the ardent homage that had been hers, at the shrine of one they styled in their romantic language, "The Pure Pearl of the Adriatic,"—the fair and happy wife of Count Grimani, the old time humble Lucia Amborini.

[ORIGINAL.]

SISTER MILLY.

BY LUCILLE MORSE.

She is gone, she is gone, like the golden beam
Of the sunlight's glance, or lightning gleam;
She is gone, she is gone, like the fragile flower
That the wind shakes out of the hawthorn bower.

Lay her, lay her gently down,
Smooth the hair of golden brown;
Close, O, close the mournful eyes,
Clear and blue as summer skies!
Fold the tiny hands o'er her breast,
Her heart has broke, now let her rest.
They brought her home in a wintry night,
In a coffin lying, all still and white,
And placed her at our cottage door.
Then weep, weep, weep;
O, the cruel death-sleep!
Milly, shall we see thee nevermore?

She is lying now in my country home;
And wild winds round her loving roam,
When summer days are long and yellow,
And moony nights are soft and mellow.
In the little graveyard small,
By the gray church rising tall,
There we laid our Milly low,
And round her wept in wildest woe.
Milly, O Milly, the old home is sad,
We miss thy voice and footsteps glad!
They say she died with her young heart broken—
Strangers caught the last word spoken,
As they stood around her dying bed.
O anguish, stinging hot,
Rain out tears upon the spot—
Upon the cold turf o'er her head!

She is gone, she is gone, like a silvery glow
From dark wild waters murmuring low;
She is gone, she is gone, like a bird from a bower,
That sang her lone song and died in an hour.
Lowly, lowly now she lies,
Waving grass above her sighs.
Our eyes with grief are running o'er,
For Milly darling gone before;
And are watching through our blinding tears,
To meet her after rolling years.
Sigh for her, sapphry, in the starry hour,
Saying she's gone like the anemone flower
That we wooed in the green light dell:
Whisper gone, gone, gone!
Like a violet from the lawn,
Our Milly drooped and fell.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DARK HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

My father lived and died in one of the interior counties of Virginia. When summoned to his death-bed, I was in the city of Philadelphia, where I had been staying nearly a year, engaged in the study of medicine. I reached home only an hour or two before he breathed his last.

For a time, this unexpected blow utterly overwhelmed me; but I was soon compelled to resume myself, and give my attention to various matters of business, which imperiously demanded it. I was anxious too to get back to Philadelphia, for it was now near the middle of October, and the regular course of medical lectures commenced the first of November.

My mother had long been dead, and I was my father's only offspring, and, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, the sole legatee of his property. I had been quite familiar with his affairs, but there was one piece of property which I was a good deal surprised to find myself the owner of. It was a place which had long been known as the "Dark House;" so called, not because the house was really dark of itself, but because it was so buried in the shade of huge forest trees that the sun rarely reached it. There was a lawn of many acres attached to the house, but it had been left, for many years, in a state of nature, and looked as wild as the forest surrounding it.

The Dark House was a strange, rambling, old-fashioned structure, almost coeval with the first settlement of the country. It was certainly more than one hundred and fifty years old, but it was a stone house, very substantially built, and was still in a very good state of preservation.

It was built by an Italian, who was believed to have fled from his country in company with a nun, whom he afterwards married, though he had at the time a wife living in Italy. The story was that the deserted wife spent years in tracking the fugitives, whom she at last traced to this house, in the wilds of America, where she stabbed the ex-nun with her own hand, giving her five or six mortal wounds. What became of her and the faithless husband afterwards, is not known.

How much of this story is true I am unable to say. That it is at least "founded on facts," there can be no doubt. The house passed through many hands, and at length "got into chancery," or at all events became a matter of litigation, and lay uninhabited, or at least unimproved, for many years. Immediately after emerging from this eclipse, it came into the hands of my father, who took it to secure a doubtful debt, only two weeks before his death.

With such a history, the Dark House could not be otherwise than a haunted house. The murdered nun walked there, as a matter of course. The ghost stories, however, were chiefly confined to the negroes, who have a peculiar faculty for seeing apparitions everywhere; and even they, of late years, had almost ceased to trouble themselves about the nun and her vagaries. Such, at all events, was my belief, until the

following incident revealed to me the fact that there was at least one exception to the general rule.

Having finished my business, I made arrangements for returning to Philadelphia, the last week in October, having advertised the Dark House for rent, and committed the care of it to my cousin, John Ruthven, a young lawyer, who was my grand vizier and financial factotum.

The evening before I left, I rode over to the Dark House and examined it. As I had been informed, I found it in a very fair state of preservation. There were some repairs needed, but the most of them I intended to defer till my return to the neighborhood the following spring.

My design was to rent the place for one year, and then to put it in thorough repair and sell it. I had little doubt of being able to do this, on advantageous terms, for the situation was a healthy one, easy of access, and, for a person desirous of rural seclusion, a most eligible locality.

As I was about to mount my horse to return home, a shining black face made its appearance from among the bushes, the owner of which advanced and accosted me, with a ludicrous assumption of mystery mingled with importance.

"Marster, marster! please procrastinate a few minutes, sar. I has got somethin' very consequential to depart to you."

"Well, what is it, Uncle Nap?"

Uncle Nap looked round, as if to make sure that no one was listening, came close to me, and delivered "into the porches of mine ear," in an emphatic whisper, the following words:

"Sell it—immediately, or sooner, ef you can, for anything you can get!"

"Is it the house you are talking about?"

"Yes, marster."

"And why should I sell it in such a hurry?"

"'Cause it's haunted, mos' promiscuously—chock full o' ghosts, from de suller to de garret; on de ground and under it."

"And what harm will the ghosts do?"

"Shoh, marster, you knows very well dat libe people don't affectionate a house when dead people's done been dar and peroccupied it afore 'em. Ef folks knowed what I know about de place, dey woudn't hab it at no price."

"And what do you know, Uncle Nap?"

"Well, marster, I'll tell you. Dar's been quare things seed dar ever so long ago—'from time to memorial,' as ole marse use to say. My ole dead and gone daddy, what went wid ole marse's pa and your grandpa to de Rebolution, he done seed de ghoes' ob dat ar nun, as dey calls her, more'n wanter. Dey calls her zone, but she's some, I tell you. Daddy used to say how dat she was 'nough to scare anybody onten deir seban

senses, eben ef she'd been alive; she done looked so quare and dressed so fantastically."

"Did he ever see anything else?"

"O, yes, marster, he done seed a heap o' things. He seed a man widout no head on his shoulders, ridin', tail-foremost, on a brimstone-colored mule, and comin' t'rough dat very gate. Daddy was born in Guinea, and born wid a caul over his face, too; so he could see ebery sort o' sperit and hobgobbler, when other people couldn't see nothing."

"And did his mantle fall on you?"

"De mantel? No, marster, dat done fell on de ole ooman—yah, yah, yah! All de jamb on one side done fell down, and jist bar'ly skint de ole ooman's nose, and broke her pipe; but it didn't do no more damage. I soon fixed it up."

"Have you seen any ghosts here yourself?"

"Well, marster, doy's been tol'bly quiet now, for a good long time, ontel dis year or two back, and 'specially dis year. Wunst, a long time ago, I did see a big black dog, as big as a yearlin' calf, with somethin' like a baby on its back, and when it got to de garden pales, dar, it turned into a great big baboon, and den it done jumped de fence, and varnished."

"And what?"

"Varnished—became visible, you know, all of a sudden, and no longer imperceptible. And we used to hear awful noises, too, when de house was all shet up; and chains a rattlin', and turrible groans and screeches. But dat was all years and years ago. Dar haint been much talk about de ole place for a long time, tell here lately, and dat's de reason why I says git shet of it as expositiously as possible. Dar is ghosts dar now, you may rest insured of it; but nobody haint noticed it yet, 'ceptin' 'tis me and de ole woman; it's mighty easy to keep our mouths shet."

"How?"

"Well, marster, by givin' of us six or eight shillin' to buy padlocks wid—yah, yah!"

"What makes you think ghosts are there now?"

"'Cause I done seed 'em, and heard 'em too. Dar's ghosts and witches bose. I's seed de nun twice-t, trough dat winder; and I's heerd de same ole noisee agin. De house is all tight shet up, but, nebburdelest, my ole ooman and me has bose of us done seed lights dar, seberal times, and more too. We kin see 'em from our cabin, wid parfec' distinction. And wunst in de day time—las' Sa'day it was—I was carryin' a basket of eggs to de store, and it was pretty heavy, so I done set down on dat bank, dar; and arter a while I done heard somebody a cryin', as plain as could be, sway down in de subgeraniums of de yearth."

"And what then?"

"Den I 'vaporated, quicker. It was a witch dar, sartain, and she mought a turned me into a baboon, like de dog."

"Well, the witch that does that wont have much of a job—it's half done already. But never mind that; here's a dollar to buy a padlock for your tongue, and another for the old woman; and if the lock holds well, I'll be willing to make it five dollars."

"Thankee, marster. I's got one thing more to tell you. My ole ooman thinks all de trouble comes from de halifax."

"The what?"

"De halifax—de halifax in de territory."

"Your brains are wool-gathering, as well as your head, Uncle Nap. Halifax is in Nova Scotia, in British America."

"No, no, marster; that ar house, you see, was built in ole times—long ago, afore dey fit de Rebolution—by some Eyetalum people, from some o' them sea-ports t'other side o' New York. Dey done built de territory and put de halifax into it; and dey used to say deir prars to it."

"O, yes, I take you now, Uncle Nap. I didn't understand, at first, because, you see, instead of halifax and territory, ignorant people are apt to say crucifix and oratory. It is not every one who has had the advantages you have."

"No, marster. I done got my 'vantages from ole marse and ole mistiss; and dat's what makes me so correc' in my orthomology. I aint 'sponsible for ignorant people's *fox paws*. But my ole ooman, you see, she's ob de 'pinion dat ef de halifax was tuck away, de ghoses wouldn't come back no more; 'cause you see it is the murdered nun comin' to say her prars to de halifax what makes all de furse."

"Well, well, Uncle Nap, keep the padlocks all right, and I'll attend to the rest of it. Good-by."

"Good-by, marster."

I had been told that there was an oratory and a crucifix in the house, but I had not seen anything of the kind. I saw them afterwards, however. It was a bronze crucifix, fastened permanently to the wall, in a niche, made for the purpose. The little oratory in which it was placed was connected with the largest of the bed-chambers.

I did not remove the crucifix, nor did I sell off at a sacrifice, for fear of ghosts; believing that the influence of the one was likely to prove as apocryphal as that of the other. I did mean to sell the place, but not until it had been put into a thorough state of repair; and as I wished to superintend the repairs in person, the job would have to be postponed till the next year.

It was not long before I had occasion to modify my opinion upon these matters, and to come to the conclusion that Uncle Nap was a better judge of ghosts; and perhaps of human nature also, than I was.

After my return to Philadelphia, I received several successive letters from Ruthven, the object of which was to inform me that he found it impossible to rent the Dark House, since everybody had got the idea that it was haunted, and its reputation in this respect was growing worse every day. At first, I regarded this merely as a temporary difficulty, originating with Uncle Nap and his wife, who had neglected to keep the padlocks fast—mere negro gossip, in fact, which would not be likely to influence any respectable person so far as to excite actual prejudice against the place.

But when letter after letter arrived, reiterating the statement, and assuring me that the house had become notorious for twenty miles round, and that nobody could be prevailed upon to go near it after nightfall, I began seriously to fear that the ancient dwelling would turn out to be a bad bargain.

At last, I instructed Ruthven to offer the place, for one year, gratis, to any one who would occupy it. This, I thought, would surely induce somebody to brave the ghosts, and eventually prove the baselessness and utter ridiculousness of the popular idea.

But even this apparently tempting bait did not procure for us so much as a single nibble. Uncle Nap was right, "nobody wouldn't have it at no price."

A little before Christmas, I received a letter from Ruthven, from which I take the following:

"As I have already told you, I would, ere this, have put in execution a certain plan which I have been contemplating, if it had not been for my continued ill health. I am now getting better, but I am still quite feeble, and obliged to be careful of myself.

"In the meantime, however, a volunteer has come forward, from whose deeds of daring I have great hopes. It is no less a person than Jack Raudy. In consideration of a fat turkey for Christmas, he has undertaken to remain all night in the Dark House, and in the haunted chamber, *par excellence*, which, you know, is that to which the oratory is attached.

"You know Jack. He is a perfect dare-devil, fears nothing on earth—or anywhere else, I am afraid—and is the only person in all this region who could be induced to do such a thing, for love or money either. He seems to have tried very hard to get a companion, but without suc-

cess. The fact is, I don't believe there is a single individual, acquainted with the circumstances, who could be hired to stay with him for one hundred dollars.

"Jack has fixed upon Christmas evening for the performance of the exploit. I am sanguine in the belief that the result will be to give the *coup de grace* to this disagreeable and disgraceful piece of foolery. I will write on Christmas day, and let you know all about it."

With some anxiety, and a great deal of curiosity, I waited for Ruthven's next communication. It came in due time, and the result of Jack Raudy's vigil was thus described :

"Nothing that has happened for the last twenty years, has so excited the public mind here as this undertaking of Jack Raudy's. Everybody had heard about the haunted house, and everybody knew that Jack was going to attempt to exorcise the ghosts, on Christmas eve. There were, I should think, as many as fifty people in the Dark House, between dark and bed-time, that night. They all took good care to leave it, however, before the ghostly hours drew near.

"I had finally come to the conclusion to keep Jack company myself that night; but I had unfortunately renewed my cold the day before, and I had such a severe cough that my wife positively forbade the thing; and, as a dutiful and obedient husband, I had no choice but to submit. As things have turned out, I really do not know whether to be glad or sorry that I stayed away.

"Well, about 11 o'clock, all hands decamped, and left Jack in the 'territorial' bed-chamber, in full view of the 'territory' itself, and the 'halifax' also. He was well supplied with fire and fire-arms, cutlasses and cuts of ham, sabres, sardines and sandwiches—all means and appliances, in fact, at all likely to be useful in such an emergency, either for the fortification of the inner or outer man. He was in the very best of spirits, and we could hear him singing gaily until we had passed beyond the reach of his voice.

"I slept very little that night, and I was at the Dark House the next morning very soon after daylight. All was quiet, and precisely as we had left it the night before. The doors were all shut and locked. Jack must be asleep, thought I. I called out loudly, but received no answer. I rattled and pounded at the doors and windows, but all was still, and silent as the grave.

"It is very strange, I thought. He surely could not sleep through all that racket. He must still be in the house, though, for all the doors and windows were fast, and all on the inside. With a good deal of trouble, I opened one of the window-shutters, and climbed in.

"I soon reached the foot of the stair-case, and called out again, as loud as I was able. My voice echoed through the empty rooms, but echo was the only reply. Beginning to feel nervous, I ran swiftly up the stairs, and into the haunted chamber. Jack was not there.

"Greatly excited, I ran from room to room, till I had searched every hole and corner of the house, from the cellar to the garret. Jack was nowhere to be found; nor has he been seen from that day to this!

"Everything was found precisely as it had been left the night before, except that some of the refreshments had been consumed. Every window and door had been carefully secured on the inside, and so I found them. Everything was there but Jack.

"Though it cannot be said that the loss of a man like Raudy is a great misfortune to the community, yet the manner of his disappearance is as annoying as it is melancholy and mysterious. The property, too, must be still further depreciated by the circumstance. In fact, it has become an object of terror to half the people of Virginia."

A few weeks afterwards, I received another letter from Ruthven, in which he wrote :

"Not a ray of light has been thrown upon the mystery of poor Raudy's disappearance. A thousand ridiculous rumors have been propagated, but the whole affair remains as dark as ever.

"Like all other problems, however, this must have a solution; and I am determined to discover it, if I can. My health is now pretty good, and to-morrow night (*Deo volente*) I am resolved to spend in the Dark House. I shall be thoroughly armed and ceaselessly vigilant, and if the ghosts carry me off, it shall not be for want of kicking, I assure you."

If I had had time I should certainly have attempted to veto this adventure; but the appointed night had come and gone before I received the letter, and it was therefore too late to interfere. I awaited the result with extreme anxiety. John Ruthven was a most worthy fellow, and the dearest friend I had in the world.

I had to wait for a letter nearly a week longer than I should have done, and I have seldom felt more gratified than I did when I again beheld his well-known chirography. Of his vigil in the Dark House, he wrote as follows :

"I have spent a night in the haunted chamber. If it could possibly serve any good purpose to tell you what I saw there, I would do it. But it certainly could do no good, and might do harm. Suffice it to say that I was wholly unsuccessful, and that I am now hopeless of penetrating the mystery, which, on your account, I

so deeply regret. As a favor, I beg of you not to question me further on the subject."

This letter capped the climax of my astonishment. If the ghosts had conquered John Ruthven, they must indeed be formidable. Of all the men I knew, he was perhaps the least likely to be influenced by anything like superstitious fear.

The lectures would now soon be over, and it was well that it was so, for this strange affair made such an impression upon my mind, that my graduation and my degree became altogether secondary considerations.

At last, the first week in March had come, and gone, the ordeal was over, and I was licensed to tamper with the lives of my fellow-creatures, *secundum artem*. With my "sheepskin" in my pocket, I hied me to the "Old Dominion;" but my thoughts were not of my M. D., nor yet of the ancient commonwealth; they were absorbed by that tantalizing Dark House mystery.

For the trifling pecuniary loss involved in the affair, I cared as little as any man. It was the utter inexplicability of the thing—the melancholy disappearance of Raudy, and the extraordinary effect produced upon Ruthven, that moved me so deeply, and made me so anxious to get home.

When I reached my journey's end, I found that the excitement on this subject had by no means died away. Every one had something to say to the owner of the Dark House, and Uncle Nap probably avoided an apoplexy by getting an opportunity to relieve himself of the "I told you so!" with which he was almost bursting.

To pluck out the heart of this mystery, now became the one end, and aim, and object of my existence. All my energies were directed to this single point. If I had needed any additional spur to urge me forward, I would have found it in the melancholy condition of John Ruthven. That memorable night's adventure, whatever it was, had produced a most unfortunate effect upon a vivid imagination and highly nervous temperament, rendered doubly excitable by ill health. He was reduced to a mere skeleton, and I verily believed he was brooding over some scene of nameless horror, which, though probably existing only in his own imagination, might be marked by consequences which would send him to his grave.

I could never induce him to tell me what he had seen. He said that he would tell me if I would promise on my honor not to attempt to spend a night in the house myself. But this I could not do. I was fully convinced that nothing but a personal investigation would avail anything, and I was resolved to take up my abode in the haunted chamber for a week, if necessary.

There were a few young men of my acquaintance who would have borne me company if I had asked it, but I was determined to bear all the responsibility, and to take the consequences, alone. No one had any idea of what I was about to do except one servant, whose discretion I knew I could depend upon. Ruthven believed that I had gone to Richmond.

I established myself in the haunted chamber, with everything necessary for comfort; a bed, among other things. Both the chamber and the adjoining oratory were brilliantly lighted, and I meant to keep the lamps burning all night. Everything being prepared, I dismissed the servant, with the determination to remain where I was every night, till the problem was solved, or a solution proved to be impossible.

With the aid of an amusing book, I managed to pass the time agreeably enough till bed time, when I "turned in," as if at home, only, however removing my coat and vest. Though comparatively tranquil, I felt no disposition to sleep. I was sufficiently excited to render my most earnest wooings of the drowsy god nugatory.

Twelve o'clock struck, then one, then two; and still all was quiet. Tired of lying, I rose, and read till three; then went to bed again. Some time elapsed, and I think I began to doze a little. Of that, however, I am not certain. What is certain, is, that I suddenly became conscious of a slight rustling sound in the oratory, a portion of which was visible from the bed.

I started up, and there was the ghost—a tall figure in a nun's dress—kneeling at the *prie-Dieu*, in front of the crucifix! The face was turned rather towards me, but it was concealed by the monastic veil which she wore.

The oratory could be entered by another door, which communicated with a back staircase, but this door had been carefully locked, and the key was in my pocket.

Though I could see the figure distinctly, I wished to get a nearer view, and walked softly to the door of the oratory. I was then within a few feet of the nun, and the lights were still burning brightly.

As if she had heard my approaching footsteps, she raised her head, threw back her veil, and fixed her eyes steadily upon me.

I had believed myself prepared for anything, but I had reckoned only upon such horrors as I had read of or imagined—not upon such as now met my eye. The face was that of a corpse, except the eyes, which were such as I had never seen before. I could almost believe them to be coals of living fire. Below the livid features was a great gaping wound, raw and bloody, as

if made but a minute before. The throat was cut, from ear to ear!

I recoiled involuntarily. I felt sick and faint. I turned away; but it was only for a second or two, and when I looked again there was another figure standing beside the nun. It was enveloped in a white, shroud-like drapery; but the shroud covered it imperfectly, and could not hide the horrid spectacle of a body which had lain many months in the grave. The crawling worm even was visible, rioting in the putrid flesh, and the bones glistened, white and bare, where the mouldering muscles had dropped away, till I fancied I could hear the skeleton joints rattling, as the figure swayed to and fro. The face alone, with its mournful eyes, bore any resemblance to that of living humanity, and it was the face of the lost *Jack Raudy*!

At this terrible sight, the fortitude which I had believed to be invincible, gave way utterly, my head swam, my knees tottered, and I fell fainting to the floor.

How long my swoon lasted, I am unable to say; but when my senses returned, the awful apparitions were no longer visible. I did not feel afraid, but I was out of sorts, sleepy, and uncomfortable. I rose from the floor, tottered to the bed, threw myself upon it, and in a minute or two was fast asleep. When I awoke again, the sun had risen, two hours or more.

The morning sun usually dissipates the fogs of superstition which may have enveloped us during the night. In this case, however, it brought me but little relief. I felt not only baffled and bewildered, but ashamed of myself, disappointed, and intensely dissatisfied. I had not, however, the most remote idea of abandoning the enterprise. I was determined to be there the next night, and as many more as might be necessary for the accomplishment of my object.

Immediately after rising, I spent several hours in making a thorough examination of the house. I found everything exactly as it had been left the night before. Not a bolt, nor bar, nor article of furniture, was disturbed—nothing was there to show that the premises had been invaded by aught either of earthly or unearthly mould.

Having completed my examination of the inside of the house, I made a similar inspection of the outside; but I saw nothing unusual, or at all worthy of notice.

About twelve o'clock, being somewhat fatigued, I threw myself down upon a sunny bank, where the grass was beginning to grow luxuriantly, and a bunch of early violets to bloom. Suddenly I remembered that this was the spot where Uncle Nap professed to have heard the weeping. Half

involuntarily, I put my ear to the ground, and heard—not the sound of weeping, but a noise, nevertheless, and a curious one.

It was a regular, continuous clattering, more like the noise of some sort of machinery, I thought, than anything else. It pleased me to hear it. I was glad to get hold of something earthly and substantial, among so much that was apparently unearthly and unsubstantial; and though this thing was unaccountable enough, no one could deny its earthly origin.

But what was it? Whence did it originate? The spot where I heard it must have been sixteen or eighteen feet from the wall of the house, and consequently from the nearest point of the cellar; and it was hard to believe that there could be a cavern there. The noise was audible only when my ear was in contact with the earth, and then but faint, though quite distinct.

I had been listening to it ten minutes, perhaps, when I suddenly recognized another sound, which seemed to issue from a spot just below my ear. This was somebody crying, beyond all doubt, either a woman or a child.

Having assured myself of this, and ascertained, by a cautious examination, that there was certainly a hollow place beneath the bank, I started off for the neighboring village, where I procured six negroes, with picks, spades, and shovels, brought them to the spot, and set them to digging, immediately over the noise.

Seating myself near the trunk of a very large oak tree, I looked on, and encouraged the men in their work. Before I had been there five minutes, some heavy object fell upon me, as if from the clouds, and rolled me over upon the grass. It was a man. Before I could gather myself up, I saw two more of them come tumbling out of the tree top, like a pair of gigantic acorns—neither of them, fortunately, lighting upon me. All three of them took to their heels, with surprising quickness; but not before I had time to make the discovery that one of them was my late ghostly visitant, *Jack Raudy*!

The whole thing was over in an instant, and the men were all out of sight before any one was in a condition to start in pursuit. Seeing that they were beyond our reach, I next looked up to see whence this human avalanche could have issued; and there, above my head, encircled by a halo of green leaves, I saw the most beautiful face upon which my eyes had ever rested.

It was a lovely girl, in the first blush of young womanhood, with eyes and hair darker than midnight, and thus wondrously beautiful in spite of eyes red with weeping and features distorted

with terror. I spoke to her, soothingly ; but, in a few words of broken English, she gave me to understand that she was ignorant of the language. I then addressed her in French. She spoke in reply, but not fluently. I then tried Italian, and a gleam of joy illuminated her angelic face, as she poured forth, in the melodious liquids of her native tongue, a passionate prayer for mercy and forgiveness.

To believe such a heavenly-looking creature criminal, even on good evidence, would have been a very hard task. I bade her not to distress herself, and told her that I would get a ladder and release her from her perch ; but she almost immediately produced a rope-ladder, with the assistance of which she speedily and nimbly descended. How she ever got up there was another mystery, and in addition to those by which I was already so unmercifully bewitched and bewildered. A few words will now suffice to explain it, as well as the others. I do not think it necessary to enter into the details of the explanation, many of which will suggest themselves to the reader, without any prompting on my part.

This beautiful girl, like the men who preceded her, had climbed up from the ground, by means of a ladder on the inside of the great tree, which was hollow, and used as an outlet to a subterranean workshop, communicating with the cellar of the Dark House. She was an orphan niece (wife's sister's child) of a certain Giovanni Bartolo, who professed to be a lineal descendant of the builder of the Dark House, and had set up a ridiculous claim to its ownership. He, and a gang of counterfeiters of whom he was the leader, had been the sole inhabitants of the old place for many years, taking advantage of the reputation which it had had as a haunted house from time immemorial.

By the representations of this man, the poor girl, Anna Martini, had been decoyed from her home and friends in Italy, and made to believe that he was bringing her to live with a widowed sister of her deceased mother, whom she dearly loved. But instead of doing so, he had brought her to this house, and, by threats and imprisonment, and the most diabolical ill-treatment, forced her to become his tool, and personate the ghost of the murdered nun.

Bartolo was a most ingenious mechanic, as well as an artist of consummate skill. Many years before, he had pitched upon the Dark House for his head-quarters, and, digging horizontally from the cellar, had hollowed out a subterranean apartment, large enough to contain his machinery, and to serve as a hiding-place. A portion of the wall of the cellar, being made to

revolve upon a pivot, was so constructed as to constitute a means of communication between the cavern and the house, by way of the cellar, and rendering all parts of the building accessible at all times, and yet so ingeniously managed as to defy detection. In this artificial cave, too, a prison was contrived for poor Anna, and there it was that I (and probably old Nap) had heard her weeping.

When he discovered that the place was to be sold, and no doubt inhabited, Bartolo set his wits to work to prevent any such thing from taking place till he had finished the manufacture of as much bogus money as he and his agents could utter. He was a remarkably skilful painter, and it was his brush which had produced that wonderfully life-like, or rather death-like, counterfeit of the horrors of the charnel-house, which had imposed upon me, and previously upon Ruthven (for I afterwards learned that the incidents of his vigil, were, in most respects, identical with those of mine).

Jack Raudy had been bribed to join the counterfeiters for the very purpose of disappearing and re-appearing precisely as he did. Bartolo's ingenuity having prepared the locks, etc., for the purpose, it was an easy thing to emerge from the subterranean recess, and enter any part of the house, at any moment. The hollow tree had been converted into an outlet by means of which ingress and egress from the cavern might be obtained without passing through the cellar, and into the house.

Being extremely anxious to finish the job they had on hand, the scoundrels had been rash enough to go on with their work, though they knew that I was still on the premises. This led to their detection, and subsequent capture. To avoid being dug out, like foxes, they fled, and were obliged to leave the girl behind them.

The whole gang was finally apprehended, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary at Richmond, poor Jack Raudy among the rest. Bad as he was, I felt some pity for him ; for I knew that Anna's transcendent beauty had been his chief inducement to join the malefactors. At the trial it was abundantly proved that the timid girl had been driven by force into a mode of life which she abhorred. She was restored to her friends, and is now the wife of a younger brother of John Ruthven.

With this explanation, the reader will be able to supply for himself any circumstantial details of the *dénouement* which I may have omitted. From that day to this, not even Uncle Nap himself has been able to discover the shade of a shadow of a ghost about the DARK HOUSE.

[ORIGINAL.]

REMEMBERED.

BY ELISA FRANCES MORIARTY.

Long years have passed since first we met,
Whose memories yet are new,
Though sad the changes of my lot
Since thee I bade adieu:
Since thee I bade adieu, sweet friend,
Since thee I bade adieu.

I met thee, love, when joy and hope
Dwelt in me as a sun;
And in the light of peace I walked,
But now my joy is run.
Ah, now my joy is run, dear friend,
That hope and joy are run!

Thee do I image now, beloved,
To woman's years allied,
With all her graces on thy brow,
And her true heart beside:
Her true and loving heart, sweet friend,
Her trusting heart beside.

And thinking of thee through the hours,
I bless thee from afar;
While o'er the shadows of the past
I see thee as a star:
A brightening star, my early friend,
A cheering, brightening star.

And haply when again we'll meet,
'Twill be where angels dwell;
Where, praising 'neath the tree of life,
We'll never say farewell:
And parting never more, loved friend,
We'll never say farewell!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAGIC OF RED MOROCCO.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

ALTHOUGH the following agreeable little romance of a handsome young wife and a jealous old husband, is by no means an original theme—having been used, I presume, by the farce writers of every age and country since the introduction of play-houses—yet to those who are presumed not to be generally conversant in those matters, I feel but little hesitation in saying that our proposed account of Hans Vanheiderbilt, and his magic cap of red morocco leather, cannot fail to be interesting, and may we not hope— instructive; since it has generally been conceded in all ages, that a handsome young wife must necessarily be the plague of any old fellow's life, who has been thoughtless enough to lasso one of the hoyden creatures in the golden noose of matrimony.

Hans Vanheiderbilt was a small burgomaster, living near the close of the last century in a small town or hamlet near Saxony, where, for a

year or two anterior to our setting out, he had presided with the most jealous care over a comely and attractive young wife, whom public report pronounced to be less than half as old as himself; and of whose affections we are sorry to say, he had been suspicious—and perhaps not without cause—from the first.

Indeed, so jealous of his "vrow" did he at last become, that he never went abroad without first taking the precaution to lock her up in his strong box. i. e., his castle, where, however much against her inclinations, she was forced to remain till the return of the ungallant old burgomaster. If Katrina (that was his wife's name) happened to smile on any of the young men of the neighborhood, Hans was sure to fly into the most ungovernable rage, and overwhelm her in a twinkling with the most abusive threats and recriminations. There was one young man in particular, of whom the old man was supremely jealous, and that was one Karl Sneghgle, the only son of a neighboring inn-keeper, whom our chronicle affirms to have been quite a rustic gallant, and of whom Katrina was known to have been fond prior to her marriage with the burgomaster; and what made matters still more unpleasant, Hans could not rid himself of the disagreeable impression that his young vrow still regarded the youth with more favor than was creditable to the wife of a rich burgomaster. And especially was this the case, when he observed him almost every day of his life prancing by his door on a gaily caparisoned horse, and bowing to Katrina as sweetly and familiarly as though he had been a favored lover, and she the light-hearted fraulein he had once known her, before she had consented to wed an old man to save her father from a debtor's prison. The father died a few months later, in blissful ignorance of the great sacrifice she had made for him, or the fact that any woman must needs lead a miserable existence with such a querulous, miserly old wretch as Hans Vanheiderbilt—from the more obvious fact that he was called upon to make no sacrifices in his own behalf; and people are not very apt to acknowledge the heart-aches of others, till they are brought to feel them, or something very nearly resembling them, in their own experience. Hence was it—because he never knew what it was to feel a disappointment of the heart—that Katrina's father died in blissful ignorance of the great sacrifice she was making, and had been making every day of her life since.

In fact, though the lovely Katrina might have strangled Hans a thousand times, which she never did, or dosed him with arsenic, or poured boiling lead into his ears, or brained him with a

spike (exquisite methods in that age of the world of curtailing human existence—and I am not sure but the gallant Karl Sneghgle would have approved of any similar method to have been well rid of him), yet Katrina did neither, but bore her yoke as patiently as she could in hopes of a natural deliverance.

At length the querulous, ill-conditioned old justiciary became so extremely jealous without cause (for Katrina was never allowed to go abroad, neither were any male acquaintances permitted to visit the house, by virtue of the foregoing reasons), that he would fly out and close the shutters whenever he saw a man less ugly than himself approaching—and you may be sure he had little leisure between whiles—but he was determined, however laborious the task, that his own good face should not suffer by the contrast, and so he was content to keep on opening and shutting to the infinite annoyance of Katrina.

Karl, who rode by every day only to witness the closed shutters, was in sore perplexity. But understanding fully the jealous disposition of the old burgomaster, he was not long in ascribing this new freak to its proper cause, and being withal a youth of much natural shrewdness, he very speedily devised an ingenious method to relieve Katrina from this disagreeable species of conjugal tyranny, as well as of effectually curing Hans of his jealousy. He found an old woman of the village, who sometimes visited the house of the burgomaster, and through her hand he despatched the following brief note to Katrina :

"DEAR MADAM—To-morrow I shall present myself before your husband, the burgomaster, disguised as an itinerant Jew. And now mark me, Katrina, if you would have me do you a lasting kindness, you must conceal yourself somewhere handily, so that you may overhear our conversation and act accordingly. KARL."

The next morning, while Hans was seated in the porch, with his attention pretty equally divided between his pipe and a tankard of beer, he espied an old Jew pedler making his way up the lawn. Slowly removing his pipe, he shouted to the vagrant to go straight about his business and not trespass on his time and grounds; but instead of obeying the command, the Jew steadily advanced toward the porch where the doughty burgomaster still sat, and began importuning him to buy his goods in a very high key.

"I vants no goots," returned Hans, boiling with suppressed rage, on thus beholding his authority set at defiance by a miserable Jew vagabond. "You have no piziness mit me. Dunder and blitzen, I puts you in der stocks—I vill, py tam!"

"O no," persisted the Jew, leisurely unstrapping his pack and glancing keenly at Hans, "I have everything that a body can want, and I never saw a body yet that did not want something. Now, my gentle master, there is something in this pack that you want, and something that you will buy, too, when you have seen the contents, I am sure." And with this assurance the Jew opened his pack, and displayed a motley collection of miscellaneous articles of itinerant trade, consisting of pins, needles, shawls, scarfs, and last, but not least, an ordinary skull-cap of red morocco leather, such as you might purchase in any of the market towns for a couple of guilders.

"There, master," persisted the Jew, displaying a gaudy shawl in one hand, and a gossamer-like scarf in the other, "if you happen to have a lovely daughter, here are two things indispensable to her toilet. I think you must want them."

"Mine Gott, no! Vot doesh te varlet mean?" shouted Hans, throwing himself back in despair, and taking heavy pull at the tankard. "I has no daughter—I ish in vant of nothing!"

"Perhaps, then, you may have a handsome young wife? If so, they will do equally well for her. And if she happen to be very handsome, and you a little jealous, which would be quite natural, here is my magic cap, which will make anybody who sees it as true as steel to the wearer."

"Mine Gott! how dosh te ole Jew know so much?" mused Hans. "Dunder and blitzen, he dinks right when he say I have a young vrow mit vich I pe jealous.—Look here, you Jew vagabond, mit te red cap," cried Hans, turning fiercely on the Jew, "vat petter ish dat from any oder cap you see!"

"O, good master, there is a wide difference," answered the Jew. "Here I have all sorts of caps, black, white, pink, blue, yellow, and in fact almost any color you can name, but this one above all others has a particular charm, for it was worn by the prophet Elijah on the occasion of his ascension to heaven, but having been dislodged in a flurry of wind, was wafted back to the earth, where it was picked up by a pious priest and consigned to a monastery, where it has remained for four thousand years."

"Four thousand years? Der tausend! ish das true?" cried Hans, his rage suddenly giving place to wonder.

"Yes, master," responded the Jew, reverently; "and to him who wears it, everybody will be forced to reveal all their inmost thoughts and secrets."

"Mine Gott! ish all dis vot you tell a me true?"

"Ay, true, master—every word of it. And as I said before, if an old man wears it who has a young wife, she will always remain true to him, and regard him as the wisest and handsomest of men."

"Dunder, you old vagabonds, I don't believe one word vot you says," cried Hans, turning away his head, and trying to look incredulous.

"Well, master, you have but to try it."

"And what you axes for him, yah?" inquired Hans, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Twenty guilders, master, no more and no less; and mind you, it is much less than the worth of such a wonderful cap."

"I believe you are jesting, you Jew rascal," returned Hans; "but I'll try it, and if vot you say is not true, I'll put you in der stocks!" And without further parley he drew the cap over his head, and then called loudly for his wife. Katrina, who had been an eager listener to all that had passed, came forth accordingly, and seeing the bald pate of the burgomaster surmounted by the Jew's cap, she exclaimed, in apparent astonishment :

"O, Hans, what a strange cap you have got on!"

"I bought it, mine dear, of te Jew; it pe goot for der headache."

Without deigning to look at the pedler, Katrina fastened her eyes more earnestly on mylor: "What strange sorcery is there in it?" she exclaimed. "I declare, dearest Hans, you are no longer an old man, but a young one, and a very handsome one at that!"

Hans was astonished, but the more thoroughly to test the virtues of this wonderful cap, he removed it from his own head and placed it on that of the Jew. Katrina turned suddenly and exclaimed: "Mylor', what beautiful youth is this? Now don't be angry, Hans, but I cannot resist the temptation for once to kiss him." And with this, she ran towards the Jew. Alarmed at this, the burgomaster rushed between them, and snatching the cap from the Jew's head, received the kiss himself. His wife paid no further attention to the pedler.

"It is strange," muttered Hans, to himself, "but I will never more lay it aside, and by this means I shall prevent any one else from wearing it. Here, Jew," he exclaimed, "are your twenty guilders. And now pe off mit yourself before I burns you for a conjurer."

The Jew took the money, winked at Katrina underneath his false eyebrows, and presently took his departure. After this, the burgomaster was never known to torment his young wife with jealousy. He even allowed her to go abroad and

receive visitors, and nevermore troubled himself to lock the doors nor close the blinds when a handsome youth rode by, so strong was his faith in red morocco. Hans Vanheiderbilt lived five or six years after this, and then one day went quietly off in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

It would be superfluous to add (for the reader may have guessed as much already) that after a decent period of mourning, Katrina, still beautiful, and young, and free to choose, became the bride of Karl Sneghgle, and the burgomaster's red cap became an heirloom in the Sneghgle family.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

Several years ago, when the Astor House in New York city was still in its early youth, and Wenham Lake ice was not yet known on London dinner-tables, a British "functionary," who was on his way to his post, put up at that excellent hostelry. He was accompanied by his wife; and though not posted in the peculiarities of the land they had reached, their eyes and ears were open for new impressions. We heard two of these mentioned the other day; and the anecdote—whether it make you smile or not—is absolutely true. As the lady and gentleman stood at the door of the large drawing-room, and were about to enter, they observed, seated near each other, but not communicating, two female figures adorned in the height of fashion, and waving to-and-fro with peculiar movement entirely incomprehensible to the new-comers. In short, they saw for the first time the rocking-chair in use, and were so much struck with its oddity, as compared with an elaborate costume and formal air, that they exchanged a mutual glance of intelligence, and retired, with the *sotto voce* exclamation, "Poor things! maniacs, of course!"—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

A MODEST REQUEST.

When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preference, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept either a bishopric, or a regiment of horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailor in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good friend! I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, would you say next Friday instead?"—*English Anecdotes*.

HEALTH.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils, we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.—*CHURCHILL*.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES TO A—

BY WILLIAM WARREN.

A faded rose, a trivial thing,
And yet, to me, how dear!
I gazed upon its withered leaves,
And wish that thou wert near.

You gave that half-blown rose to me,
You gave it with a smile;
You little thought that simple rose
Would weary hours begide.

I love it for the gentle giver's sake,
The rose you gave to me;
And when I gazed upon it, love,
My thoughts shall turn to thee.

I'll press it to my bosom, love;
And while with life I'm blest,
I'll guard with care the rose you gave,
Till in death's arms I rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

FLORA HALL'S STRATAGEM.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

LITTLE Flora Hall sat pouting; from the top of her bright, golden head, to the tips of her cunning little feet, she was but an embodiment of a series of pouts; carls, eyes (such eyes!), nose and lips, said as plainly as words could have done, that something, exceedingly disagreeable and trying, had come upon the little lady's spirits. The morning was soft, sweet and delicious; the June air was but a breath of roses, and the sunshine was so tender and beautiful that it broke in little waves of gold at the foot of the trees; and catching upon the vines that shaded Flora's window, straggled down upon the carpet like drops of amber mist. But Flora did not care for the sunshine, breeze or blossoms; she wished from her very heart that a cold rain would come instead; that an angry wind would come from the cruel east and tear and shake everything that came in its way. She smiled a little at the thought (how perfectly her smile matched the sunshine!); her aunt was out, somewhere, perhaps she would catch a little of the shaking, that her dainty, pretty hands ached to give her.

Now, Flora Hall, be it known, was thoroughly vexed with her aunt, and that was the cause of her sitting so sullen and unhappy all through the sweet, rare morning. Flora had a lover—a poor lover—and good Mrs. Hall did not quite like the idea. (It is strange, very strange, that rich aunts and poor lovers get along so badly

together; that—but I can't stop to philosophize upon the subject!) True she had never met or even seen the young gentleman who had so won upon her niece's heart, and, to use her own words, she did not care to see him; it was quite enough for her to know that Flora's head was completely turned with his sweet words; and that he was poor; had nothing in the wide world to depend on save his own strong hands and heart.

"It was all very well," Mrs. Hall said, smoothing down her black silk flounces, "the young man deserved a great deal of credit for his industry; but he mustn't forget his station; mustn't try to step out of his wooden shoes by the help of a wealthy young lady—and that wealthy young lady her niece! No, no, that must never be!"

Mrs. Hall said this, to her niece, as she stood in the door equipped for a morning ride. Rain or shine, the good lady was always out of a morning. Perhaps I may as well say here as anywhere else, that Mrs. Hall was a Mrs. Jellyby in a very small way; not that her house was in an uproar, or that there were a swarm of dirty, uncared-for children about it. She was, to the contrary, a pattern housewife, and hadn't a child or chick in the whole wide world. But her mind ran constantly upon subjects of charity—or objects of charity, I may say with propriety. She didn't craze herself upon the Boriboola-Gha question, it is true, but she was constantly on the look-out for talent and genius in rags. A bright, intelligent, dirty face was of a thousand times more interest to her than a clean one; and she would spend hours in search of an individual who was out at the elbows, while persons of much more worth were directly before her eyes, unnoticed, because they managed to keep about themselves a whole suit of clothes.

Had Flora chosen a lover from among her vast number of proteges, she would have looked upon him with much more favor than the worthy, proud, but poor young man who had so completely won her heart. In Mrs. Hall's way of thinking, but two things could recommend a young gentleman to a lady's notice—rags and genius, or, genius in rags, and wealth. Young Walter Maitland was not the first, no more than he was possessed of the second; so he stood a very poor chance of winning the favor of the hobby-loving old lady.

In vain Flora cried, pouted and teased; in vain she enumerated, times without number, the virtues of her lover, and begged her aunt to see him, before she decided upon a subject that held so large an amount of her earthly happiness; Mrs. Hall was as obstinate as she had before been yielding.

"She didn't care to see him," she said. "If he was a book-keeper in the city—as Flora said—he would do well to attend to his business, and not lose a day for the express purpose of coming out to Cranston to see her. She could send him her decision by letter, if he wished it. It would be the more economical way, and young men without wealth should study economy. She hoped Flora would forget her foolishness, and not have any more to do with strange young men whose acquaintance she had made none knew how.

Mrs. Hall made this little speech on that same morning of Flora's pouting, after she returned from her morning's ride, and found the young lady in a fit of sulks upon the sofa; her bright curls unbrushed; her beautiful eyes swollen with weeping, and her red mouth pursed up into an expression of half-grief and half-anger. But Flora was not in the least soothed by it; indeed, she seemed more irritated than ever, for when her aunt ceased speaking she raised her eyes with an angry flash to her face, and said, in a way more than half spiteful, that she considered herself quite competent to decide for herself in the matter.

"Not so, not so, Flora," said Mrs. Hall, a little flustered. "This very decision proves that you are not. Now what in the world has that young man to recommend him to your love?"

"A whole coat, a clean face, a tolerable share of common sense; and an utter detestation of—" She was about to add hobbies, but her courage failed her, and so she said, instead, repeating a part of the sentence, that she might proceed more easily, "An utter detestation of snobs!"

"A whole coat is not always a certificate in a young gentleman's favor, Miss Flora. Among those whom I have assisted there is many a true heart beating beneath a shabby coat and vest. From the impression I have of your lover, I am quite sure that I would rather marry you to any of the poor, aspiring youths of talent whom I have been honored by assisting, than him. That is my mind, and I can never change it."

"O, my poor heart!" exclaimed Flora, pressing both hands upon her side, as though that organ was indeed, in danger of breaking. But somehow a sudden change had come upon her face, and her gesture and expression was more like a little piece of acting than anything else. There was a glimmer of roguish light in her blue eyes, and a play of merriment about her rosy mouth, so real and earnest that a little army of dimples gathered there, as if to learn what it all meant; and in less than an hour, after her aunt had shut herself up in her room, as was her custom of a forenoon, she was running about the house like a very sprite, pausing a moment at the

piano to run her finger over the ivory keys long enough to call out a bit of a song, which she joined with her clear, bird-like voice; teasing the good-natured cook in the kitchen with her wild pranks; whistling to the canaries, and even pelting her aunt's pet poodle with her spools of embroidery floss; till at last, fairly wearied, she ran up to her chamber, and drew out upon her table a little ebony writing desk. Then, laughing all the while, she seemed to put a share of her merriment into something in the shape of a letter. What she wrote is not for you and me to know, dear reader; it was meant only for the eyes of Walter Maitland.

"Come down stairs, Flora, I wish to introduce you to Mr. Garland, a young artist from the city."

"Mr. Garland! pray who is Mr. Garland, auntie? I am quite sure I never heard you mention the name before."

"No, child, you never did; and, indeed, had not some kind friend recommended him to me, I presume I should never have found him out. He is poor, but, O, so talented! His drawings and paintings are enough to elevate one's soul."

"You don't say so! When did he come?"

"About an hour ago. He walked clear here from the city."

"What, Auntie Hall, you don't mean that he is the ragmuffin that I saw rolling up the walk, like a sailor, this afternoon?"

"Ragmuffin, Flora! he is a perfect gentleman. Perhaps his coat may be a little worn and threadbare; his shoes old and torn, but I pity the person who could think of his poor apparel while gazing into his soul-lit face. Thank Heaven, I am above such miserable prejudice!"

"So am I, auntie, comparatively speaking, but—dear me—a ragman!"

"Flora, I cannot allow you to speak in such a manner of any person in whom I have an interest. Mr. Garland is to remain an inmate of my house as long as he chooses, and during his stay, I must insist upon your treating him with respect; as deferentially, in truth, as you would the scheming man who has gained such favor in your eyes."

Flora bowed, and turned away her head. Mrs. Hall thought that she had affected her by her eloquence; but could she have looked into her eyes and seen the mischievous light shining in their blue depths, or watched the dimples go and come about her lips, she would have read an altogether different story.

"Will you go to the parlor with me? I'm obliged to go out a while, and must insist upon

your entertaining Mr. Garland during my absence. It would be inexcusable in me to leave him alone."

"Besides, you know, Auntie Hall, that in spite of his beautiful face, he may be a little light-fingered, and there is any quantity of plate quite within reach of the parlor, and he might—he might, you know!" added Flora, mischievously laughing and clapping her hands.

"Flora!"

"Ma'am?"

"Follow me to the parlor."

And Flora followed her, holding both her white, dimpled hands over her mouth the while, and shaking with merriment till her face crimsoned to the very roots of her hair. Once in the parlor the young lady did not seem to better her manners greatly. When she was presented to the artist, she stared unceremoniously at his ragged coat and torn shoes, and then indulged in something very like a titter, in spite of her aunt's admonishing glances. She did not even say she was happy to meet Mr. Garland, or in fact utter any of those little winning sentences which grew so sweet upon her lips. In the vain hope of bringing her niece back to her accustomed ease and politeness, Mrs. Hall proposed that the artist should show her the contents of his portfolio, well knowing that she had a real and true appreciation of the beautiful in art as well as in nature.

"Show her that dark, quiet face, Mr. Garland; I mean the one with the slumbrous eyes, and sweet, dreamy mouth," said the good lady, anxiously.

The sight of the picture was too much for Flora's equanimity. Whether she laughed, cried, or coughed, Mrs. Hall was puzzled to determine, for she hid her face in her handkerchief and appeared to be doing all three.

"Isn't it beautiful?—O, how beautiful!" said Mrs. Hall, as if to draw Mr. Garland's attention from her niece.

"Very beautiful," answered Flora, recovering a share of her self-possession; "at least beautiful to those who admire that style of face in which the chin is nearly twice as long as the nose!" she added, in an undertone, as her aunt turned away.

Mr. Garland bit his lips, and bent his head over the picture until its soft waves of brown hair shaded his face. Turning about, suddenly, Mrs. Hall supposed, by the confused way in which he hid his features, that Flora had said something to injure his sensitive feelings, and so she remarked, in a tone of mingled reproach and anger, as she turned to leave the room, that if Miss Flora had no respect for herself as a young

lady of talent and education, she ought certainly to have for those who honored her house by their presence; and she did not care, furthermore, to see any further display, in the presence of her guest, of Miss Flora's hoydenish, school-girl ways!

Ah, good Mrs. Hall! Could she have had the power, as she rode off over the hills, with a saddened, troubled heart, to glance back upon the poor artist and her roguish niece, how her eyes would have protruded from her head in astonishment! She would have seen her adorable Mr. Garland with one arm thrown familiarly about the round, plump waist of Miss Flora, while his deep brown eyes rested lovingly upon her beautiful face. She would have seen the cherished pictures tossed in a hurried confusion upon the carpet at their feet, and the face with the "slumbrous eyes and sweet mouth" crushed and wrinkled in the white hands of Flora! Could she have listened, she would have heard strange things spoken; would have heard tender, broken, half-formed plans of the future, and earnest vows of unchanging love; she would have heard little outbreaks of merriment, in which her name was strangely and mysteriously thrown. But, happily for her peace of mind and the pleasure of the young people, she did not see or hear, and so everything went on smoothly and well.

The next day, by some strange, magical power, Mr. Garland found himself in possession of a new coat and a pair of nicely-fitting shoes; and when he attempted in his low and strangely musical voice to thank Mrs. Hall for her kindness, and to promise that he would strive with all his powers to prove to her that her generosity had not been exercised amiss, that good and estimable lady burst into tears. Never, never before had she found a protege in whom she took such an interest—for whose future she had such high hopes, she said, wiping her eyes.

Ah, how kind, how thoughtful the young artist was, then! For a moment, he stood with a perplexed light in his great brown eyes; but the next, he was kneeling before the lady and begging her permission to sketch her face as it appeared then—with the glory of a great, generous soul breaking over it.

"No, no!" she answered, smiling graciously. "I cannot allow you to waste your powers upon such a poor subject. But there is a little scene that glides out towards the west, which can be viewed plainly from the brow of a hill, but a mile or two away—if you could paint that for me upon canvas, you would please me exceedingly, and my obligations to you could never be cancelled!"

Mr. Garland was all enthusiasm, in a moment. He could hardly wait to be shown the spot, so eager was he to be away. But when Mrs. Hall pointed it to him, he seemed strangely dull; she could not make him see a single prominent feature of the admirable landscape, though she tried perseveringly.

"Couldn't you go with me?" he suggested at last, half timidly, to the lady.

"Indeed, I should be exceedingly happy to do so, Mr. Garland, but I never walk so far. You ought, certainly, to have some one with you. Perhaps Flora will go; she is as well acquainted with the spot as I am."

"Excuse me, madam, but your niece seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to me; I—I—should be sorry to trouble her," he answered, confusedly.

"O, you are quite mistaken, Mr. Garland! I assure you that she does not dislike you at all—I'll go to her at once. I'm certain she will accompany you!"

"And I'm certain she will, too!" said the young man to himself, as Mrs. Hall left the room.

And accompany him she did, although she started from her aunt's sight, to all appearances, in a very ungracious mood—walking by his side as though she were a queen honoring one of the meanest of her subjects. But they must have got along nicely together, for when they returned, Mr. Garland had the finest sketch imaginable of the beautiful landscape. Every feature, every little point had been noticed and put upon paper, promising, on the whole, to make a rare picture.

Ah, what a blessing it was to Mrs. Hall, again, that she had not the power to look upon the inner surface of things! What a strange story the rough but perfect sketch of her pet landscape would have told her! It would have said that every point and form that she admired so much had been drawn by the pretty hands of Flora, while Mr. Garland sat by her side holding her pencils, adjusting her paper, and remarking upon the ease with which she progressed in her work. It would have carried her any number of warm, earnestly-spoken eulogiums from the lips of the young artist, upon the kindness of her great heart, and the true generosity of her soul; it would—but I can't begin to enumerate the many things that would have reached the good lady's ears, could the picture have spoken. As it was, she was very contented and happy, thinking of the great genius she was aiding—thinking how rapidly Flora was overcoming her dislike for him, and what fast friends they were growing to be. She had spoken to Mr. Garland of Flora's unlucky attachment, and he had promised to do

his best to turn her thoughts in a different direction. Mrs. Hall smiled—she hardly dared hope as to the direction in which they would turn. But time might bring wonderful changes; she would wait contentedly for it to do its work, she said to herself, as she watched the young couple together.

"Thank Heaven, Flora is the wife of Walter Garland, at last! How long I have prayed that it might be so!" was the exclamation of good Mrs. Hall, as she leaned back in her soft, cushioned chair and saw the simple bridal cortage of her niece wind up the smooth carriage-way to the house.

There were honest tears in her pleasant blue eyes, as she spoke; and a little look of pride upon her comely face, as she listened to the flutter and excitement about the house. She was not able to join it, it was true (she had been confined to her room for three whole weeks with the rheumatism); but then her heart was in every plan that centred about the realizations of her niece's happiness. As she wiped her eyes, and bent her head eagerly forward, the door of the parlor was thrown open, and the next moment the young couple were kneeling before her, craving her blessing and—forgiveness!

"My blessing you have, my sweet children—but you have never wronged or injured me, and I have nothing to forgive!" she said, resting her hands first upon the head of one and then upon the head of the other!

"But you have been deceived, dear Mrs.—dear Aunt Hall! I am not the poor artist that I have appeared to you, any more than my name is Walter Garland. I am plain Walter Maitland whom Flora has loved from the very first commencement of our acquaintance. The little stratagem which has brought about so great a happiness to us both was first suggested by her. How well I have played my part in it, you already know, dear madam; but I beseech you to let me be all to you as Walter Maitland that I could have been as the poor artist!"

Mrs. Hall fell back white and breathless in her chair, in what some people said, after the little story got about, was a fainting fit, and others said was a fit of pique. At any rate, she didn't quite find her senses for three or four days, and then she was heard to express a very decided opinion in regard to *humbugs*, looking all the while in the laughing, roguish face of Walter Maitland. One thing is certain—she has not had any protégés since, if I except Flora's children; and, moreover, she has a horror of young men who carry about portfolios, dubbing themselves as artists!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIE E. PAROB.

O, who shall bold and daring be,
To pass beneath the stormy sea?
To note the wonders he may find,
Who leaves the air and light behind?

Far down within its liquid veins
A fearful calm forever reigns;
And deeper still lie pearls that shine
In heaps that mock the wish of thine
That rises to thy lips. O man.
If thou couldst carry out thy plan,
The world-old secret of the sea
Would be no more a mystery!

Winds, sweep across the ocean's breast,
Sweep from the east, sweep from the west;
Sweep from the north, sweep from the south,
And sweep the sea in Lethe's mouth!

What see we? Stretching far and wide,
A scene that scoffs at human pride;
In mingled mass the wrecks of ships
And quiet hands and silent lips.

Sweep back, O wind, from east and west,
And cover deep the ocean's breast;
Sweep back from north, sweep back from south,
Sweep back the sea from Lethe's mouth,
And hide the secrets of the sea,
Till, in unfathomed mystery,
The wrecks of lives and ships shall fall,
And silence hover over all!

[ORIGINAL.]

SUSAN LUKE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"SUSAN! Susan Luke!"

"Coming, Annie," responded a clear voice, at the head of the little staircase.

Presently the owner of the voice appeared. A slight young girl, eighteen summers or thereabouts, dark, with curling lip, ebon-black hair, very fine features, a quick, proud tread.

"What is it, Annie?"

She stood within the door, a regal contrast to that plain little sitting-room with its calico-covered lounge and straw-bottomed chairs—stood holding a sealed note in one hand, a straw hat dangling from the other.

"Horace says he will saddle Beauty, if you will ride with him this afternoon. It is a leisure day with him, for a wonder."

A flash, pleased and brilliant, broke over the dark face for a second, the next, she had resumed her wonted expression, as she exclaimed :

"Why didn't Horace ask me himself?"

"I don't know," replied Annie, sewing away.

"You know he is rather bashful—rather timid about asking the ladies to go with him."

"Timid!"—the curl of the proud lip grew more decided—"I do hate timidity in a man!"

"O, well, you may have something worse to hate by-and-by—"this was spoken with a kindling glance, as Annie raised her eyes and looked steadfastly at the young girl—"you may have something worse, Susan Luke, especially if you encourage Roger Walters. I tell you he is a shame to his sex."

"And I tell you it is nobody's business who I encourage!" The girl straightened her form on the instant, and her dilated eye and nostril told how little her pride would brook. "I am old enough to choose for myself, and I won't have any one's attentions forced upon me. I am under no obligation as I know of, to your immaculate brother, if I am to you."

She paused, struck dumb on the instant, for a young man—pale now—biting a white under-lip, stood at the opposite door, where he had entered just in time to hear the speech and the sneer that ran through it. But he was gone as suddenly as he came, leaving Annie, his maiden sister, looking grieved and indignant, and Susan Luke pale, yet defiant, as if she meant not to abate one jot of all she had said. She gave a half-nervous laugh, as she exclaimed, "Ha! listeners never heard any good of themselves yet."

"Susan Luke, you are a wicked, ungrateful girl!" That was all Annie said, but she trembled excessively.

"I know it—I've been told so long enough, and often enough—but I sha'n't trouble you a great many years more, if I keep the same mind I have now."

"I suppose you are writing love-letters to Roger Walters." Annie gave her needle such a thrust that it broke in two, and she threw it out of the open window among the rose-bushes with a half impatient jerk.

"Yes; I do just as I please in that respect," said Susan Luke, coldly and calmly. "I'm going to the post-office now, and perhaps this very letter will be in the hands of Roger Walters by supper-time." She stood carelessly rapping the delicate envelope against her finger, while a smile of the utmost scorn sat on her lip.

"Susan Luke—"Annie held her work down hard against her knee, as if she were trying to hold her anger down with it—"Susan Luke, I wish—" her lips came resolutely together; she looked steadily at the young girl for a full minute—then tears seemed to gather in her eyes—they fell—the stitching was resumed in an earnest, impassioned manner,

"O, say it all," responded Susan Luke, lightly, tossing her head a little, "say that you wish you had never taken me home here—that you wish you had never seen me—that you begrudge the food you have given me to eat, the clothes you have given me to wear—the shelter for my head—the books, the money you have spent for me—say it all. I most heartily wish I had never been beholden to you for the value of a pin. But, Heaven helping me, I will pay you for it in silver and gold some day—and I shall be able—remember that."

The door was empty. The bright, proud, handsome, yet wicked face had taken its strange light from the place; it was again only a little, rag-carpeted sitting-room, with a calico lounge, a pine table, a few plain chairs, and a grieved and heart-broken looking woman sitting by the window—the sunlight coming in through tangled branches, a few full-blown roses sending a faint perfume over all.

The work dropped from Annie's fingers and fell to the floor. Her head dropped too, within her outspread palms, and she gave way to a burst of tears and sobs that shook her frame. It was strange to see her thus affected, her demeanor was naturally so quiet, her manner so constrained. But some irrepressible anguish seemed to bear her down lower, deeper, until it was as if the very flood-gates of her grief were opened. It was a long time before the tears stopped coursing, the sobs ceased—but they did at last. The eyes were bathed in rose-water, here and there a stray paper or book was placed in its proper position, and the lonely woman was calm again, sewing with a sadder look.

An hour had passed when a step was heard in the kitchen. Annie called out, "Who's there?"

"It's I." Annie knew her brother's voice, although its beauty and its calmness were gone, and it sounded strangely hoarse.

"Come in here, Horace."

After a moment's more irresolute walking and fumbling about, he came into the sitting-room, hat in hand—then said, "O!" and going to the accustomed place, hung the hat up and returned again. He walked once or twice across the floor, moving his lips, constantly wetting them with a dry, feverish sound, then threw himself upon the lounge face downward. His sister glanced pityingly towards him, the muscles of her face worked, but by-and-by she said, "Horace, wouldn't you like to read to me?"

"Read—" he looked up in a bewildered manner—"O, read? I don't believe I could, Annie. I'm not very well this afternoon." Again that feverish wetting of the lips, and again he threw

his head in one corner of the lounge, while a half-stifled cry escaped him.

"Horace, you make me feel dreadfully," said Annie, her voice trembling. "I—I'm so sorry you care anything about her."

"God forgive me, Annie, but I would die for one smile from that girl!" he exclaimed, passionately, springing upright, his eye and cheek blazing. "Why it is, I know not, but I cannot tear this love from my heart, it is rooted there. O, Annie, don't think any less of me for this. I am a man in spite of this weakness—O God, my God, pity me!"

"Horace, brother Horace!" Annie was beside him, throwing back the hot hair from his hot forehead, that was laying now in his hands. Her voice and the quiet touch to and fro seemed to soothe him for a time, and presently he leaned his head upon her shoulder, and then threw one arm about her neck, as he said, with a sorrowful sort of smile, "You are all the mother I ever knew, Annie, and I must go somewhere for comfort."

"May God give you comfort!" whispered Annie. And then she added, as a few tears fell he did not see, "may this trial lead you to him."

"Annie"—this was after they had sat a long while in this position—"do you think she loves Roger Walters?"

"I am afraid so, dear."

"The villain!" And the young man's frame shook with strong emotion. "Annie, it would hardly be a sin to rid the world of that man."

"Horace—Horace, you frighten me, Horace!"

"I say it wouldn't," he repeated, almost savagely.

"Horace!" The voice of deep, solemn significance startled him; he turned to look in the face beside him; it was sad, pitiful, imploring, distressed—"Horace, you have embittered my whole life! O, how can you give way to such dreadful thoughts—Horace, my brother, to be a murderer?"

"Annie, I was crazy to talk as I did—forget it;" and the young man began to walk again; "my mind is in a whirl of confusion, I am hardly responsible for anything I say to-day. No, no, it was only a passing feeling of revenge, I will never harbor such again. Let him win his pearl of great price, and wear her—but O God, pity Susan Luke—that's all."

"She almost deserves to suffer," said Annie, again resuming her work.

"Don't say anything harsh of her, Annie," responded Horace, a momentary tenderness restoring to his voice its olden beauty. "Don't say the least thing harsh of Susan Luke. I

couldn't even if she trampled on me. It is my nature, you know, with those I love—and yet—" his form straightened—"I am a man, as I will show you by the way I conquer myself." And though the feverish sound of his dry lips smiting together still continued, and the restless, aimless walk, yet there was that in his face that told he would make his words good.

"Yes, Horace, I believe you," Annie replied; "but I am speaking of her conduct towards myself. Only think, she was a helpless baby when her mother died—only two years old. Ever since then, she has as it were lain in my bosom. I have been like a mother to her, and she repaid me for it all by her love and obedience, till she knew Roger Walters's sister. The girl has turned her head—ruined her, I fear, for so suddenly has she changed and become so ungrateful. O, dear me, and here I am saving up to buy her a beautiful velvet cape—it would cost all of thirty dollars, Horace, and we want furniture so much. I never bought a nice thing, or an ornament for myself, but she had the same. I have been so proud of her, I have dressed her so well! O, Horace, I believe the iron enters into my soul almost as deeply as it does—"

"Don't, don't!" cried Horace, in a voice of anguish.

"Well, I wont then," replied Annie, suddenly becoming conscious of her imprudence. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"I wish I had been at work this afternoon," he said again, taking up a closed miniature, but not opening it.

"It would have been better, perhaps," said Annie.

"Of course it would. Annie, if I had been a lawyer, or a doctor, or a scamp of any profession, Susan Luke would have loved me, I know she would. Look at Walters!"—his lip curled—"but he is a lawyer, and I am—a carpenter."♦

He might well say with something like scorn, as he stood there, "Look at Walters!" Horace, with his handsome face and noble figure, his brown, glossy hair and brow of ample dimensions, his beautiful hazel eye, large, full and bright as a gazelle's.—Walters, with his spare form, spindle legs, red hair, eye of pale blue, everlastingly sneering smile and cynical lips, thin and unstable. With a common share of good sense, to say nothing of good taste, how could a girl like Susan Luke prefer a dashing nobody with a professional handle to his name, to a man who had never lost the stamp of his Maker's hand?

"But you are satisfied?"

"With my trade—y-e-s," said Horace, with a little hesitation; "still, if that machine of mine results in what I think it will, Walters will look up to me yet."

He was gone. Annie sat alone with her crowding thoughts. She idolized her only brother, and knowing his sensitive nature so thoroughly as she did, she had always dreaded the shadow of a disappointment in store for him. Six little months ago, and she had kissed Susan Luke as she lay sleeping beside her, mentally calling her "my dear brother's dear wife." Now, O, there was a bitter change it was hard to realize. Finding that the tears fell fast upon her work, Annie laid it aside, and going to the neat kitchen, busied herself in getting supper.

Yes, Horace had made a covenant with himself that he would be strong. He did not know how hardly strength comes when the sweetest hopes of life have been torn like flowers from their stems by a cruel storm. He did not know with what wrestlings, sharper even than those of Jacob with the angel, because less sanctified, passion must be conquered. But he went to his own room and came down again improved by a thin summer suit, that in spite of his pallor and the dimness of his eye, made him look very handsome. The first smart of the blow over, he thought he could bear the rest.

"I shall take my ride, nevertheless," he said, half-smiling, as he passed through the kitchen.

"I'm glad of that, Horace." Annie smiled back at him, but did not dare to look steadily.

"I wish you could ride Beauty," he said, looking back.

"I wish I could," Annie answered; "but I can't, you know. I never knew how, and I'm too old to begin.—Be back in time for supper."

More than one beautiful girl looked after Horace, as he sat so straight, so gracefully on the back of his handsome steed.

"Go by Roger Walters's house," said a perverse spirit, as Horace put his horse to greater speed. He answered it by going in a totally different direction at the start, but managed strangely enough to take a circuitous route, and come directly past the house in question on his return. It was a strange tableau—he took it in at once, without glancing that way. Rose Walters sat at the open bay-window—a showy girl, with a head full of auburn curls, and very pink cheeks. Susan Luke, dark, calm, and regally beautiful, sat opposite. Both girls were talking and laughing at young Lawyer Walters, who stood outside, his arm resting on the low window-sill, his attitude graceful—careless—his white teeth shining under a moustache of a ques-

tionable color, a cane dangling from one hand, when its ivory handle was not in contact with his lips.

A feverish fire ran through the veins of the rider, and his lips parched again as he took this in, seeing that they recognized him, hearing also the drifting of light, musical laughs and murmurs that grated against his nerves as if they were thrown at him. His self-command was gone, and it was not till long after candle-light that he threw himself off his horse at the little gate, where Annie stood watching in terror, fearing she knew not what.

"O, I am so glad to see you." And she drew a long breath that sounded almost spasmodic.

"Glad to see me—well, I don't know whether I'm glad to get home or not—the evening is so beautiful," he added, seeing her look of distress. "Look here, where is—where is—isn't there a man round here? O, pshaw! I must see to the horse myself. Is breakfast ready yet?"

"Breakfast!" exclaimed Annie, in a tone of dismay.

"You know well enough that I mean supper. Hold still, Ball, or you'll taste the whip; you've wanted it long, you beast! Get me some tea, Annie. I'll be in as soon as Ball is seen to."

Annie went slowly into the house. "Is he demented?" she asked herself. "He never acted so before in his life, never. O, Susan Luke—Susan Luke, you will have the ruin of a noble soul to answer for, if this should prove his ruin. He can't have been drinking! I won't believe it!"

Horace was calmer—quite calm when he came in again. He looked less like himself, however. There was a blue rim around his eyes, and a whiteness about the lips, that was very unusual. As for poor Annie, her eyes were all the time turned from him. At bed-time he said he would sit up and lock the door when Susan came. He said it calmly, so she left him there reading, and went to her own chamber to pray for him. Ten and eleven tinkled from the musical little clock in the kitchen. It was later than that when the latch of the gate was lifted. The lamp had been some time unlighted—the moon shone so gloriously! There was a rustling along by the rose-bushes, and soft murmurs, the words of which Horace could not but hear—whispered vows—yes, it was certain now—she had promised to marry him. Horace sat still, icy cold. He even heard the good-night kiss. No wonder after Susan Luke had entered the kitchen, lighted her own lamp, and stepped over the threshold to go to her room, she started and stood paralyzed at the sight of that deadly pale face with drops of anguish on the white forehead, those beautiful

eyes strained, with only a look reproaching her.

"Horace!" she said, in a startled way.

"Susan Luke!" he exclaimed, and all his love leaped into his face, making it for a moment glorious, for the girl looked very beautiful as she stood there shining in the dimness of the room, only the pale rays of the candle falling around her. Suddenly she saw in that face what she had never seen before. A pang of great fear shot into her heart. In that little moment, in that midnight glance, she felt that she loved the man before her; and taking this now terrible consciousness with her, she went to her chamber, —almost fled thither.

Annie closed not her eyes that night, and if Susan Luke fell into an uneasy slumber, she was wakened every-little while by the measured tread below. She dared not think—all power was merged in the faculty of feeling now—from henceforth she was to pay the penalty of her fickleness. For she was proud, and her hand was pledged—pledged to one who knew no mercy.

For Horace the last bitter drop was drained. Susan Luke was a wife, but not his wife. When he knew that she was going to be married very soon, he went on a journey with his sister. For Susan Luke had fallen out dreadfully with the quiet Annie. Both parties worked themselves in a rage, but surely the grieved sister had the greatest cause. So Susan Luke boarded with a relation, till the solemn words which made her the wife of Roger Walters were spoken. Horace was unmanned for a time after he knew of it.

"I would give her up willingly," he said, "Heaven knows how willingly, if she had married an honest man—if by marrying him her happiness were to be enhanced. But to think, to know that she has linked her life to a wretch, who fears neither man's opinion, nor God's judgment, it is almost too much to bear."

He knew not how terribly he was avenged for his slighted love. He knew not that Susan Luke would have given worlds upon worlds could she have been free again, or if she had but the power to break the bonds of her pride, and come to him praying but for a tithe of his former favor. He did not know—he little imagined, how her heart sank day after day, while her will rose in rebellion against itself. He little dreamed that her struggle was to keep his image from her mind, as his was to banish hers.

What more could a young bride wish for? Roger Walters was rich, that is, his father was, and eventually all the fine Walters property would go to him. His father had given his son a handsomely furnished house for a wedding

gift, not saying a word, as wealthy fathers so often do, because the bride was portionless. So the world asked with its self-satisfied smirk, "What more could a young bride wish for?"

She, sitting in the midst of the velvet and laces, the painting and the gilding, heard not the question, and would not have answered it if she had. There was nothing for her to do if she wished. No more getting breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers in the little, old-fashioned home (her head ached for it sometimes, too), no more sewing, knitting, saving money for finery. She had only to consult her taste, her pleasure. To sit, stand, walk, when she listed, and where. Her husband lavished presents upon her; her father placed a handsome carriage at her disposal, her sister, the dashing Rose, was often with her, perhaps a little too often.

She had been married six months, when passing through the housekeeper's room one day, she heard the servants, as she thought, in a loud and angry altercation. Stopping at the door she looked in, but saw no one. The sounds were in the back hall, but she could hear them distinctly—could hear a very low, very calm voice say, "I must, and I will see Mrs. Walters! I'll see her to-day if I die for it."

"Go along with you, you baggage," replied the well-fed servant: "get out with your milk and water baby. Do you think I'll let a delicate lady like my mistress see the likes of you? Go, I say—will you go?"

"Not till I see Mrs. Walters," said the voice, in the same inflexibly calm tones.

"Katy, who is it?"

"O, ma'am," said the girl, running to the room-door, with cheeks high-flushed, "it's nobody but a miserable thing, such as you should not see, coming with her lies. Mr. Walters I am sure wouldn't like it—" But before she could finish, a young and girlish creature had followed the maid, and now stood with trembling lip and downcast eye, before the wife of the young lawyer.

"What do you want?" Susan asked, curiously.

"To see you alone, Mrs. Walters," said the girl, firmly but modestly. Something in her manner, in her face, in the burden she carried, would not let Susan say her nay, and beckoning mately, she led the way to her own room, and motioned the girl to a seat.

"I have brought you his child," said the girl, tenderly, and with trembling fingers unfolding the thin muslin in which the babe lay wrapped.

"His child! whose?" Susan asked, with flushed cheeks.

"Your husband's, ma'am!" said the low, steady voice.

"Woman!" Susan had sprung to her feet, and for a moment looked a fury—as if she could have annihilated mother and babe.

"Madam, don't look that way—don't act that way, but put it to yourself. Yes," she cried, bitterly, "come here, in my place—poor, unlearned, cruelly wronged, and then see if you could find it in your heart to hate me, or this poor, innocent child?"

Susan spoke not—her cheek was gradually paling, her arm fell to her side. She spoke as calmly almost as the woman before her, as she asked, "What does this mean? Where are your proofs?"

"Here," continued the girl, holding out a paper, "this will tell you what he says about supporting us both. He made me swear that I would never show myself, and I did swear to the peril of my soul. But my soul is lost already, so that breaking my oath can add none to my sorrow. Besides, I swore before that, that I would do this thing. That oath I kept—though it don't matter either way. I'm ruined for both worlds, I guess."

The awfully reckless manner of this poor, betrayed creature almost stupefied Susan for the time. Her brain and blood were on fire, and her heart told her that the truth was before her. Poor wife! No wonder that reason reeled for the moment, and that strange, unsteady words came leaping from her lips. But if the present sight was not proof enough of her husband's criminality, fresh proof was soon given. Walters himself came in. His face changed to the color of his hair when he saw the form that crouched in terror before him. Springing forward, he caught the girl by the arm with such violence that the shoulder was almost wrenched from the socket, and with a word that will not bear repeating, he hurled her from the room, and—my pen almost refuses to record it—gave her a blow that sent her reeling towards the door. God grant that such scenes as those that followed, are not frequent in the homes of the rich!

A cold winter's night one year after the above. Bitterly the wind blew, the snow came swiftly down—there were cheery fires all over the land, and happy hearth-stones.

In Annie's sitting-room sat two persons, a fair girl and Horace. There was also an addition to the furniture, in the shape of a little, old-fashioned piano-forte, on which the young girl, a namesake of Annie, had been for some time playing, Horace accompanying her with his rich, deep tones. Now, the latter seemed to have forgotten that he was not alone, for, looking over

an old psalm-book, out of which Susan Luke had often sung with him, he had come across two tiny locks of hair tied together with a white ribbon. Thought flew back to the very night on which Susan had cut them from her curls and his—when it seemed as if their lives were joined together—when she had even laughingly promised to be his wife by-and-by.

"Why have you stopped singing?" said Annie the younger. He did not answer, and she repeated the question.

"O, I was thinking," was his reply, after an absent, upward glance, and down went his eyes again, unobservant of the half-pout of his companion.

A blast of cold wind blew through the room. The door opened, and Annie the elder, wrapped in shawls and furs, entered.

"Why, sister, I meant to go after you," exclaimed Horace, the painful, abstracted look fading out. "I'm ashamed of myself that I forgot." But Annie did not answer, only to say with her heart in her face—"Poor Susan Luke!"

"Susan Luke!" O, what a tone was his! Tenderness struggling through—even tears, it almost seemed.

"Yes, poor Susan Luke, she is in very deep trouble."

"They have found her then?" said Horace.

"Yes, they have found her! Poor child! she has been all this time at a mean farmhouse, on the outskirts of Neilson village, working like a slave. At last, she became sick. Her babe is only a few weeks old, and she is destitute. My poor girl! I find that I love her still, Horace."

Horace answered not, save to say under his breath—"Working like a slave—my Susan."

The young girl, Annie, sat neglected and pouting. She had been angling sometime for the heart of this young man, and now here came Susan Luke to blot out what little impression she had made. "I wish she might die!" she said angrily, to herself.

Annie the elder still sat with bonnet and shawl on, thinking.

"Do you suppose she has been there ever since her divorce?" asked Horace, anxiously.

"I suppose so. Poor child—too proud to be dependent—scorning to live on what the law allowed her from her worthless husband." Another pause. How the wind blew! how the casements rattled!

"I must go there to-morrow," exclaimed Annie—untying her bonnet strings.

"I would," said Horace; his voice was low but quite calm. Another—longer pause.

"Horace—we must have her here; we must have the poor child here!"

His face was hidden—"do you think she will come?" he asked.

"O, I don't know; she must. I have forgotten all her wilfulness—and she has suffered enough, dear lamb. She shall be to me as a daughter again, and I—" her voice choked. The younger Annie with a pale face, glided out of the room and went to her own chamber. She set her lamp down hard on the table, with—"and I shall go home."

"O, Annie! Annie!" and the poor thin arms were thrown closely about the neck that had felt their embrace so often.

"Cheer up, darling!" sobbed Annie. "Cheer up; you shall be my own Susan Luke again. Your room is already waiting for you—and a little crib for the baby—O, it will be so good to have you there!" and down fell the tears again. "Wrap that child up well—for it's something of a ride. Susan Luke, you are handsomer than ever, I declare, in spite of your pale cheeks. But we'll soon bring the color again."

"We!" thought Susan, sadly—"he despises me now—he has forgotten me."

"Why! I declare—yes, it is Horace, come himself. He told me yesterday he would send, but I suppose he didn't like to have anybody else drive Beauty; she isn't used to the harness." Susan had thrown down her veil—she could not, what with weakness and excess of feeling, rise from her seat, as Horace, almost as pale as herself came into the room. He did not speak—neither did she. She tried to command herself to say something—vain the effort. Yet if he had forgotten her, if he did despise her, why did his hand tremble as he lifted her and for one moment pressed her against his manly bosom, before he placed her thin, light form upon the seat of the carriage. O, love forgives much—forgets everything but—love.

And so Susan Luke was established in her old, her sweetest home—a changed, and humble woman. Sorrow had refined her; thrown an ethereal loveliness over her—the chastening had been accepted in defiance, but it had wrought a beautiful work. Susan Luke was now worthy of the manly love she had once rejected. Horace is world-wide known for his rare genius in mechanics—and Susan Luke has long been his wife.

Roger Walters is (and justly so) "despised and rejected of men." He has chosen his course and it leads down to death.

Those who never admire others, are rarely admired themselves.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GIRL OF THE FIELDS.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

ONE day the good Marchioness de La Vigny had, as usual, sent provisions to her pensioners in the city, but a single little basket she herself carried to the room of a sick person who had formerly kept a little shop on the street corner. But the epidemic of the year, carrying off most of his customers, had reduced him to a precarious street life, till the dreadful disease made him also its prey, and he returned home only to infect the others. It was then an adventurous thing for the lady to enter this dark cellar-like room, and unfortunately useless, for both husband and wife, stretched on their straw, had experienced the change of death. The good lady, horror-stricken, was about to leave the place and summon assistants to render these miserables the last office, when her eye was caught by a little mute figure sitting on a table to which it had climbed. Brown and dirty, but with much beauty in its grave face, the little silent child touched her heart, and she lifted it to the floor to lead it out with her. To her surprise the child immediately climbed back, and resumed the former position. Again the visitor took her, and prepared to depart. But the child hanging by her hand swung back, looking at the two dead persons.

"They sleep," she whispered brokenly, putting her tiny finger on her lips. "Papa and mama sleep."

"You will not want to wake them, then," remonstrated the other. "Come with me till they wake." Then the child turned, and suffered herself to be led forth.

"Till they wake," the marchioness had said when taking the child. To what else had she pledged herself then unguardedly, but a life-long adoption? she reflected. Very well, it should be done. She was a widow, enjoying her own income, with her one son, as noble a soul as her own, now absent at the University of Leyden; no objection could be raised by any one, and without further ado, she led the child home unobserved, herself arranged for her a decent toilet, summoned a notary and had papers of adoption made out that same hour. When the servants laid the cloth for her dinner that day, they were informed that another place was required, for in future, when alone, her baby niece would dine with the marchioness. Shortly afterward, a wardrobe suitable for her new condition

was brought home to the young lady, such masters as the day afforded, and she was old enough to receive, were engaged for her instruction, and little Jeanne Jaune lost herself in the new cognomen of Fleurine de Blanche (the maiden name of the marchioness), and found herself co-heir, by law, with the young Marquis Etienne de La Vigny. As she grew older, the sedate beauty of the little protege was noted not by one or two alone of the gallant cavaliers of that reign, and the marchioness, who had no idea of parting with her at an age so early as fifteen, was actually forced to retire with her into the country, out of the reach of these lovers' addresses, to an estate abounding in every beauty, and situated about twenty leagues from the city. Here, in the recesses of Jardance, the young Fleurine acquired a new beauty, and added a faint color to the brown tint of her city life. Two years had passed since this removal, and again at length the marquis, now having seen some twenty-seven summers, was to visit his mother previous to joining the army on the northern frontier. He had been many times at home before, when they continued at Paris, and while Fleurine was a child, and he an advanced collegian, had amused his idle hours in such vacations by entertaining himself with her, and had acquiesced pleasantly in his mother's decisions regarding her. But time passing, while Etienne, having done with Leyden, was at court, in the society of the most polished people of the age, and bewitched by the beauty of the palace ladies, Fleurine was an awkward girl of thirteen or therabout, and he forgot his former playmate in this unformed thing that not often crossed his path. Once in a while, too, he undertook an embassy for the royal pleasure to some distant capital, and in one of these, when he had been gone a long time from one city to another, his mother went to Jardance, removing the now stately and elegant Fleurine, whom in this transformation he had not seen, from the neighborhood of her suitors. Another year had passed, and, as we said, the young marquis, a scholar, a courtier, an ambassador, and a travelled man, returned to become a soldier and leader in the impending troubles.

The mother received her son alone, and while Fleurine spent the day abroad at one of the farmers' houses, Madame de La Vigny regaled herself with her son's recitals, his brilliancy and charming manners, stroked his hair with a tender pride, thought no mother blessed as she, and longed that he should see Fleurine, for the good lady, with all her virtues, had one foible, and through its means a little crochet of match-making had been allowed to creep into her brains.

As the day lengthened the shadows the marquis left his mother for a little stroll over the beautiful grounds. But thickets and parterres soon wearied him, there were enough of these everywhere, and he struck across a field, sweet with the perfume of bean blossoms, and leading towards the sunset. As he neared a stile, a figure crossing it attracted his attention. A white hat, hanging by broad, crimson streamers, a white shoulder, a fluttering lace scarf rose to sight, followed by the remainder of a slender and perfect figure, decked out fancifully in all manner of grasses, and reeds, and flowers. The marquis had only time to observe a brown skin, tinged a moment with scarlet, a brown eye that shone darker even than the hair twined with scarlet corn-flowers, white teeth glanced between parted, glowing lips, and a smile like an hour's, that attracted him singularly by its fascinating mixture of passion and pathos.

"What beauty!" he inwardly murmured, "and here, buried in these woods and fields—a queen—a very queen in the wilderness!" Around this figure the scent of the blossoms hung in clouds of heavy fragrance, he fancied; and the sunset and wide landscape were merely her accessories. "Pardon, a moment!" he exclaimed, as she would have flashed by. "You have dropped something. Shall I restore it?"

She half turned, as if thinking it might be some trinket, but he held merely a poppy that had fallen from her fantastic array.

"Keep it and dream on it," she retorted with a laugh that dimpled all her face as when a little wind sparkles over a sun-lit pool, and before he could speak again, as if wings lent her such airy lightness, was half across the next field.

Later that night the marquis sat in his mother's cabinet, near her, in a large chair that was hid in the shadows of the room. No candles were lit, and the moon was just rising over the fields. A rustle was heard at the door.

"Fleurine," said the happy marchioness, "art thou there, child?"

"I, maman," responded the sweetest of low voices, using the lovely French diminutive.

"Come hither, dear, take thy harp in the window, and sing to me. Sing the ballad of the White Hand, sweet, thy tones will melt well into my dear dream."

A slender, graceful figure moved before the marquis's bewildered eyes in the dim moonlight, drew the harp from its nook, struck the chords with an equal hand, and bending over it with her streaming hair falling from its bands, sang—sang as ravishingly as La Belle Dame sans Merci herself, as sweetly, as simply as the cherubim.

While she sang, Etienne lost himself, he began to remember the girl of the fields—scarlet poppies, white shoulders, black eyes, mingled confusedly with his fancies—he began to imagine himself listening to the same voice, to fill vague ideas of identity, fitting that person with this, till he really feared he was in a dream—not at home in his mother's cabinet; but sleeping on a mule's back on some dreary night-journey over the Spanish sierras. As she finished, and before perfect silence:

"Tones sweet enough for this mellow light—this bewitching air," the marquis said. "Mother, is it our little Fleurine?" And he stepped forward to greet her. But Fleurine, before ignorant of his presence, startled and abashed, sprang back and would have flitted from the room, had he not dexterously seized her hand and detained it an instant at his lips.

There was something charming in all this to the marquis, just for a brief experience, not as having any value but *pour passer le temps*. Here, singing in the moonlight, pale and vapory as the lady of a legend, fading and melting from the room at the word that broke the spell, and only caught back and reclaimed by a human touch; he had actually found a maiden of romance, and here she was always to be found, in his mother's house, whenever he chose to come, unless some gallant carried her away, and—well, he would take care of that, though he didn't wish her himself, maybe, none else should have her.

It was a hot noon; all the flowers hung withered in heat, all the little animals that are half the charm of country-life were quiet, the very fragrance rolling from the fields came on such a breathless wing that it brought sleep with it. Etienne sat alone in a large, dark room, opening on the main hall. He had been thinking how tired he was of idleness, how he longed for camps and turmoil, how he would bid his mother farewell and dash off to the frontier at once if it were not for the strange spell he found in the presence of this fascinating and wary waif of the streets of Paris. A light foot passed swiftly down the hall. He thought it some servant's, and called:

"Francois, where is Mademoiselle Fleurine?" The foot passed on heedless. He knew then it could be no servant's, and sprang after it into the long hall. Fleurine had almost reached the open door at the other end. "Ah, it is thou!" he said familiarly and pleasantly, blessing his luck, and surprised at its vouchsafing him this broad, noonday apparition of the girl of the fields, as he called her (for the marquis was accustomed to declare his luck the worst of all

living men's). "Whither away?" he said, in his gayest tone.

"To the woods," was her reply.

"To leave me behind?"

"You would not care to follow there."

"Why not?"

"It is warm, it is far, there is no game, no company, it is emnusome. Adieu," and she was gone.

"Very good game, and rare company—not so fast!" he exclaimed, striding after, cap in hand. "It so happens that I do, do care to follow. Here, *ma soeur*, Fleurine! Where is the little baggage?" At that he caught sight of a white frock disappearing round a thicket, and in a moment was beside her. "You are very careful of your haunts among the rocks and fields; shall I eat them, you think?" he said, mischievously. "It is churlish. Here I am, not supposed to know a nook of the land, and absolutely obliged to stay at home, mewed in the house like a pet bird, lest I get lost in the dens and wild jungles roundabouts, or devoured by the wolves and lions presumed to inhabit large gardens. And you who could guide me—*instruct me in the way I should go*—selfishly keep it all to yourself, and wander off alone. Now, candidly, is it not a shame?"

"A great shame, monsieur."

"A burning shame; and, by heavens, a burning sun, too!"

"Ah, you have no hat. A campaigner's hat for an August sun! You know much of the country, Cousin Etienne."

"Cousin Etienne! Come, I like that. Drop the cousin, if it is as pleasant. But you, Fleurine, know much about it—all; could find me, I'll warrant, every last year's nest. It is your home."

"Thanks to your kindness and my lady's, it is my home."

This was an unexpected reply, and disagreeable. He turned it off quickly as possible, saying:

"And my home is the saddle and the sword. Here," lifting a bough lightly at they came into the wood, "if I remember rightly, one should find nightingale's eggs here. When I was a boy they built in this thicket. I am not ignorant, after all, am I, Fleurine? See, what do you call these?" And the two looked down on a veritable nest with its tiny charge, and the brooding hen just startled away.

As they looked down, the faces in such near contiguity, the delicate bloom on her smooth, dark cheek was too tempting for mortal man. He glanced up, hesitated a moment, and then

without a word, kissed boldly the beautiful cheek that reddened with surprise and anger. Anger was indeed the second emotion of Fleurine at what she felt as insolence. She would leave him at once, she thought, and before he could utter a syllable she had darted down one of the labyrinthine paths and imagined herself lost to him whom she did not know to be as well acquainted with every bush in Jardance as herself. At last, at the foot of a great oak she stayed her breathless course, and attempted to untie her hat to fan her glowing cheeks. The knot baffled her.

"Do not be vexed. Let me assist you," said Etienne's voice at her shoulder. She started, half determined to fly again; but then he would think her *so prudish*—and what did she care for the thoughts of a person who could conduct so? Nevertheless, she petulantly broke the hat-strings and stayed. "Now you are provoked, little girl," said the tall, soldierly person, looking down on her with mock gravity. "But why, should I not salute my foster sister once only when I come home?"

"The Marquis de La Vigny should remember who he is, and what I am, and if his mother has saved from misery, he should at least spare insult."

"The indomitable pride of the sprite!" he exclaimed. "Well, Fleurine," taking both her hands, and stooping till he looked in her eyes, "I see plainly that you do not care a straw for Etienne. But if you value the regard of the Marquis de La Vigny, never let him hear you allude to that early life again." So saying, he dropped her hands, but not his gaze. Fleurine would have given the world to cry, but her naughty pride choked back the tears, she bit her lips and refused to reply. "You won't speak?" he said, lightly. "Then why don't you cry?"

"O, monsieur, you are very unkind."

"Unkind? I—have I really wounded you, then? Pardon, a thousand times. I am careless. Come, let us go home to my mother, she has salve for the wound, kind words and kisses that I may not give, in whatever quantities I may possess them." His tone was so serious, that had not Fleurine been so excited she would have felt it; as it was, she believed it to be a bitter mockery, and moved hastily forward, though the marquis still kept by her side. "How cool it has become," said he. "A wind is blowing violently by the noise in the tree tops." It soothed Fleurine's burning face.

"It is very dark for the hour," she said, endeavoring to command herself. "A storm rises. We must reach home before it breaks. Hark, what was that?" A long, low growl resounded

through the low, heavy air like that of some furious beast roused from his lair, but prolonged and swelling to prodigious volumes that re-echoed among the hollows, while quivering bolts of white fire pierced countless the darkening canopy, and transfixated the forest with a thousand arrows of flame.

"Are you afraid?" asked Etienne, offering Fleurine the protection of his arm. But she withdrew from him, replying:

"No, I like it—I enjoy it!"

"But still you are scarcely safe. Every lightning that falls might fall on you," he murmured quickly and anxiously.

"And you, I suppose, wear a mail it cannot burn," she retorted.

"Come," he said, authoritatively. "It is safest in the fields. Come! Moreover, when the rain bursts you will be drenched."

"My friend the forest will protect me. I am not a fine lady whom water hurts. Go yourself, since you fear." The electricity of the storm seemed to be gathered in her, her face was pale and almost lustrous, her eyes dilated and glowed as if their imprisoned lightnings were breaking forth; he scarcely dared look at her again, so beautiful and unnatural was the glance he met.

"What is it you expect? What are you thinking of? Whom do you await? One would think it was some storm-demon—this fiery forest your trysting place. Come, come, Fleurine, you will be ill."

As he spoke, the tree at her side seemed to crack beneath a blow, to tower and spread into a burning wilderness for an instant, then a serpent of fire slipped down its trunk and plunged into the ground while the enormous shattered boughs dashed earthward after. Etienne sprang to snatch Fleurine, who had not stirred. As he did so, one of the gigantic iron branches fell heavily in her direction; his uplifted arm warded off the death-dealing blow, but only at expense of itself, for as the branch swerved aside, the arm also fell broken and powerless. A slight exclamation of pain escaped his lips; then, though a color deepened in his face, he evinced nothing further. But Fleurine flew forward, lifting the powerless limb.

"For me, for me!" she murmured hoarsely to herself.

"Do not be alarmed," he replied, coldly. "It is nothing."

"It is much; it is much! What is to be done?"

"Will you help me?" he asked. "Have you nerve? I have not been in camp for nothing; my arm is broken, and I or any soldier can set it."

"Yes, I have nerve. What then?"

He ripped up the silken doublet sleeve, and bared the white, bruised skin.

"The storm has already made us splinters, that is fortunate," he said. "See, the flowing juice of that torn balsam tree is the very healing embrocation of the surgeons. We want nothing but bandages. Nonsense, I can wait till we reach the house."

She tore long strips from her white frock, selected smooth pieces of splinter from the forest-wreck around, followed every direction he gave, exerting all her physical as well as mental strength. At length, not without some fierce quivers of pain, the operation was judged complete, the sleeve replaced, and with the lulling storm they emerged from the wood, crossed the fields through the pouring rain, and once more re-entered the house. Fleurine had not spoken while at work, or afterward; now as they were about to separate:

"Probably I owe you my life, monsieur," she murmured, "some time may test my gratitude," and disappeared.

Three weeks passed now. The marchioness determined that her son was ill, whether that was true or not, and assiduously devoted herself to him notwithstanding his light banter and assurances to the contrary. Fleurine fulfilled the usual duties of the marchioness, just now neglected, seldom entered his presence, seldom spoke when there. She felt herself crushed beneath the insufferable weight of another obligation. At last Etienne bade his mother a tender farewell, looked wistfully at Fleurine, who touched his hand lightly without looking up, and the next day was far on his road to the wars. Campaigns, in those days brief and frequent, served doubtless some useful object in the great economy of the world, and this was the means of new vexation, worriment, and finally actual distress to those at home at Jardance. Vague rumors of killed and wounded now and then reached their ears, never contradicted, never confirmed. And though six months was all its duration, Fleurine and her protectress thought them six centuries, and as no one could tell what they suffered in that period, it is not worth while for any one to try.

Meanwhile, it had been impossible for the marchioness to keep longer concealed this jewel of beauty that she casketed at Jardance. The country-house was thronged with guests, the majority of whom were suitors for Fleurine's hand. Sedulously repulsed as they all were, there was yet one among them who refused to be negatived. It was the Duc Du Barri, past sixty,

prodigiously wealthy, highly esteemed, and honorable. His perseverance spoke for itself. At about this time, a letter came from Etienne, announcing his safety, that he had reached Paris on his homeward journey, and that he should soon meet at Jardance his mother and Fleurine, in case the latter were not carried off bodily before his return, "Since all Paris raves just now of nothing else but Mademoiselle de Blanche, the future Duchesse Du Barri." This the marquis had penned half in desperation, for when he had reached Paris and heard everywhere this malicious report, he believed it true, and resolved that Fleurine should never know how nearly it affected him. But the courier had been idle and slow, so that his letter scarcely reached Jardance before himself. Having read it with the marchioness, Fleurine remained in the cabinet alone, while the elder lady sought her guests.

"He wishes me to, then," she muttered aloud, unconsciously, "wishes me to marry this old man, his cousin. He does not desire to see me in his home when he returns to rest there. Well, I promised to remember that I owe him my life, wretched as it is. I begged him to test my gratitude. He does so. You are very right, Etienne. It does not matter. I would do much more than leave your house for you." So saying, she descended to the drawing-room with a slow, heavy step. No one but the Duc Du Barri and her guardian was there.

"Monsieur le Duc," said Fleurine, immediately, addressing him, "have you withdrawn your suit?"

"Withdrawn it, mademoiselle? I die first. Do not dream of it," he replied. "Let me never abandon hope. Do not force me to relinquish that happiness."

"You then renew your proposal to make me your wife?"

"With my whole heart," said the gallant old man, bowing and taking her hand. She suffered him to retain it.

"Monsieur, I thank you for your condescension. You know my past history. Monsieur, I will become your wife whenever you please."

The marchioness stared in open amazement. "Fleurine, are you in your senses?" she cried.

"Certainly, maman."

As for the duke he was dumb with delight and surprise. He could only clasp her hand lest he should lose it.

"At once," he cried at last, "make me this happiest man at once."

"That cannot be," remonstrated the marchioness, anxious to gain time, and greatly disapproving Fleurine's consent, of course. "The

license, the king's permission, the settlements; it will take much time."

"True, I forgot," he answered. "Nevertheless, I can answer for the king. Bah, all this can be arranged in five days. Let it be the sixth day that gives to the court my duchess."

"The sixth, monsieur."

An hour passed, and in that hour much transpired. The destiny of Fleurine was sealed irreversibly, and the duke was *en route* for Paris, to seek notaries, make testamentary arrangements, devise all his wealth in case of death to his wife, return the sixth day, and enter paradise, as he said. It was to be done, all but the last. They passed each other on the road, Etienne and the duc.

"Give me joy," cried the latter, as the coaches whirled by.

The hall clock struck ten at night as the marquis entered Jardance Avenue. Scarcely had he greeted his mother, when he whispered:

"Is it true, mother, is it true?"

She had never seen him look so pale, so wild, she did not dare to speak. He read it in her silence, went out and left her. The little private garden drew his footsteps, he remembered it as a silent place, and after all the turmoil of battle and travel, he needed a little silence, a quiet that would drown his noisy thoughts. But was it quiet here? That low sobbing sounded like another thing. Who lay on the violet bank, dim in the starlight, with white hands pressed across her eyes, and filling the air with uncontrollable grief?

"O, my God, Etienne, what have I sacrificed for you?" he heard. "No, no, you shall not find me in your home since you do not wish it."

Etienne never could account to himself for the step he took, bold and sudden, at that instant. He waited to hear no more, but in a breath was beside her, had clasped her in his arms, was holding her wet cheek to his, was soothing her like a little child.

"You mistake, darling. I not wish you in my home? O, Fleurine—my flower—I would have you there forever. Speak to me, dear. Have you forgotten, do you not know me? I am Etienne, your lover—"

She sprang to her feet. "And I," she said, "I am the Duchess Du Barri."

Etienne also rose and stood beside her. "You are married?" he said, in a husky voice.

"A half hour since."

It was true. The duke, afraid lest she might alter her determination again, in his absence, had finally prevailed upon the marchioness to permit the ceremony that evening, and she doubt-

ing if her son really cared for Fleurine, had consented. Fleurine stood now like a stone, breathless, thoughtless. The marquis, likewise, while he regarded her.

"O, child," he breathed, rather than spoke at length, "the wife of an old, decrepit man, when my fresh, rich, boundless love enfolded you! O, Fleurine, what joy have you lost!"

"Too late, too late!" she cried, and fled away, weeping. That same night the marquis departed again. There was trouble in Italy yet, he would serve in those wars, and should they last long enough for his death-wound, so much the better.

Posts in those days were always couriers, subject to every detention, and in countries at war with each other, such were the obstacles to any communication, that a letter was far more unlikely to reach you than your enemy. Thus it chanced that many bloody encounters had taken place, since Etienne joined the hostile legions, many a fierce wound given and received by him, before—many months subsequently to its date—he opened a letter, the first of his exile, from his mother. A portion of it we transcribe:

"I do not know if you are aware that the Duc Du Barri, returning post-haste from Paris to fetch his young wife, was thrown from his carriage and taken up lifeless. Of course it was a great shock to poor Fleurine, but (God pardon us!) no sorrow. She was ill a long time, but confessed to me that she would have sacrificed herself to him, believing that she was obnoxious to you, and finding her error too late. She is free now, and has received the deeds of all his estates, some of which might have been yours, as the title now is, but that the duke succeeded long ago in breaking the entail. She is rich; what we are no longer. Jardance is not ours now. An old forgotten creditor of your father's has claimed and received it at law, and in the late Flemish troubles our banker was ruined. We are poor, you see. Yet you have your sword, my son; carve your fortunes with it. For me, when I had, I gave all that was needed; do not fear that I shall not receive from my foster child all I need. She is to repurchase Jardance, and declares I shall never leave it." Much more which does not concern our story.

As the marquis remained lost in thought after the perusal of this letter, alone in his tent as he fancied, a slight noise struck his ear. Looking up, he saw a person standing before him, shrouded in a long cloak, and with a cap and plume that impeded any view of the face. The courier, as he supposed, and returned to his letter. The figure stole round and lifted the cap and plume.

"So you do not know me, Etienne?" said the sweetest voice of France.

He started to his feet, bowed low before the

intruder, but yet without a word. She dropped before him in the lovely old Jardance array.

"Etienne," continued this voice, "a thing has chanced since your mother sent that letter; I am here to tell you of it, because no other messenger trustworthy enough could be found. It was in Narbonne, in the castle there which for a year I have called mine, that two weeks since I found by the records of the province, all my supposed wealth entailed on another. This entail the duke thought he had broken; but the steps he took were insufficient; it remains in its pristine vigor. Property and title belong to his next heir. Monsieur marquis, the only man in or out of France, whose veins hold the blood of the Du Barri is Etienne de La Vigny. These are the papers."

A wax taper burned on the table. He took them.

"They are all that prove my right?" he said.

"To the estates, yes."

"All. Very well, then, I relinquish them. Her fortune is still the Duchess Du Barri's!" And before Fleurine could snatch them away the papers lay a heap of ashes.

"Etienne, when I took all from you," she cried, "you refuse this from me? To receive your own?"

"You took all from me? You rejected the only thing I cared to give you—my love."

"Never, never!"

"Your wicked pride ruined me."

"My pride? O, Etienne, it is humbled, I am humbled. It is your turn now!" Her eyes were on the ground, her hands hung motionless before her, and though she knew his gaze sought her own, still she refused to raise her lids. "I was a fool," she thought. "He has forgotten."

But at the tears that rose, a tender arm encircled, a strong breast supported her, passionate lips were near hers, burning eyes lifted her glance.

"My darling, my own," whispered Etienne, "it is past. It is lost—all our grief, in our joy. Mine for ver! You cannot desert me now. Is it true, my bride, that heaven cannot come on earth?"

Before another hour had numbered with the past, one of the friars who follow every camp, had consecrated a temporary altar in Etienne's tent, and performed a service which, brief as it was, had a life-long significance. And though when, not long afterward, Fleurine stepped across the threshold of Jardance, with the joyful Etienne by her side, and with a gayer and lighter heart than ever beat there before, one should not forget that while she was Etienne de La Vigny's wife, her husband was none the less a Duc Du Barri.

The Florist.

Wild rose of Alloway, my thanks!
Thou mindst me of that autumn noon
When first we met beside the "banks
And braes of bonnie Doon."—HALLOCK.

The Queen of Flowers.

The rose has long been known as the queen of floral beauties, and claims precedence even of the lily in poetic rank. The species are almost innumerable, coming from all quarters of the globe, beginning with Persia, "the land of the roses." China furnished some of the lighter and crisper species, and from Syria come the damask and yellow rose. Even Siberia has her roses; and Africa contributes the musk and other sorts. Art has transformed the rose to blue, and even to black; but its natural colors are sufficiently admirable for all purposes—yellow, white, red of all shades, from the faintest black to the richest crimson, and the variegated rose, streaked with red and white. Nor is the variety in color only; from the single petalled eglantine to the swelling luxuriance of the cabbage rose they present every gradation of form, size and fullness—also of luxuriance, both of leaf and blossom. The damask and provin roses, when in the height of their season, are very magnificent. The moss rose is considered by some the finest of them all, but it is not easy to decide—all have their merits. The warm richness of the damask rose, the delicate blush in the very heart of the full white flowers, the light crispness of the Chinese species, are all beautiful.

Results of Cultivation.

Quite a number of flowers have been vastly improved from their original type, or as found in a state of nature, by careful garden culture, and transformed into flowers of the richest description, as asters, stocks, marigolds, balsams, poppies, larkspurs, etc., all of which have exceedingly fine double flowers instead of single. Others, as the convolvulus (morning glory), phlox drummondii, portulacca, linnias, etc., have had their flowers much enlarged and otherwise beautified. These results should operate as a stimulus; it requires only a little patience, and a careful saving of seed from the best or curiously altered flowers, to produce wonderful results.

Watering Flowers.

There has been a great deal of dry weather lately, accompanied by strong winds, which have completed the desiccation of the earth, and rendered watering a daily necessity. When it is necessary to employ artificial irrigation, it should be used liberally. As a "little learning is a dangerous thing," so is a little water in a garden. In time of drought, a sprinkling, though it may refresh the leaves somewhat, is of no permanent value. It is better to apply the watering to the root, making little holes, by which you are sure that the base of your plant or shrub is reached by the moisture, where it has a chance to retain it.

Lavateria.

This is a hardy annual, of easy culture and handsome appearance, flowering from July to September—one variety with white, and the other with pink flowers. The name was given in memory of two Lavaters, physicians of Zurich.

Flower Plants in Pots.

Many persons find it more difficult to keep their pot plants in summer than in winter; and the principal cause of this is, allowing the soil in the pots to become too dry before they are watered, owing to the sun striking on the sides of the pot and scorching the roots; for when they are injured by drought, their roots usually decay on the application of water. When a plant appears sickly it should be taken out of the pot and the roots examined, and all that are decayed should be cut off; the plant should then be repotted and kept a little moist, but not too wet, and, if not much injured, it will soon recover. An excellent safeguard against drought is to have double pots—the outside one being much larger than that containing the plant, and let the space between be filled with moss kept damp.

Beauty of the Rose.

The rose has been called, and very appropriately, too, the emblem of beauty, and the poets of all times and countries have sung its praises; yet it is still the same favorite as ever—a theme upon which language may exhaust itself, and its beauty increase, and its attractions seem greater than ever. As it is one of the most common of all the flowers that beautify the little spot before the door of the humble and poor, as well as ornament the gardens of the rich and great, so it is one of the most fragrant and lovely.

Thinning Annuals.

Never be afraid of thinning annuals. Many relinquish their culture in despair, simply because they suffer them to grow too thick, and thus smother each other. The larger kind, such as balsams, are finest standing separately, and should never be less than one foot from each other, nor more than three in a hill planted triangularly.

Geraniums.

In selecting geraniums be careful to get those which are hardy enough to bear the sun without wilting, such as the Tom Thumb, horseshoe and rose geraniums. The lemon-scented geranium is of value as a green, and for its fragrance; the oak-leaved, sage and nutmeg varieties bear the sun well.

Roses.

Rosebushes will never flourish on poor soil, or if allowed to be encroached upon by weeds. Keep the ground about them perfectly clean, and supply liquid manure abundantly. There is an endless variety of roses; some European cultivators have had three thousand.

Cinerarias.

Cinerarias are not so good for the garden as the green-house. They require very great care cultivated out of doors, as they are excessively sensitive to heat; but their variety and brilliancy amply repays all the pains expended on them.

Destruction of Insects.

Encourage toads in the garden—they destroy an immense number of insects. Showering rosebushes with a strong decoction of quassia will drive away and kill flies, and no unpleasant odor attends this preparation.

Lobelia.

The purple and blue kinds are very pretty. The lobelia cardinalis, or cardinal flower, of an intense carmine hue, is a splendid plant.

Curious Matters.

A Multum-in-Parvo Clock.

A clock is exhibited in New York which not only does duty as a timepiece, but boils the coffee for its owner, and awakes him in time to drink it. Attached to the clock on the right side is a brass plate lying parallel with the table or shelf on which the clock is placed, and at the further end is a coffee-pot, fixed upon a frame, with a spirit lamp underneath. Between the clock and the coffee-pot is an alarm-bell. The apparatus is thus used: Suppose a person wishes to rise and travel at four o'clock in the morning; all that he has to do is to set an inner dial to that hour, while the outer or clock dial indicates the true time. He also makes certain dispositions of the lighting apparatus, which are self suggestive. Precisely at four o'clock a lever is moved, which causes a drum to revolve against a friction match, the flame from which ignites the wick of the spirit lamp. In half an hour the coffee is ready, when another drum revolves, ignites another match, and lights a candle, and at the same time the figure of a monk pulls a rope and rings an alarm bell, effectually rousing the sleeper.

An extraordinary Affair.

In Jasper county, Indiana, lately, an old man named William Haskin, aged seventy, married an old lady of almost the same age, named Anna Mead. Twenty-seven years before they were man and wife, with a family of five children. Becoming dissatisfied at the time, they separated, and, hearing nothing of each other for years, both married again. But both being left alone, after the death of their partners, and coming together thus late in life, they concluded to travel the little journey that was left, together.

What it takes to make a Balloon.

The great balloon in which the recent trip was undertaken from St. Louis to the Atlantic, required six months to coat it. The sewing occupied three hundred days, and was done by girls, who were selected from among the best seamstresses to be found. Twenty-two hundred and fifty yards of the very best Chinese oiled silk were used in its construction, and six miles of cord used in its netting. It is one hundred and eighty feet in circumference, and is the largest balloon ever manufactured.

Treasure Trove.

At an auction sale of the personal property of a Mr. Oaks, recently deceased, in Dauphin county, Pa., a few days ago, a bag of flaxseed was offered for sale. One of the bidders put his hand into the bag to examine the seeds, and hauled out a purse, which was found to contain gold and silver coin. The bag was then thoroughly overhauled, and over one thousand dollars in gold and silver coin were found therein. The treasure was then retained by the executors.

Singular.

Captain Paxton, of the American ship *Cawatina*, died on board his vessel at Calcutta, India, on the very day that his wife and two children were lost from the ill-fated packet *Pomona*, on the coast of Wexford. Thus one whole entire family—the head of which was in India, the remainder in Ireland—died on the same day.

Another Discovery.

A letter from Cairo says: "The general subject of conversation in this city is a discovery which has just been made by the well-known archeologist, M. Mariette. He has found at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb still intact of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in his coffin, completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king, as was also a hatchet of gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli. Some years ago, M. Mariette had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre."

How King George was used up.

An equestrian statue of George the Third was erected in New York city in 1770; but within five years it was taken down by the Revolutionary patriots and run into bullets, with which four hundred of King George's soldiers were killed at a single occasion (the invasion of Connecticut by Gov. Tryon). The statue yielded forty-two thousand bullets, which were cast in part by the wife and daughters of Oliver Wolcott, the patriot Governor of Connecticut. It is safe to say, that the statue of the British monarch was the death of thousands of his red-coated soldiers whom he sent to invade America.

Gas first used.

Gas was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton in 1739, and was first employed for purposes of illumination by Mr. Murdoch, in Cornwall, England, in 1792. The first display of gaslights was exhibited in 1802, in Birmingham, England, on the occasion of the peace-rejoicing. It was permanently used in Manchester in 1806. It was introduced in London streets in 1807, and was in general use in 1814. Gas was first introduced into New York in 1823, and the streets in this city were first lighted with it in 1824.

A curious Accident.

Mrs. Daniel Gray, of Springfield, had occasion to open a small bottle of concentrated ammonia, when on pulling out the cork the whole contents of the bottle rushed out with a sort of gaseous explosion. The charge went partly into her face, taking the skin off from her lips and tongue almost instantly. The latter protruded from her mouth almost its whole length, and she was in great agony for some time. Her eyes were also burned.

A wonderful Escape.

A coal shaft at Wesley City, Illinois, sunk through quicksand, recently caved in, burying one of the workmen. The planking, however, prevented his being smothered, and after twenty-five hours digging the man was reached and rescued unharmed. During his incarceration he fell asleep and slept for several hours. His rescuers knew he was alive by hearing him knock on the plank.

A modern Ruth.

A "Hoosier Girl" has been recently discovered in Knox county, Indiana, who is under twenty, weighs 110 pounds, and followed and kept up with a cradle one day, neatly binding one hundred and sixty dozen large bundles of oats. She said she could easily have bound two hundred if the cradle could have cut them.

Cherries Preserved.

Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day.

To clean Paint.

First take off the dust with a long-haired brush, going carefully into all the hollows, mouldings, etc.; when it requires scouring, it should be done with soda and water, not soap; wash from the top downwards, and, as much as possible, prevent the soda from running on the uncleansed part, or marks will be made which will ~~remain~~ when the whole is finished; one person should ~~at~~ ^{not} work with soft linen cloths as fast as the other has ~~at~~ ^{done} as to the dirt and washed off the soda.

To preserve Strawberries.

To two pounds of fine lawⁿ pounds of powdered sugar, add by a Fall kettle over a slow fire, ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{the} Temple, about eleven years old, them precise^{ly} tumbled and struck his face violently on pieces of lumber, cutting his nose and forehead quite severely. He rose, however, and bathing his face, went home; when having complained of a pain in his eyes, and inability to see clearly, it was discovered that both of his eyes were badly crossed, so much so that the retina received a double impression of every object, and the physicians have been unable to do anything for them.

Scientific Discovery.

Tungsten is a metal which has hitherto been little studied in a practical point of view. It appears, however, destined to operate a complete revolution in the manufacture of steel. It has been lately discovered that an alloy formed of eighty per cent. of steel and twenty per cent. of tungsten, possesses a degree of hardness which has never been obtained in the manufacture of steel. This alloy works on the latter with incredible facility, and can even cut it.

A Queer Nesting Place.

An English paper says that in the garden of Mr. Thomas Antrous, of Turner Heath, Bollington, near Macclesfield, a titmouse has built its nest inside a beehive. In the nest it has deposited eleven eggs, on which it may be seen sitting with perfect unconcern, though the bees are busily at work all round.

A Catamaran.

Captain Brown, of the brig *Elmira*, which lately arrived at Portland, from Cuba, when twenty-four hours out from Cardenas, picked up a live cat seated on a bale of goods which was drifting in the sea. She was evidently the survivor of a wreck, and though she exhibited a sanguine appetite, she appeared to be in very good case.

Enormous Fish.

The biggest pike ever heard of, ~~excepting~~ ^{except} ~~the~~ ^{the} *Peak*, was one possessed by a German emperor in 1262. It lived 265 years, and weighed when caught in 1460, 260 pounds, measuring 19 feet.

A simple Remedy for Poison.

Persons disposed to the swallowing of poisons should cut this receipt out and paste it in their hat: A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. The oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

A Tomahawk found inside a Sawlog.

The Messrs. Gibson, who own a saw-mill in the neighbourhood of Caledonia, Canada, were recently engaged in sawing a pine log about two feet and a half in diameter, when an unusual screaming of the saw attracted their attention. They examined the cause of the noise, and found in the centre of the log an Indian tomahawk, in the eye of which was a piece of rotten wood, a part of its former handle. The log was in other respects perfectly sound.

Matches without Phosphorus.

M. Canouil, of Paris, is now manufacturing chemical matches which contain no phosphorus or other poisonous substance. He has patented several kinds. The latest is made of chloride of potash, powdered glass or flint, bichromate of potash, gum or dextrose, and water, made into paste. Their combustion is only caused by friction—not by a blow or shock. Their manufacture is not injurious to the workpeople.

White Robins.

The Bridgeport Farmer says that there has been about the premises of a lady of that place, for some weeks, two white robins. When first seen they were accompanied by the parent birds of the usual color, who constantly fed and watched over them. Now they are of the ordinary size, and apparently able to provide for themselves. Their plumage is of a dingy white—that on their backs being a shade or two darker than that on their wings and other parts of the body.

A Discovery.

Mr. Remus B. Coy, of Colebrook, Conn., while hoeing in his cornfield recently, turned out a bright, clear-cut gold Louis d'or, coined in 1753—23 years previous to the Revolution. Burgoyne's army, during the Revolution, crossed westward through Colebrook, en route to Albany, and tradition is preserved that his officers occupied one night a house, now torn down, located in this field. The intrinsic value of the coin is \$4 50.

Photographic Improvement.

An invention has been patented in England for taking photographic portraits on cloth, by a process which renders them impervious to atmospheric influences, and, in the words of the inventor, allows of their "being carried loose in the pocket, unprotected by frame or glass, without fear of injury."

Noted Gun.

Mr. George W. Chase, of Haverhill, who is preparing a history of that town, has in his possession the identical gun with which Thomas Dustin defended his seven children on the memorable 15th of March, 1698. It is to be presented to the Dustin Monument Association.

The Housewife.

To take Stains out of Table-Linen, etc.

If the stains be caused by acids, wet the part, and lay on it some salt of wormwood; then rub it well; and afterwards rinse in clean water. If the stains of wine, fruit, etc., have been long in the linen, rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then lay on a mixture of starch in cold water, very thick; rub it well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out; if not removed in three or four days, renew the process; keep the dressing moist by sprinkling it with a little water.

Apple Dumplings.

With a narrow knife or apple-cover take out the core of pared tart mellow apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie-crust about two-thirds of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth, well floured. Boil one hour without intermission. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this, and tie the cloth around snugly, and boil till the apple is tender.

To keep Pickles.

Keep pickles only in wood or stone ware; anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir them occasionally, and if there are soft ones, take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles that are in a solid state. Always keep enough vinegar on them to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour it on hot. Do not boil vinegar and spice over five minutes.

Apple Cream.

Put into a pan twelve tablespoonfuls of the pulp of baked apples, the whiter the better, the same proportion of cream, beat well together with a pint and a quarter of lemon-jelly, made with one ounce and a quarter of Nelson's gelatine. Lemon juice, peel and sugar to taste. Clear the jelly with white of an egg.

Mildew.

Mildew may be taken out by the use of the following mixture:—Mix together soft soap, powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on both sides with a painter's brush, and let it lay on the grass day and night until the stain comes out.

Jumbles.

Take one pound of loaf sugar, pounded fine, one pound and a quarter of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, beaten light, and a little rose-water and spice; mix them well, and roll them in sugar.

Gingerbread.

Mix together three and a half pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, a quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

Cup Cakes.

Mix together five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one wine-glass of wine, one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

Another Discovery.

A letter from Cairo says: "The general subject of conversation in this city is a discovery which has just been made by the well-known archeologist, M. Mariette. He has found at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb still intact of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in his coffin, completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king, as was also a hatchet of gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli. Some years ago, M. Mariette had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre."

How King George was used up.

The equestrian statue of George the Third was erected in York city in 1770; but within five years it was milked by the Revolutionary patriots and run into which four hundred of King George's soldiers at a single occasion (the invasion of Canada). The statue yielded forty-two

We know, from which were cast in part by the wife and are acquainted with the Scott, the patriot Governor of for the table. It is simply true, that the statue of the skin, slice and serve with cream and thousands of his red this manner many prefer them to the marmalade. have never eaten them prepared in this way, try it means, and you will thank us for the suggestion. So says the Farmer's Mirror.

Iron-moulds.

Iron-moulds should be wetted, then laid on a hot water plate, and a little essential salt of lemons put on the part; if the linen becomes dry, wet it, and renew the process, taking care to keep the plate boiling hot; wash the linen thoroughly as soon as the stain is removed, to prevent the parts from being worn into holes by the acid.

To keep Cranberries.

Gather them when quite dry, cork them closely in dry bottles, and place them in a cool, dry cellar. They will also keep in bottles or casks of water, the latter being the mode practised in the north of Europe and in this country, and in which it is sent a long distance without injury; the fruit is put in a perfect state into tight barrels filled with water, and headed up.

Apple Pie.

Pare, core and quarter the apples; boil the cores and parings in sugar and water; strain off the liquor, adding more sugar; grate the rind of a lemon over the apples, and squeeze the juice into the syrup; mix half a dozen cloves with the fruit, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and cover with puff paste.

Herodotus Pudding.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of brown sugar; mince the figs and suet very nicely, a little salt, two eggs well beaten, nutmeg to your taste; boil in a mould four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

To make Hens lay.

If a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper is given to a dozen hens with their food every other day, winter and summer, they will lay nearly every day.

Cherries Preserved.

Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day.

To clean Paint.

First take off the dust with a long-haired brush, going carefully into all the hollows, mouldings, etc.; when it requires scouring, it should be done with soda and water, not soap; wash from the top downwards, and, as much as possible, prevent the soda from running on the uncleaned part, or marks will be made which will appear when the whole is finished; one person should rub dry with soft linen cloths as fast as the other has scoured off the dirt and washed off the soda.

To preserve Strawberries.

To two pounds of fine large strawberries add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving-kettle over a slow fire till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

A Relish.

If you want a dish for three or four for an evening relish, take some eggs, according to the number of persons to be served, break them into a tin pan, add a small piece of butter, a little salt and cayenne pepper. Stir in grated cheese, *quantum suffit*. Drop a teaspoonful on pieces of buttered toast, and serve hot.

Baked Pudding.

Butter a suitable dish, then lay a slice of baker's bread, then shred beef suet and a few currants, until you have sufficient. Then take three eggs, a pint of new milk, a little nutmeg, essence of lemon and sugar, beat them well together, and an hour will bake it. Add a little pastry round the dish.

Treacle Pudding.

Three tablespoonsful of treacle, one of flour, and a little ground ginger, mix all together; line a basin with paste, spread some of the mixture on with a spoon, then put a layer of paste with the mixture spread over, until the basin is full. Either baked or boiled is very good.

Flannels.

Flannels very commonly lose their color and shrink; this may be prevented, if, on the first time of washing, they be put into a pail or tub, have boiling water poured upon them, and be allowed to lie till cold.

Wash for the Mouth.

An excellent wash for the mouth is made of half an ounce of tincture of myrrh and two ounces of Peruvian bark. Keep in a phial for use. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient.

Cherry Jelly.

Have three-quarters of a pound of ripe red cherries, take the stones out, put them with the cherries into the basin, pour over them, boiling hot, a syrup made with a pint of water and five ounces of lump sugar; let them stand two or three hours, stirring gently once or twice, strain carefully through a muslin bag, taking care not to make the juice thick. Pour half of it over three-quarters of an ounce of Nelson's icinglass, let it dissolve and just boil, then mix it with the remaining juice; add a little citric acid, which gives it a beautiful color.

To remove Stains from the Hands.

Damp the hands first in water, then rub them with tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, as you would with soap; rinse them and rub them dry. Tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, will quickly remove stains from white muslin or linens. Put less than half a teaspoonful of the salt or acid into a tablespoonful of water; wet the stain with it, and lay it in the sun for an hour; wet it once or twice with cold water during the time. If this does not quite remove it, repeat the acid water and lay it in the sun.

Hares.

One is sufficient for a roast; skin and truss it nicely, stuff the interior with a good veal stuffing, sew it up, then put it on the spit, rub butter over the back and shake flour over it, roast it about forty minutes before a sharp fire—but that depends upon the size, of course; serve them with plain gravy in the dish, and currant jelly separate. They are also served with a sauce poivrade, or sweet sauce; they may also be larded.

Advantages of Bathing.

It is a fact, officially recorded, that during the terrible visitations of cholera in France, out of nearly 16,228 subscribers to the public baths of Paris, Bordeaux and Marseilles, only two deaths among them were ascribed to cholera. We doubt whether there exists a more effectual preventive of disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times, than the practice of daily bathing.

An economical Hair Wash.

Dissolve in one quart of boiling water one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor; these ingredients fine. When cool, the solution will be ready for use. Damp the hair with it frequently. This wash not only cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents baldness.

Rhubarb Jam.

To every pound of rhubarb add one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar; let the rhubarb boil gently quite an hour before the sugar is put in, and then boil well together for half an hour or more, until it nicely thickens.

Chemical Action of Light.

Never shade a house; let sunlight into every room, and let every inhabitant feel its influence. Man requires sunlight as much as plants; sunlight and fresh air are essential for health.

To take Rust out of Steel.

To take rust out of steel cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed on. In forty-eight hours rub with finely powdered, unslaked lime until the rust disappears.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OUTSIDE SHOW.

Does the world grow wiser as it grows older? There is a problem for your social philosophers. Perhaps a majority of those to whom the question is put, would answer in the affirmative, and perhaps they would be right, looking at the general advancement of the species, but it would be incorrect in certain particulars. While in some matters we have made prodigious strides towards perfection—no humanity can reach it—in others this old world of ours wags on just as it did when it was a little boy, some six thousand years ago, more or less. For instance, no student of human nature can deny that the grown-up man of to-day is just as easily captivated and fascinated by outside show, as the boy is by the brilliant colors that gild his soap-bubble. It would seem as if mankind were essentially objective, and not subjective in their tendencies, as if they really preferred *or molu* to gold, paste to diamonds, varnish and veneering to solid mahogany, the binding of books to the text, the mask to the human face divine.

The popular estimate of character is utterly fallacious, because the examination on which it is based is superficial and not microscopic. Dress goes a great way in influencing judgment.

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

The clergyman who wears a fustian coat and stout shoes when on a walking expedition; who dares to pull a wherry in his shirt-sleeves, or ride a trotting-horse, when his physician orders it, is very apt to be suspected of heterodox tendencies; while the speckless black coat, the snowy front never disturbed by the irregularity of healthy exercise, and the glittering shoes or boots, are taken as infallible symbols of internal purity and spirituality.

"Tis not the frock that makes the monk," is a saying much older than it is accredited. Your plainly-dressed man, whose integrity is like gold tried seven times in the fiery furnace, finds it difficult to negotiate a loan which he would die sooner than not repay to the uttermost farthing, while the faultlessly-dressed swindler, the Beau Brummell of rascals, finds no difficulty in taking in the shrewd business man to the extent of thousands.

Outside show! Why, what was it but a belief in this delusion that cost the empire of Austria 100,000 men in Italy! The Austrian troops are the nicest looking soldiers in the world, excepting the English. No men make a finer appearance on parade. They are as stiff as pike-staves; their bayonets and muskets glisten in the sun; their bootees are radiant with Japan and varnish; their belts are pipe-clayed to snowiness, their helmets are beautifully bright and heavy and uncomfortable. On the other hand, the French soldiers are careless in their bearing, and dirty in their habits, wear baggy trousers and loose coats, and unkempt beards. "Of course," said the Kaiser, "my clean and glittering giants can beat those scrubby little Frenchmen out of sight." Alas! poor Franz-Joseph, you were terribly out in our reckoning. Those scrubby little French threshed your glittering battalions from Montebello to Solferino, where they piled up fifty thousand Austrians dead and wounded, a hecatomb of victims to the demon of war. Perhaps in future you will believe that if "cleanliness is next to godliness," slovenliness may not be so far removed from gallantry and victory.

Do we think the world will be wiser for any homily on the folly of judging by appearances? We haven't that vanity. We believe with Butler, that:

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."

If it were not so, shams would not be so universally successful, quacks would not ride in carriages, despots would not lord it over nations, and the golden age would be restored.

BUTTER AND LONGEVITY.—A physician in Louisville has discovered that by living principally on buttermilk, a human being may prolong existence to the period of two hundred years.

BRITISH SHIPPING.—The total number of vessels built and registered in the United Kingdom, during the year 1858, was 1000.

COTTON MANUFACTURE.—The Augusta, Ga., Cotton Factory, is said to turn out, every day, 12,000 yards of cloth.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

It is sometimes curious to contrast the opinions of great writers with popular opinion. The name of Henry IV., of France, is popularly associated with all that is valorous, chivalrous, loyal and high-toned. It is hailed with enthusiasm, as was the white plume in his helmet, that floated in the van at Ivry. Macaulay has chanted his fame, in a charming ballad, as the champion of Protestantism, a Christian hero of the first water. Yet this sworn defender of the reformed faith apostatized for an earthly crown, and abandoned his trusty followers with as little compunction as he felt when assailing the honor of a woman. Let us see what writers of repute say of the hero of the white plume. By the way, he was the first man who "showed the white feather" in battle without impairing his reputation for courage.

Chateaubriand's sentence runs as follows: "Henry IV. was an ingrate and a braggadocio, promising much, and performing little; but his bravery, his wit, his happy and sometimes magnanimous phrases, his oratorical talent, his letters, full of originality, vivacity and fire, and his varied adventures, will immortalize him. His tragical end has contributed not a little to his renown; to disappear from life opportunely is a condition of glory. A false idea has been formed of the way in which the Bourbons reached the throne; the victor of Ivry did not mount it, booted and spurred, as he left the battle-field; he capitulated to his enemies, and his friends had often no other recompense than the honor of having shared his misfortunes."

Says de Bonald, of the same prince: "An attempt has been made to make us a perfectly amiable king out of Henry IV., who, to conquer and govern his kingdom, could be more than once rigorous, often inflexible and always firm. They affect to speak of the generous pardon he granted to the League; no—this great man did not pardon the League. During his whole reign, he pursued its remnants relentlessly; to extinguish this coalition he employed a rigor which would very much surprise the people who talk *ad nauseam* of the clemency of Henry IV.—people who seem to have obtained their notions of this great prince from farce-writers and the opera-comique. 'I am,' he wrote to Gabrielle, 'before Paris where God will aid me. Yesterday I carried the bridges of Charenton and St. Maur by cannon shot, and hung all the people within.'"

Edmund Burke says in substance (and it is almost a reproach to forget the identical language of Burke): "The humanity and gentleness of

Henry IV. never stood in the way of his interests; he never spared the blood of those who opposed him. This blood often flowed in battle, sometimes on the scaffold."

STEAM PLOUGHING.

What a magnificent idea is that of yoking the steam giant to the plough and making him earn the bread of millions, increasing the earth's productiveness to an almost boundless extent, dispensing with horses and turning cattle out to grass! Yet the practicability of this momentous change in agriculture has been it appears, proved both in England and this country. In England, they have machines which will plough eight acres a day; and in this country Mr. John W. Fawkes, a mechanic of Lancaster county, Pa., has invented a steam plough, recently successfully tried in the presence of two highly respectable agricultural committees near Philadelphia. The machine drew a gang of eight prairie ploughs, performed its work admirably, and went up and down hill. Moreover, the field was cross-ploughed with the same facility. This will inaugurate a new era, and is an event of the very highest importance.

WEALTH OF WORDS.—Mr. Choate had long been noted for his torrent of words. When Judge Wilde was told by a literary friend that a new edition of "Webster's Unabridged" was to contain several thousand new words, he is said to have exclaimed, "What will the country do, if Choate is apprised of the fact?" But Mr. Choate was as noted for the affluence of his ideas as for the copiousness of his vocabulary.

A LADY'S WIT.—Lady Palmerston, it is said, is the author of the following *mot* at the expense of the Peelites:—"They are always putting themselves up for auction, and then buying themselves in!"

COSTLY SWORD.—The Marquis of Westminster recently appeared at court wearing a sword, on the pommel of which is a diamond which cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

POINTED.—An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquents with this touching sentence: "We must *do*, or we must be *done*."

POETRY.—He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Dr. Dyer is Chairman of the Board of Health, in Norwich, Ct.

SKATING-SOLDIERS.

In Norway, a portion of the soldiers are trained to the use of *skies*, or snow-skates, for service in winter campaigns. These troops are a species of light infantry, and are armed with rifles. They practise the extension movements, and act as skirmishers upon snow surfaces where cavalry and regular infantry cannot move. The *skies* are two thin, narrow pieces of hard wood, of unequal lengths, pointed and turned up at the forward end. The longer measures about seven feet, and is worn upon the left foot. The other is about five feet long, and is worn upon the right foot. The shorter is placed upon the right foot for facility in turning, that foot being used more than the left. Both skates are about three inches in width, and an inch in thickness in the centre, where the foot is placed. The under side is hollowed in the centre in a longitudinal groove, to prevent slipping sideways and insure a forward direction. These wooden skates are bound firmly to the feet by means of loops and leather thongs.

The troops thus shod, are called *skielobere*. They carry, besides the rifle, a short sword, and also a staff of hard wood, which is about seven feet long and an inch thick. This staff is tipped at one end with a sharp iron spike, and a few inches above the point, a small disk of wood is fastened upon it, to prevent the staff from penetrating the crust of snow too far. This staff serves to support the soldier in his progress, to guide his course, and check his speed, when necessary. It is also very useful in changing direction rapidly. When the rifle is used, the staff is stuck in the snow, and serves as a rest in taking aim. The *skielobere* move with great facility, and especially over surfaces of ice or snow, and can advance and retreat in perfect safety in places where no other troops can follow them. They traverse with equal indifference the surfaces of marshes, lakes, rivers and mountains, in winter weather, and can approach the enemy upon any side while he is on the march or going into camp. In the former wars between Norway and Sweden, they were found extremely useful, and two regiments were maintained, and drilled in this exercise. Their usual mode of attack is to advance in three lines, at very open order. The first line halts, fires, comes to the right about, and retires to the rear between the open files of the other lines. The second and third lines successively move to the front, fire and retire to the rear, the first having in the meantime loaded again, and being ready to advance to the front. These troops have also proved invaluable in keeping open the communication between dis-

tant corps, and in conveying important intelligence with great rapidity. Their uniform is green, like that of other riflemen, but they wear in addition an undress jacket of coarse gray cloth; and when engaged in their peculiar exercise upon a snowy plain or frozen lake, they present a very picturesque appearance.

ROYAL MARRIAGE GIFTS.

The Infanta of Portugal received, on the occasion of her marriage, gifts of great value and magnificence. Among other articles are enumerated—a shoulder strap ornamented with precious stones, valued at seven contos of reis (a conto is about one thousand dollars)—this belonged to the late queen, Donna Maria II., and was offered to the bride by her sister, the Infanta Donna Antonia; a dressing-case of silver, given by the Empress Duchess of Braganza, of costly price, and a brooch of brilliants of the value of twelve contos of reis; a collar of brilliants given by the king, her brother, which came from the *atelier* of the late celebrated goldsmith, Raimundo Jose Pinto, the maker of the magnificent *tiara* worn by the present queen on her marriage. The king, Don Fernando, besides other presents, gave his daughter a handkerchief of exquisite workmanship, valued at a conto of reis. A magnificent collar of pearls was given by the Infanta Donna Isabel Maria. The dowry of the princess is ninety contos in money, and thirty contos for outfit. Besides this, she has her private fortune, inherited from her mother, calculated at one hundred and eighty contos of reis.

THE MORMONS.—According to the best authority, Brigham Young, some of the elders among the saints will take the last peck of their grain to the distillery to buy whiskey, and then beg their bread.

CATHOLICISM.—In Chicago, there are eight Catholic churches, one college, three female seminaries of the first class, a number of schools for religious and secular instruction, two orphan asylums, a hospital, and two convents.

HEAVY.—The cotton interest of the United States, in all its branches and ramifications, amounts to about \$4,000,000 annually.

A HINT.—To guard against summer complaints, eat little and drink less.

JUST SO.—There is no objection to broil in a house, so they be confined to the *kitchen*.

WILL IT PAY?

Young man, you who have been dazzled by the stories of golden promise in California, and Pike's Peak, and who realize such a restlessness on account thereof; pause before you commit the irreparable mistake of leaving a comfortable home, and ever so humble, but sure a support, to follow an *ignis fatuus*, that leads only astray. Remember the actual cost in money necessary to reach the desolate and miserable region you contemplate; remember the loss of time which must be incurred in the long, tedious, and trying journey, along whose road so many lie down to die; remember the health-destroying and terribly laborious occupation which mining really is, even to the most successful; recollect the depraved character of the people with whom you must inevitably be associated; recall the sweet home ties that you will sever to take up so forbidding a connection; and then do not forget that *not one in a hundred* has ever yet met with as good success in life by emigrating to the gold regions, as they knew at home! Let these few facts be considered, and them calmly ask yourself—*will it pay?* “Slow and sure,” is a good axiom. Let well alone, and be contented to realize a fair return for your industry; save a little every year and lay it carefully by on interest, and you will be worth more in the inheritance of health, comfort, and money, than the more venturesome. To nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand who have gone to Pike's Peak for gold, the enterprise has proved only a miserable and destructive failure, a large per centage paying the penalty even of their lives for their folly.

AN ESTATE OF TWENTY MILLIONS.—Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Bart., who recently died in London, has left personal property in England exceeding \$10,000,000, and real estate of a like amount. The will is most voluminous, and has no less than forty-two codicils, most of them in the baron's own handwriting. The probate stamp duty payable thereon is \$75,000, which is the maximum.

NEW YORK SAVINGS BANKS.—Since the first of last January upwards of \$30,000,000 have been deposited in the savings banks of New York and Brooklyn by the working classes, bearing interest from 4 to 6 per cent.

CONTRABAND ARTICLES.—In reply to the Manhattan Company, General Cass states that fire-arms and munitions of war are contraband, and their exportation to a belligerent country is at risk of the party sending them.

NEWSPAPER EDITING.

The Index speaks of being much amused at the relation of a case by the late John L. Waller. He, with his characteristic humor, gave the following incidents: A plain brother was very anxious to write for the *Western Recorder*—the paper of which, at the time, Dr. Waller had charge—had often expressed his desire, without much encouragement, but was finally told to write, and the article should appear. He wrote, but, said the doctor, “*such a mess!*” But, supposing that one effort would satisfy his correspondent, he put the article in shape, gave it a point, thought and connection, and next week the brother saw it under his signature. He came to the editor under a glow of delight, and said—“Why, Brother Waller, I did not know I could write so well! *I must write again!*”

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel “ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK.” It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamp or silver, will receive a copy, *post paid*, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

GYMNASTICS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—Orders have been given for introducing athletic games and gymnastic exercises in the British army. The idea is derived from the French. The Zouaves are trained gymnasts, and are as agile as so many Ravelers. Their exploits in scaling ramparts are almost incredible. They climb up over each other's backs, making a ladder of their bodies against a wall. The exercises are promotive of health, as well as efficiency in the hour of action.

RETORT.—A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick—“I don't believe you,” said the other, “for you have not the heart to give anything.”

GREATNESS.—No man is so truly great, whatever other titles to eminence he may have, as when, after taking an erroneous step, he resolves to “tread that step backward.”

A STRANGE FISH.

A new and strange species of fish, for our waters, was captured in the Great Ogeechee River, Georgia, recently, at a place near the mouth of Harvey's Cut, just below Genesis Point. It was taken in a net set for sturgeon, and measured six feet one inch in length. Its head was put in brine to preserve it, and it takes a large sized butter keg to accommodate it. Its scales measured not less than one and a half inches in diameter, and are of the most beautifully burnished silver color. The head is very massive, supplied with six rows of small dull teeth on either side, projecting at an angle of about forty-five degrees from a very heavy and powerful lower jaw bone, which has only a muscular connection with the outer walls of the head, and seems to be the posterior portion of the tongue. There are but two rows of teeth on either side of the upper jaw. The gills are massive, and arranged in layers of eight on either side. Eyes very large and projecting, and situated near the mouth. The latter is small, with the lower lip projecting some inches beyond the upper, and not unlike that of a horse, though sharper. As a whole, the fish is a most beautiful specimen of its tribe. The gentleman who captured it, tried a steak from its body, and says the meat is of a dark color, but quite delicate, and free from the strong taste of the "drum" or "bass." Quite a school of them were noticed about the spot where this was taken, skimming the surface of the water, and a party of gentlemen are intending to make an effort to get one with a hook and line.

RAREY.—Rarey has tamed a vicious horse named the "King of Oude." This was done in London. Why do not the English send him over to Paris, and have him tame the Emperor of the French ?

BETTER BE GOING.—"Come, doctor, it's ten o'clock; I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the reply, "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."

JUSTIFIABLE.—If your wife goes into an hysterical fit, and you can cure her in no other way, go into one yourself; we think it a justifiable *counterfit*.

GOOD.—A paper out West has for its motto: "Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, fun and making money."

MEAN-LOOKING KINGS.

There is scarcely one of the sovereigns of Europe who, like old Lear, looks "every inch a king." And this has been the case for many centuries. In modern times, Napoleon, the *parvenu*, was the handsomest monarch that ever filled a throne. His contemporaries, the legitimate sovereigns, were a shabby set, according to Lord Broughton, who says of the famous Congress of Vienna: "Whilst looking at the cluster of crowned heads it was impossible not to remark that the absolute lords of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common race of mankind, but were, in appearance, inferior to what might be expected from the same number of gentlemen taken at hazard from any society in Europe. Nor was there to be seen a trait expressive of any great or attractive quality in all those who were to be the sources of so much happiness or misery to so large a portion of the civilized world. Yet some of these were notoriously good men in their private capacity, and scarcely one of them had been distinguished for vices eminently pernicious to society, or any other than the venial failings of humanity; or, as a writer of no democratic tendency says of them, 'all excellent persons in private life, all scourges of the countries submitted to their sway.'

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—We have a very large stock of choice wood engravings on hand, forming an almost countless variety of pictures upon every subject; embracing noted portraits, views of scenery in this country and Europe, military and naval, illustrations of peace and war, architecture, etc. We will dispose of any of these to parties who desire them, at a very low rate. Proofs of these engravings, *over ten thousand in number*, can be seen at our office, and selections made.

THE PENOBSCOT RIVER.—As showing the amount of commerce on the Penobscot River, Captain John Odom says that he last year counted 4000 outward bound vessels of all classes, that passed the light at Fort Point."

EQUIVOCAL.—A writer in one of our local papers speaks of a friend of his that has always been accustomed to the pen. Is the friend an author or a goose?

A RARE ONE.—There is a man in Louisville so knowing, that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

SWITZERLAND.

A correspondent from Montreaux, Switzerland, writes as follows: "A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its gray stone church, is perched on the side of the mountain, one or two hundred feet above my head. The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, save more and enjoy more. The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations. For while in New England our last civilization of the soil is not two hundred and forty years old, here you count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Caesar, not to speak of corn and other needful things which human toil woode out of this sunny land perhaps 3000 or 4000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and even stony, too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descent about me. But labor conquers all; the steep mountain sides are notched into terraces, whose sides are protected by the stones which once cumbered the ground, the shores are lined with stone to withstand the flapping of the uneasy lake. The soil is rich by art and bears enormous crops of costly grapes. I love to see the Indian corn scattered here and there among the vines. Nothing is lost; no foot of soil, no ray of sunshine on a wall, but an apricot, a peach or a grape is reposing there. Use has not driven beauty off; men are not content with the sublime of nature, they must have the handsome artifice of flowers. Pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, gillyflowers and the queenly rose bloom in all the little gardens. Here, too, all is peace—it is the incidents of peace I have been speaking of. But only eighty miles off as the crow flies, are the outposts of the allies; two armies, numbering 300,000 men, are drawing near to kill each other, and before these lines reach you I suppose they will have reddened the ground with dreadful murder. No doubt the Anstrians are the devil to Italy. Now Napoleon III., the prince of that class of devils, the very Beelzebub, comes to cast them out. It is good to get rid of the old German devil, even if a new rough one turns him off in this rough fashion—it is of a kind that goes not out except by fire and sword. I rejoice, therefore, in every French victory—it gives Italy some chance for freedom, though I hope little for the effete nations."

FRUIT-RAISING.—The strawberry crop is quite an item in the agricultural wealth of the country. The strawberries sold in New York the past season brought \$200,000.

VENETIAN WOMEN.

The handsomest women and the prettiest girls in Italy are found among the lower classes of the far-famed city of Venice. Their hair is of a tawny blonde hue, with golden reflections, and many of these light-haired beauties have black eyes. They have regular and delicate features, a white and fine skin, graceful figures and small feet. In the upper ranks, the race has been preserved with less purity, from the diversity of alliances, changes in the manner of living, and other causes. In the gress circle of the Venice theatre you will see finely dressed women with every variety of complexion and feature, but only two or three of remarkable beauty. The great ladies of Venice are of course of a different opinion, and will not admit that the true type of Venetian beauty does not exist in their ranks. But the ladies of the Venetian aristocracy are distinguished by other advantages. They are in general very agreeable, intelligent and witty. Many are pointed out, gifted with superior talents, well versed in belles-lettres, and composing charming verses. The ladies of Venice have always occupied themselves with arts and literature. In the sixteenth century there was a Female Academy at Venice which acquired great celebrity, and where the highest artistic, literary and even scientific questions were discussed. Poetry was the favorite recreation of these female academicians whose meetings became very celebrated under the presidency of the famous Elizabeth Qurini.

TEXAS.—The population of Texas, as given by the late census, shows a total of 458,620, of whom 138,165 are slaves, 1290 free negroes. In 1850 the total population was 212,492. The whole number of acres under cultivation is 1,948,215.

IN MEMORIAM.—The graduates of the last class in St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., have provided funds for the erection of a memorial window in the chapel where Bishop Doane taught them.

A YOUTHFUL SUICIDE.—A lad of sixteen in a drug store in Philadelphia lately committed suicide. This is following a French fashion.

A HORSEMAN GONE.—Sam Laird, the trainer of the famous horses, Eclipse, Monmouth and Fashion, died recently, at the age of 72.

WHEAT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The wheat crop of Pennsylvania is estimated at four millions of bushels.

Foreign Miscellany.

Louis Napoleon lately gave \$4000 for two black N. J. horses, matched, 15 and 20 years old.

The Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean are to be united by a great canal through Spain.

The cost of the Earl of Elgin's special mission to China amounted to £11,500.

The Right Rev. Edward Maltby, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Durham, died recently at his residence in London. He was in his 90th year.

There are at present seven distinct companies engaged in constructing railroads in India, under the guarantee of the India Government.

Spain has concluded an advantageous treaty with Honduras, mainly in relation to the entering and coaling of her war ships in the ports of the colony.

The Hamburg papers notice the arrival of 500 tons of Cincinnati salt pork to provision the federal garrisons of Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, Radstadt and Ulm.

Mr. Ten Broeck's mare, Loiterer, won £1000 at the Newmarket races, beating her competitor easily by a length. The beaten horse, Mr. Robison's Apollo, was the favorite at the start.

The Constitutionnel says that two new towns, one called Magenta, the other Solferino, are to be founded in Algeria, and that the Austrian prisoners are to be employed in building them.

Accounts from Naples state that the volcano of Vesuvius was in an active state of eruption. A river of lava, flaming from the crater, was already three miles long, and was destroying orchards and vineyards.

In the royal stables at Madrid, Spain, among triumphal chariots and state carriages, all resplendent with paint and gilding, may be seen an American trotting wagon, made by a New Yorker.

The site of the house in which Dr. Johnson lived and died, in Bolt court, Fleet street, has been bought by the Stationers' company of London; and the Stationers are about to erect a school for booksellers on the site of Johnson's house.

Since the commencement of the late war in Italy, great numbers of Protestant Bibles have been distributed to the soldiers, even at Rome. A wide field for missionary effort was opened, and was well improved by the Waldensian Christians and their coadjutors in other countries.

Three additional rooms have just been opened to the public in the Louvre. They contain about two hundred and sixty pictures of the German and Italian schools, and amongst them the copy of the "Last Supper," supposed to have been made by Leonardo da Vinci's pupils under his superintendence.

In England they are imitating the most ancient of all coffins, and are making many of terra cotta and similar materials. They are of the ordinary shape, and the lid fits in a groove where it is secured by Roman cement. The ancients knew better than this; they did not want them to explode, so left free egress for the gases of decomposition.

It is stated that the Italian war cost France about \$98,000,000.

All the French ships of war are arming with the terrible rifled guns.

The government revenue paid into the Bank of England is nearly a million of dollars a day.

King Charles XV. has announced his succession to the throne of Sweden.

The Duke of Malakoff has been appointed Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.

Mount Vesuvius is still blazing away. Resina and Portici are now thought to be in danger.

Between January and May of this year, the different theatres of Italy performed twenty-three new operas.

The fortifications of Dover, England, are about to be enlarged, at an estimated cost of £150,000.

In the present British Parliament, there are sixty-three members who are more than sixty years old.

Kossuth's fluency in Italian was admired at Genoa and Turin, as much as his English orations were in America.

Rice straw, or Leghorn hats, without any trimming, are the fashion at Paris. Some of them cost \$200.

One of the Cent Gardes wrote that Napoleon III., in the thick of the bullet storm, never ceased his cigarette while giving directions in front of Solferino.

Vestvali is in Paris, engaged at the Grand Opera to sing in Bellini's *Montechi e Capuleti*, which will there for the first time be produced in French.

Private letters from Turkey state that Bulgarian women have been carried off by the Turks, and that the Bulgarian families are in consternation.

The new telegraphic cable from England to Heligoland has been successfully laid, and when spliced on to the cable between that island and Tönning, will complete the communication to Denmark.

The famous "Morgue" in Paris is to be removed, and a new building is about to be erected on the Point Neuf, just behind the statue of Henri Quatre, where the unknown dead are henceforth to be transported.

A touching story is told of three brothers who served in the army—one as lieutenant-colonel, one as major, and the third as lieutenant—of whom the first was killed at Montebello, the third at Magenta, and the second at Solferino.

Mr. Rarey is now again in London, taming ferocious horses, giving lessons to cavalry officers and rough riders, and occasionally exhibiting his art in public. When he returns to this country, he will bring the famous horse, Cruiser, with him.

Accompanying the French army in Italy, and forming a part of its equipment, was a cart, solidly built, and drawn by four horses, containing a small hand-press, with an ample supply of paper, ink, type, and everything else necessary for printing the bulletins, proclamations, and orders of the day.

Record of the Times.

The estimated aggregate of the wheat crop in this country, for this year, is 201,000,000 bushels.

The wool crop of Michigan this year is larger and better than it ever was before.

There is a negro in Philadelphia whose feet are twenty-one inches long.

Mlle. St. Urban, one of the stars of the Italian Opera at Paris, has been engaged for the new Opera House at New Orleans next season.

Hartford papers state that 10,000 revolving rifles are now being manufactured at Col. Colt's armory, for the British government.

A collection of Mr. Choate's orations, with a biography, will be published by his family for the benefit of the estate.

Ten thousand revolving rifles are now being manufactured at Colonel Colt's armory for the British government.

Wilson, who played chess blindfolded, at Worcester, is the son of a farmer, and is but seventeen years old.

A statue to Humboldt is to be erected in the Mining College of Mexico, by order of the government.

The Chicago Democrat avers that a Kentuckian resident in that city, recently won \$28,000 at faro, in one night. The money was won from three bank clerks and four professional gamblers.

The U. S. government is sending 10,000 muskets from Springfield armory to California. The guns are soldered up in tin cases inside the wooden boxes, to protect them from moisture.

An Irish woman recently called at the telegraph office in Holyoke, and requested the operator to send her carpet bag to New York, and return her dimes by telegraph that day, sure.

For beating his wife with a broomstick to such an extent that the lady became senseless and the broomstick was shattered, a California justice fined a husband \$200.

The Lecompte filly, "Pretty-by-night," the last of the famous Lecompte stock remaining in Kentucky, was sold a few days since for \$10,000. She is two years old.

The biggest mule ever produced, it is supposed, is now in Wayne county, Indiana, owned by Charles Frost. The weight is given at 1835 pounds, and height 19 1-2 hands, which is six feet six inches.

Captain William Wilmott, of Maryland, was the last man killed in the Revolutionary War. He was killed by a British foraging party, in a skirmish on John's Island, S. C., November 14, 1782.

It is calculated that upwards of \$80,000 worth of cotton has been lost by fires at sea within the past year, mostly occasioned by the use of oil in the cotton presses at New Orleans or on ship-board.

The crop of flax-seed in Indiana this year promises to be more abundant than ever before known, not only because more ground has been devoted to it, but from the unusually good prospect of the crop.

The Maryland Agricultural College will be opened in October. There will be six professors.

It is said that ten millions of hooped skirts are manufactured in New York annually.

The crops all over the country are immense, and great is the rejoicing at the fact.

Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, is 82 years old. Some of the other judges are over 70.

Gymnastic exercises have become one of the regular institutions with the students in Waterville College.

A tin mine has been discovered near Los Angeles, Cal., the ore of which has been assayed and found to contain 32 per cent. of metal.

Cassius M. Clay, Esq., calculates that the birds visiting his thirty acres of fruit and pleasure grounds destroy not less than 25,459,200,000 caterpillars and insects in one year.

The Rockland (Me.) Democrat says the value of the hay crop in that State this year will be nearly ten millions of dollars. It is the most important interest in the State.

Dr. Bissell, one of the quarantine physicians at Staten Island, New York, is of opinion that if a person's hair be washed, he is not liable to disease. What if he is bald-headed?

A table compiled from official documents gives the number of free-masons in the United States as 211,538, and the income of all the lodges as about \$1,450,000.

It has heretofore cost about \$2000 annually to supply the Michigan State Prison with water, but at a cost of only seventy dollars the agent has recently bored an artesian well on the premises which furnishes an abundant supply of excellent water.

It appears upon an examination, that the average issue of copyrights for books for some years past, so far as can be ascertained, has been about three thousand per annum. New York leads in the number of copyrights, and is followed by Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

Greenwood Cemetery, near New York city, was founded in June, 1820, and from that month up to the present time, 69,040 bodies have taken up their residence in the silent city. Greenwood will, in the end, outstrip New York, and, ere many years, will count its dead by millions.

A perfect mummy was found floating in the river at St. Louis recently. It is supposed that the body had been buried in the bank of the river, where the soil had some peculiar antiseptic or preservative quality, and that it had been washed out by the high tide.

The Chinese have a temple in San Francisco which cost \$20,000, and have imported an idol from China at a cost of \$30,000. It is the image of a man who figured in China 3000 years ago, and was a great statesman and warrior, as one said, "like your Washington."

A company of soldiers are stationed on the road between Forts Kearney and Laramie, who travel constantly up and down the highway, for the purpose of guarding emigrants and others from hostile Indians, and bands of lawless white men.

Merry-Making.

Who were the first astrologers? The stars, because they first studded the heavens.

In these degenerate days it is said that character is weighed in a cash balance.

Green, but dangerous, as the asparagus said to the copper kettle in which it was boiled.

"Joe, did you ever dabble in stocks?" "Well, yes, I got my foot in them once."

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

Why are a pretty girl's eyes like an oatmeal cake? Because they are apt to give the heart-burn.

By what light should a vessel be piloted at night? By a *steering (stearine) candle*, to be sure!

Every man likes to be taken for a gentleman, and yet no man likes to be charged as one—in an hotel bill.

A country newspaper, speaking of the blind wood-sawyer, says, "although he can't see he can saw."

The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle on a wager against a locomotive.

"Tom, what are you leaning over that empty cash for?" "I'm mourning over departed spirits," was the reply.

"Tom, who did you say our friend B—married?" "Well, he married forty thousand dollars—I forgot her other name!"

Miss Fantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman, that.

What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet maker? One sells tea sets and the other settees!

A gilder who was wasting gold leaf and moulding on a miserable daub, soothed his conscience by the thought that he was only "framing an apology."

The poet Gray once said: "I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life, one can never have more than a single mother."

Jones, in a dilemma, said that he was at his wit's end. Smith sarcastically remarked that it would not take him long to return—he had not to come far. Sharp, in Smith.

It is certainly true that "one swallow does not make a summer;" but with some persons half-a-dozen swallows, when the liquor is good, are a very summary thing, indeed.

A sneaking dirty fellow being in fear of bailiffs, wished to disguise himself. A wag gave him the following advice:—"Wash yourself, and hold up your head, and I assure you nobody will suspect who you are."

The following laconic epistle may be seen in the window of a London coffee-shop:—"Stolen from this window a china cup and saucer; the set being now incomplete, the thief may have the remainder at a bargain."

No church, however perfect, is without a *nave*.

Why was Adam like a sugar-planter? Because he first raised Cain.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

Club boat regattas always furnish spectacles of herowism. They are a sort of watery oar-deal.

Mrs. Partington says that Louis Napoleon is succeeding beyond her most sanguinary expectations.

It is always a waste of raw material to put five dollars worth of beaver on ten cents worth of brains.

A French writer has lately observed, with commendable caution, that "nearly all men are human."

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on to the stage.

The respectable old lady who "raised the rising hope," has gone in search of the blacksmith who "riveted the chain of friendship."

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

Why are the pimplies on a drunkard's face like the engravings in a London newspaper? Because they are illustrations of *Punch*.

Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls in town, don't it?

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said the antagonist, coolly.

A lady at Newport, whose geographical ideas are somewhat mixed, complains that the serfs are very free this season. A rusher knocked her over the other day.

Among other remarkable names appearing in the newspapers is that of Mr. Seasongood, a gentleman no doubt who invariably arrives in good season. His name must be to himself a continual provocative in punctuality.

Instantly another is attacked, how eagerly we all cry out, "Send for the doctor!" and yet we rarely think of calling in his services till the very last moment ourselves! Isn't it pretty much the same with philosophy?

A lady refused her lover's request that she would give him her portrait. "Ah, it matters not," he replied; "when blest with the original, who cares for the copy?" The lady, both ignorant and indignant, retorted—"I don't think myself more original than anybody else."

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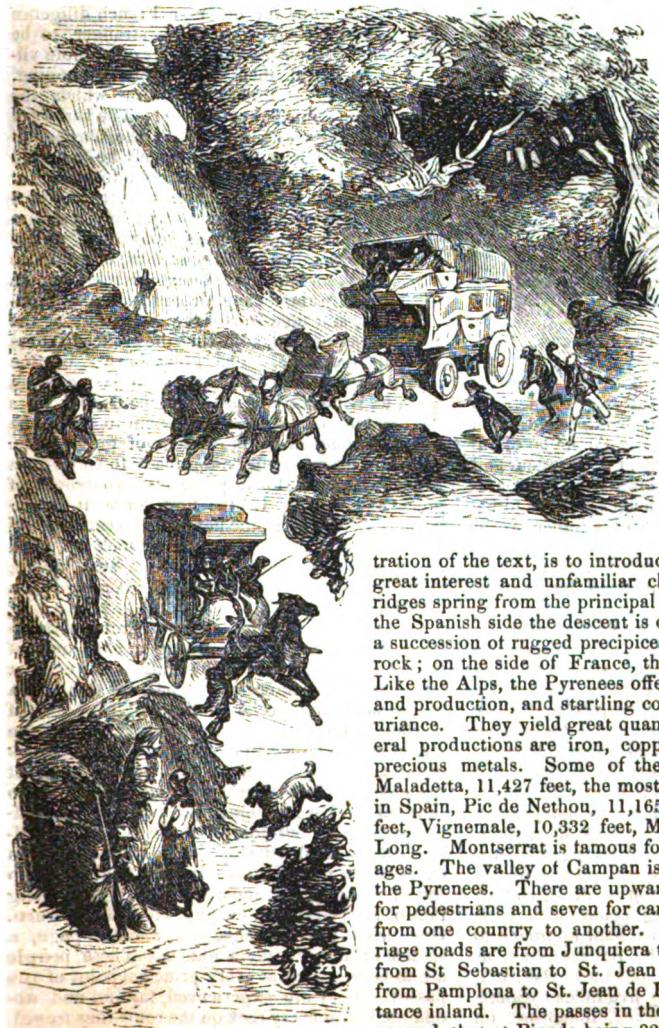
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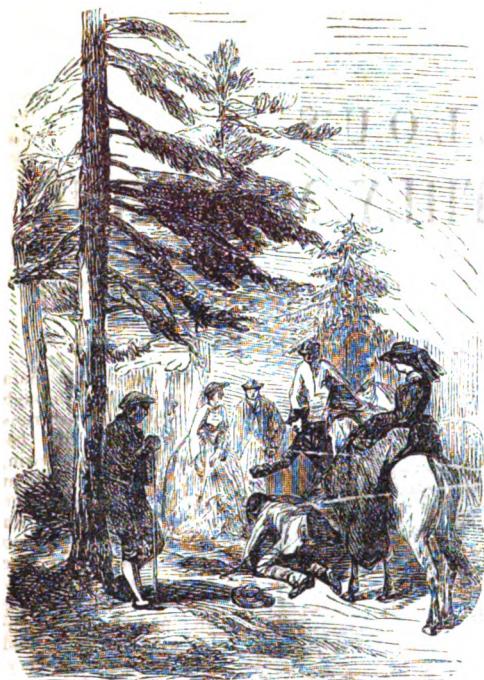
WHOLE NO. 59.

SIGHTS AND SCENES AMONG THE PYRENEES.



tration of the text, is to introduce great interest and unfamiliar character. Various inferior ridges spring from the principal chain of the Pyrenees. On the Spanish side the descent is often very steep, presenting a succession of rugged precipices and huge masses of naked rock; on the side of France, the ascent is more gradual. Like the Alps, the Pyrenees offer a great variety of climate and production, and startling contrasts of sterility and luxuriance. They yield great quantities of timber. The mineral productions are iron, copper, lead, zinc, cobalt and precious metals. Some of the highest summits are the Maladetta, 11,427 feet, the most elevated point of which is in Spain, Pic de Nethou, 11,165 feet, Mont Perdu, 10,578 feet, Vignemale, 10,332 feet, Marboré, Pic Blanc and Pic Long.Montserrat is famous for its monastery and hermitages. The valley of Campan is the most beautiful part of the Pyrenees. There are upwards of one hundred passages for pedestrians and seven for carriages, over the mountains from one country to another. The most frequented carriage roads are from Junquera to Perpignan on the east; from St. Sebastian to St. Jean de Luz, on the west, and from Pamplona to St. Jean de Pied de Port, at some distance inland. The passes in the interior are over very high ground, that at Pineda being 9248 feet above the sea. The Pyrenees differ from most other mountains in rising almost

SPANISH DILIGENCE ON THE ROAD.



A GROUP OF TRAVELLERS.

immediately from a plain not much above the level of the sea: thus their real height suffers no apparent diminution by their being based upon elevated ground, or by rising in the midst of inferior mountains. As an object of grandeur and sublimity they stand alone, and from their situation, as well as from their height, appear to belong to the purer atmosphere of another world—a barrier between earth and heaven, a pathway through the skies, which, at that far distance, it might well be deemed presumption for any human foot to tread.

The initial vignette in our series of illustrations, exhibits a wild mountain road descending among trees and rocks, with a waterfall pouring down the side of a wall of granite, a heavily laden diligence, with two wheelers and three leaders harnessed abreast, preceded by a one-horse cabriolet. The horses of these diligences in the south of France are generally raw-boned and shaggy, with their tails tied up in bunches, and their necks, heads and bodies hung about with harness consisting of thongs of leather, neither tanned nor cleaned, and arranged in such a manner as would baffle the ingenuity of any but a Frenchman. In addition to all which they have immense collars hung about with little tinkling bells, which announce their approach to a settlement or village. The postilions are as remarkable as any of the animals they drive, and, like them, are changed every five miles. Sometimes these men sit in the dickey, sometimes on one of the horses; sometimes they wear smart blue jackets, ornamented with silver lace, some-

times the short blue frocks of the peasants, and sometimes they have the skins of dogs or calves tied round them. But whatever their garments are composed of, they always float about in the wind as wild and loose as possible. Most of these men wear the wooden shoes of the country, turned up at the toe with a sharp point, and sometimes finished off behind with a high, sharp heel, with which they tread on the backs of the horses as they clamber up and down. How many passengers a diligence is intended to carry, is not easy to ascertain; for what, with its three apartments within, its piles of luggage on the top, the number of persons who scramble up to a receptacle in front of the roof, and the additional number who insist on having taken their places and have to be pulled out by main force to make room for others, a French diligence might be supposed, by a stranger, to be transporting the inhabitants of a whole village. And then the shouting, hooping, cracking and coaxing, with which the whole affair is kept going! The variety of trappings which compose the harness of French horses, would scarcely be expected from its appearances, to hold together for a single mile, and the fact is, that something always does give way every ten minutes. Such accidents, however, unless more than commonly serious, occasion no delay, for the driver hangs his reins upon a hook on the dickey, descends like a monkey, and then runs sideways as fast as the horses can go, adjusting the broken harness all the time. The great beauty of the whole affair is, that the horses go just as well when he is not driving as when he is, nor does the breaking of a strap or two seem to make the least difference in the movement of the vehicle. After all, we must not be too ready to smile at a French diligence, for it possesses two points of great excellence. In the first place, it is extremely easy, and in the next, it is so constructed that the driver or conducteur can lock the hind wheel without descending from his seat, which, in a hilly country, or a case of danger, is an amazing advantage.

Our second engraving shows a group of travellers in the mountains, during a halt, one of them having dismounted to secure a flower that has attracted his attention. The third sketch is a pretty landscape scene in the neighborhood of Tarbes, at no great distance from the base of the Pyrenees. The next picture shows the costumes of the men and women on the Spanish side of the chain, and they are not very dissimilar to those of the French mountaineers in the succeeding print. An out-door scene in a Spanish village on the southern slope of the mountains, is exceedingly picturesque. It is a family group full of character, the most striking figure being that of the priest with his huge clerical sombrero. Our artist has furnished, on another page, a sketch of the mountain guides. These people are to be met with at every principal point of the passes. They are experienced, faithful and acquainted with every rock on the route they travel. The picture of the "mountain bridge" is from nature, and exhibits the character of a large por-

tion of the mountains—tremendous summits, winding passes, deep gorges, with spots of verdure and foliage contrasting with barren rocks and desolate glens. The concluding illustration of the series sets before us a Spanish market-place, with a priest bargaining with the out-door fruit and vegetable dealer for a supply for his convent. It appropriately closes our gallery of sketches, as the traveller may be supposed to continue his journey into Spain.

The journal of an English lady traveller who spent many months in exploring the Pyrenees, presents some very spirited sketches of the sights and scenes she beheld. In the famous valley of Luz her attention was first called to that unhappy race of beings known as the Cagots, and peculiar to these mountains: She says: "One cannot reside long amongst the Pyrenees, without hearing much of this singular and separate race of people, though they are seldom to be seen by the mere traveller, on account of their number being greatly decreased, and also because remnants of their race occupy, with few exceptions, the most remote and inaccessible recesses of the mountains. That these people once constituted a numerous class, is sufficiently attested by many curious facts, while their isolated situation, cut off from all sympathy with the rest of mankind, is also evident from the abject and degraded state in which the residue of this wretched people is still found. It is said that they are below the average of human beings, both in their personal appearance and in their mental faculties, abject, stupid, and little raised above the brute creation. Yet no instance has reached my knowledge, of their returning oppression with injury, or rewarding the injustice of years, with any of those momentary ebullitions of revenge, which belong to the history of almost every other class of despised or injured people. It is impossible at the present day, to arrive at any authentic account of the origin of the Cagots, but that certainly appears the most probable, which supposes them to have been persons infected with leprosy, a disease imported into their country after the first crusade; and some writers even suppose that their name may have come from the word *gafó*, which in Spanish signifies leprous. This idea is also supported by the nature of the laws which were made for the purpose of separating them from the rest of the people; for besides the low door by which alone they were permitted to enter the churches, there was an edict of Gaston IV., by which particular houses in the most isolated situations, were assigned to their use; they were also excluded from all trades or occupations, except such as could be carried on in the open air, and were even forbidden to carry arms, and to walk barefoot in the streets or roads, under pain of having their feet bored through with hot iron. Of course they were not permitted to intermarry with the rest of the people; and one remnant of the contempt in which they were held, may still be found in the word *cagot* being applied as the lowest term of opprobrium amongst the country people."

"St. Sauveur, the little Cheltenham of the

Pyrenees, I have already said is situated about a mile from Luz, and you may walk there either by the green meadows and the hill of the hermitage, or by an excellent public road, leading to it by a marble bridge across the Gave. The town itself consists of a single street of well-built houses, standing on the edge of the ravine of the Gave, and in that direction which leads, by a road on the opposite side, to Gavarnie. It is chiefly the resort of nervous or fashionable invalids, who find its waters more mild, though I believe they are of the same nature as those of Barèges. It is, upon the whole, a more genteel residence than Luz, though to us it possessed fewer recommendations, there being no road through it, no view from it, and, according to report, nothing to be found in it, except the gossip of fashionable idlers, which, however, I cannot complain of, as the season of their arrival had not then commenced.

"Both St. Sauveur and Luz possess the recommendation of being central points, from whence excursions can be made to many places of interest and attraction, lying at the distance of but one day's journey, so that you can set off early in the morning, on sure-footed and well-practised horses kept for the purpose, see as much as the eye is capable of admiring, and the mind of enjoying at once, and return in the evening to rest, at either of these places. The ascent of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre is an object of attainment at once the most difficult and the most desirable from this situation. Mr. Ellis and I had promised ourselves the enjoyment of the view from



SCENE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF TARBES.

this mountain, which from its peculiar position, standing out to the northward of the general line of the Pyrenees, overlooks a vast extent of country, including the fertile plains of Bearn, of Gascony, and Languedoc. We had here, however, to remember that we were travellers in search of health, not merely of enjoyment, and as the young friend who accompanied us took advantage of a beautifully clear morning to make the ascent, we awaited the result of his experiment, in order to be better able to judge of its practicability for ourselves. It was, perhaps, well that we did so, though the day was most favorable, and the path is said to be so good, that you can ride even to the summit; but there was then so much snow, that the party were obliged to dis-

we could not find a day for ascending the nearer mountain of Bergons, less difficult, but also commanding a very extensive view.

" Still, if the object of travel be to fill the mind with the contemplation of what is great and glorious in the works of the Creator, and the heart with feelings of contentment and repose, perhaps we succeeded in this object as completely as we could have done in any other way, by tracing out the shady paths that wind around the sides of the hills more immediately surrounding Luz, by watching the hay-makers at work in the valley, and by resigning ourselves to the dreamy silence and the quiet beauty of these never-to-be-forgotten scenes. I speak of the silence of this valley, for the perpetual murmur of its streams is no interruption to that soul-felt stillness, which the language of poetry so often describes as silence. It is well for those who have youth and health to bear them on, or for those whose object is to tell of the many points of interest they have visited, to hurry on from place to place, and crowd a world of images into the recollection of a single day; but if the object is, as I confess it has often been with me, to thank God and be still, it is better to wander out alone, or with one quiet companion, to trace the herdsman's path, to sit down when weary, to converse with the peasants, to enter their cottages, to gather wild flowers, and to watch, without excitement or fatigue, the wonder-working process by which the beauty of each day is developed by the morning light, and folded back as it were, into the bosom of nature, with the dewy fall of every night. The circle of Gavarnie, the



SPANISH COSTUMES.

mount and leave their horses. They were five hours with the burning sun upon their heads, and the reflection of the glaring snow in their faces, the effect of which was sufficiently visible in the aspect they presented on their return—swollen, red, and some of them almost black. They were the first travellers who had ascended that year, and the guides were consequently obliged to make footsteps in the snow for them to tread in. Our friend was well satisfied that he had performed this exploit, but the description he gave of the effect produced on his head by the sunshine and the snow, rendered us equally satisfied not to make the attempt; and so much of our time had already been sauntered away amongst the waterfalls and green shady walks of Luz, that

the Pyrenees, being within a few hours' journey on horseback from Luz, and also being a less difficult excursion than that to the summit of the Pic du Midi, the weather also being clear and beautiful beyond description, we fixed our plans for visiting it, and rose early on the appointed day, intending to commence our journey before the heat of the day. What then was our disappointment on looking out, to see the morning dark and drizzling, with a north wind and a cold, hazy fog, like many of our spring mornings on the northeast coast of England. Our guide, however, assured us it would clear away by the middle of the day, and we mounted our horses, and set off in company with a lady and gentleman from Normandy.

The almost unrivalled sublimity of the route to Gavarnie, commences on leaving St. Sauveur. The road then rises to a frightful height above the black precipitous rocks which hem in the deep blue waters of the Gave; while the road, dwindling to a mere bridle path, winds through the defile with dark threatening mountains almost overhanging it on either side. In one place is a scene of peculiar horror; and in consequence of the many frightful accidents which have taken place in this part of the road, a wall has been built to protect it where it curves into a hollow of the mountain, while all the way beneath it, to the torrent foaming at a far depth below, is a sort of grooved descent, down which, it seems as if to look, would be to fall. It is told as one of the legendary wonders of the place, that in this very spot the peasants of the country once overcame a troop of Spanish banditti, and hurled them headlong into the abyss; and there is a rude tablet placed in the protecting wall, to commemorate the almost miraculous exertions of a priest, who on one occasion, rushed down this awful descent and nearly succeeded in saving the lives of two young men who had missed their footing and fallen from the road. The stream, however, was too powerful, and both were drowned.

The route to Gavarnie becomes wilder and more sterile as you advance, abounding in cascades, the most insignificant of which, surpass some of the most celebrated in the neighborhood of the English lakes. We passed one to our right, called the Cascade of the Four Mills, and there, on the bleak side of a mountain, without cultivation, without a tree, and apparently without a road, stood four of those little, lowly, and primitive-looking mills, one above another, up the course of a magnificent waterfall, which looked as if, with some freak of its fantastic spray, it might sweep them all away at once. Nothing is more striking in passing along this defile, than the perfect solitude which its aspect presents. Few houses are to be seen, few peasants, and scarcely any animals, either domestic or wild. The foaming Gave alone seems to be instinct with life, and even that has all the terrors of an awful death for those who may venture too near its rocky bed. The first time you cross the torrent, is by the bridge of Scia, built, like all the others we had passed, of marble. The descent to it is by a frightfully steep and zigzag path, which brings you at once upon this comparatively frail structure, thrown at an amazing height above the torrent, just where its waters are the most tumultuous, where enormous blocks of granite intercept its course, and where masses of shattered pine, and sometimes whole trees are seen, driven onward and dashed against the rocks by the fury of the pent-up stream, whose roar is like the bellowing of thunder.

It is a pity to have one's feelings of the sublime interrupted by the ridiculous; yet I cannot think of the bridge of Scia, without recalling a most romantic story in a French guide-book, where a tale is told of some fancied Lady Clara, who, seated by the side of this bridge, repeated the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, 'To die—to sleep,'—and then cast herself into the gulf. The ridiculous of the story is, that the French writer, after describing the scene in the most affecting manner, gives the commencement of the solilo-

guy in the following words, "*Todie toutip.*" Might not this, with the many other embellishments of language of the same description, which one occasionally meets with, operate as a useful caution against the too frequent use, perhaps I might say abuse, of other languages than our own?

As the day of our excursion advanced, it made no progress towards improvement. Not one mountain peak was to be seen. Yet giving up the summit of the mountains, and that is unquestionably a great portion of the sublime, I confess I have often thought, that when the clouds are low, the precipitous ravines, the dark sides of the hills, and the masses of irregular and broken crag immediately around you, are seen to the greatest advantage. At all events, I journeyed on this day with my quiet pony, as much wrapped in admiration as I had ever been before, and perhaps more impressed with the shadowy gloom and deep majesty of the scenery around.

Before reaching the little village of Godre, situated about half the way to the great circle, the valley becomes much wider, and cultivated fields, and human habitations, once more enliven the scene. At this village, opposite the auberge, or perhaps I ought to call it the hotel, both horses and guide make an equally determined stop. It seems to be an understood thing that you will descend, for crowds of bare-footed boys and girls are standing ready to dispute the honor, or rather the profit, of holding your horses. You are then conducted through the house, into a sort of garden at the back, to see a grotto, which, after all, is no grotto at all; but just a narrow passage of a torrent behind the house, where it has worked its way through a sort of rocky bed, which is quite open to the sky, and which presents nothing more rare or beautiful than you can find by yourself, along the course of any of the mountain streams. The only thing remarkable about it, is an enormous rock, which they show you as having been forced out of the bed of the torrent during one of the storms which work such terrible devastation in this valley.

Beyond Godre all cultivation again ceases, and you enter a region not inappropriately denominated Chaos. No human habitation is now within the range of sight. The mountains on both sides are broken and precipitous, black and threatening, and look as if it had been in rage against each other, that, at a very distant period, they had hurled down their heavy burdens into the bed of the torrent at their feet. The masses which have fallen, are in some places mountains of themselves, sometimes so pitched upon the edges of others, as to leave a dark cavern below, sometimes blocking up the way, so that the path winds around or beneath them, and sometimes in the bed of the torrent, so that the stream rushes foaming and boiling with noisy wrath amongst the ruins by which its course has been impeded. It is scarcely possible to look upon this scene without thinking of Milton's description of the angels, who, in their awful combat, seized on the mountains and hurled them at each other. Yet the most agitating sensation the scene inspires, is that with which you look up, when it seems as if at least half the remaining rocks, hanging suspended as it were above your



FRENCH COSTUMES.

head, were on the point of making another descent, and that before you can possibly have time to pass.

"It was here, amongst this gloomy wilderness, that we saw the richest profusion of that bright-colored rhododendron, which is called the rose of Switzerland; and another feature in the scenery struck us in this day's journey, which we had not witnessed before. From the elevation of the mountains, and their consequent exposure to frequent damp and fog, the rocks, especially those near to Gavarnie, are almost covered with a kind of green and yellow moss, which blends so beautifully with the cold gray stone, and the pastures below, as to form a sort of softening medium in the picture, rendering the whole more beautiful than pen or pencil can describe.

"It seems strange to speak of pastures in such a region of desolation, yet no sooner have you emerged from Chaos, than in every spot where the rocks afford room for pasturage, not only flocks of sheep and goats were feeding, but nearer to the stream, meadows of high grass, rich with the coloring of innumerable flowers, were waving, even where the buts were so poor and so thinly scattered, that one wondered where could be the hands to secure the produce of the land.

"In clear weather, a great part of the amphitheatre of Gavarnie is seen distinctly from Gedre, but we went on, and on, the mists thickening around us as we attained a greater elevation, and nothing was to be seen in the distance but shade-

led me a good deal. It was broader and firmer, but at a much greater height, and where the stream was rapid and tumultuous, with no protection on either side. There came, too, such a frightful blast when I was half way over, that it seemed not unlikely to blow both my horse and me into the torrent.

"On arriving at the circle of Gavarnie, our guide, who must have known all the way exactly how it would be, exhibited every sign of surprise and disappointment, to find that we were still enveloped in a cloud of mist, through which we could but dimly discern the great waterfall, and saw nothing of the high towers, two extraordinary rocks rising from a mighty wall of marble, which crown the summit of the central part of the amphitheatre. We were indeed in a bleak, wet, uncomfortable state, with nothing but beds of snow and white mist before us, and a north wind and drifting rain behind, looking into vacuity, and wondering what we had come there to see. We amused ourselves, however, with sauntering over the snow, which after the intense heat of the preceding day, was attended with a strange, and to me novel sensation.

"While engaged in this cheerless occupation, and when we had resigned every hope of beholding the wonderful spectacle we had come so far to see; to our inexpressible delight, the mists began to float away, the rain ceased, and though I cannot say that I have clearly seen the great circle of Gavarnie, yet I have seen, as in a passing dream, glimpses of the mighty rocks, the

stupendous waterfall, with fields of snow, one above another, far up into the clouds, which afforded, I am strongly inclined to think, a more forcible impression of sublimity and awe, than I could have experienced under clearer and more sunny skies.

" The circle of Gavarnie is so named from its being a sort of basin, enclosed on all sides but one; and at the time when we saw it, the depth of the hollow was covered with a thick bed of snow. Of its perpendicular height an idea may be formed, by the great cascade, which falls over a surface of rock of fourteen hundred feet, thus forming the highest waterfall in Europe. On the first melting of the snows, and at the season when we beheld it, it is as magnificent in the volume of water which descends, as in its height. At the summit where it rolls over the lofty precipice, two gigantic masses of rock stand forth, as if to guard its fall, which is not interrupted until the last quarter of the distance, where a bolder and darker mass separates the column of water, without the majestic line of the whole cascade being broken.

" In order to form a correct idea of the beauty of the whole scene, it is necessary to imagine the rocks of the finest marble, streaked and variegated with every tint, from the deepest brown and purple, to the brightest yellow, sometimes varying even to rose color. A perpendicular wall of this structure rises beyond the great waterfall; and down its sides were precipitated twelve other waterfalls, while over its summit lay a vast field of snow; again another wall of marble, diversified with cascades, more faint and blue in the distance; and above all, the more majestic wall on which stand the two mighty rocks, called the towers of Marboré, crowned with eternal snows, and all formed of the most beautiful marble, flattened like the columns of a Grecian temple. The highest of these walls of marble rises at a perpendicular height of about one thousand feet above the amphitheatre, which is formed by the receding of the different beds of snow, in the form of a semicircle. To the right, the snows and pinnacles of rock seem to mingle into a more chaotic mass; while, rising immediately from the bed of the hollow basin, are bold buttresses of the adjoining mountain, standing out like barriers to protect the whole; and over their perpendicular sides the most beautiful cascades were pouring, some of them like silver threads, making in all sixteen within the circle.

" It is over this portion of the circle that the celebrated *Breche de Rolande* appears, a giant cleft in a solid wall of rock, about six hundred feet in height, said to have been made by the warrior from whom it derives its name, when he opened for himself a passage for his conquests over the Moors. Amongst the many wonders told of this more than mortal hero, he is said, after effecting this passage into Spain, to have reached, by one leap of his horse, the centre of the rocky defile, now called Chaos, and our guide actually stopped as we passed through it, to show us the mark of his horse's hoof-print on the stones where he alighted.

" The appearance of the circle of Gavarnie is very deceptive as to its actual extent. It seemed but a trifle to walk from where we stood at the entrance to the base of the great waterfall; yet

the guide told us it would take an hour to reach it, and I could the more readily believe him, when I reflected, that we could but just hear, from where we stood, the hissing fall of that immense body of water. Later in the season, when the heats of summer have prevailed with lengthened power, this waterfall works for itself an archway, which leaves a bridge of snow; and the waters then form a sort of lake in the hollow of the circle, the whole circumference of which is said to be about ten miles.

" We had not gazed long upon this wonderful spectacle, when the atmosphere again became thick and cloudy, and there seemed so little hope of a clearer view, that we returned to the inn at Gavarnie, not forgetting to station a boy to watch and tell us if the mists cleared away, even for a moment, during the time we dined. He came not, however, and we went after dinner to see a little church at the outskirts of the village, situated on the route which leads into Spain, by the Porte de Gavarnie. In this church are kept, as curious relics, twelve skulls of the Knights Templars, who were beheaded at the time when their order was proscribed. They were taken, by a little boy, out of a sort of copper cupboard, and presented, in their decayed condition, a striking picture of the impotence of human power, and the transient nature of the glory of this world.

" A noted watering-place in the Pyrenees is Baréges, about six miles from Luz. It is in the valley of Bastan, which leads to it, more than any other of the Pyrenees, that the inhabitants have to dread the ravages, not only of the winter, but the summer storms. In vain has the ingenuity of man erected barriers against the devastating floods: every winter large portions of the road are washed away, and there are times when the loss of life and property in the neighbourhood of Baréges is most awful and tremendous.

" It is perhaps at all times a gloomy place. The town is hemmed in between the threatening and angry Bastan on one side, and the steep side of a sterile mountain on the other, while the scantiness of vegetation all around, and the number of cripples and other invalids who throng the place, for the benefit of its far-famed baths, are sufficient of themselves to fill the mind with impressions of melancholy and distress.

" The waters of Baréges are stronger than any other in the Pyrenees, and its baths are the resort of persons of all classes afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and other diseases; but above all, they are celebrated for the cure of gun-shot wounds. To soldiers thus afflicted the baths are administered gratis, and there are frequently not less than eight hundred in the place, with an equal number of visitors, amongst whom those of the poorest class have appropriated exclusively to their use, a sort of subterranean bath, over which there is a public promenade. It is, perhaps, more necessary at Baréges, than at any other place, that the baths should be under government inspection, on account of the insufficiency of their number to supply the increasing demand. Great regularity, however, is practised in the adjustment of these matters, under the direction of the medical inspectors appointed and paid by government."

Eight hours' travelling over the Tourmalet,

by the way of Grip and the valley of Campan, brings you to Bagnères de Bigorre, which "one who has seen it," thus describes: "Bagnères de Bigorre is a pretty little town, and the only clean one I have seen in France. How far in this respect it may bear an examination in detail, I am not able to say; but the many limpid streams of crystal water that run along the sides of its streets, the cheerful and pleasant aspect of

cause amongst its many beautiful promenades, there are few involving either difficulty or danger; and because it has a public place called *Les Ceustous*, shaded by regular rows of trees, and surrounded by handsome shops and houses, where all kinds of merchants exhibit their tempting treasures, and where the many idlers whom illness or curiosity brings to the neighborhood of the mountains, can loiter away their summer's



AN OUT-DOOR GROUP.

its houses, many of them ornamented with festoons of vine, and the neat and industrious character of its inhabitants, render its appearance to a stranger more inviting than that of any other town in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees. It is a place of delightful resort to the French, and scarcely less so to the English whose habits have assimilated with those of France, because it contains within itself during the season of the waters, a little world of amusement and of fashion; be-

evenings. It has its *Frascati*, too, comprising all that is Parisian on a miniature scale; where the amusements and the gaiety which reign throughout the season, are surpassed only by those of some of the principal cities of France.

"All these, however, to some minds appear but ill-assorted with the grandeur of mountain scenery, and more especially with the different stages of bodily disease under which a large proportion of these gay visitors are suffering.

" Although the lively and modern appearance of Bagnères presents little which carries back the mind to past ages, it has, notwithstanding, many just claims to antiquity, and was evidently well known to the Romans, from the different inscriptions which have been found relating to its baths, and expressive of the thankfulness of these conquerors of the world, for the benefit of its waters. Its two chief points of modern distinction are, its manufacture of the marble of the Pyrenees into the most beautiful articles of household furniture, and its knitting. For the former there are three large establishments, well worth the attention of the stranger; and if to purchase some of the most beautiful tables, pedestals, mantel-pieces, slabs, or articles of a more curious and merely ornamental nature, be an object of desire, the proprietor engages to pay the carriage of any such article to Bordeaux, and to answer for its being safely shipped from that place. Unskilled as I am in the nature and character of marbles, I am unable to say which of the specimens we saw was the most valuable or rare. All were to me beautiful, the price extremely reasonable, and the variety so great, that had I been a purchaser, the difficulty would have been where to choose. The only perfectly white marble found in the Pyrenees, and that which supplies much of the statuary in the Gardens of Paris, as well as adorns the chamber of the legislative assembly, is found at a considerable distance from Bagnères, in the valley d'Ossau.

" The situation of Bagnères is one which is generally considered as possessing many advantages, being a wide and fertile plain, extending on one side as far as Tarbes, and having the far-famed vale of Campan, with the vicinity of the mountains, on the other. It is also rich above all other towns of the Pyrenees, in lovely promenades; by which I mean those short excursions which can be enjoyed without fatigue.

" One of these, and that which generally claims the first attention of the stranger, is the Camp de César, situated on a hill westward of Bagnères, and commanding a most extensive view, not only of the plain of Tarbes, and a vast tract of country beyond, but of a noble range of the neighboring mountains; while Bagnères, with its pretty houses, its gardens, its shady walks, and woody slope rising behind the town, lies immediately beneath.

" But it would be endless to tell of the many fertile valleys, old chateaux, and points of view which are visited from this place, and which doubtless owe some portion of their celebrity to the idleness or curiosity of the many visitors who throng the place, who, in some seasons, are said to have been as many as 8000, and to whom anything in art or nature would be a welcome resource, if it furnished them with an excuse for a picnic, or an excursion. Indeed there is no place amongst the mountains, where any object to live for through the day, appears in such demand as at Bagnères.

" Our arrival at Bagnères in the last week of June, was long before the commencement of the fashionable season, which is later here than elsewhere. We had been received with a true English welcome by an amiable family from Devonshire, whose acquaintance we had made at Pau. In their company we paid our first visit to the

Priory, now commonly called the Chateau de St. Paul, situated in the valley of Campan, about four miles from Bagnères.

" This delightful situation was originally selected by the Abbé Torné, preacher to Louis XV., when renouncing his episcopal dignities, he fled from the vanities of the world, to terminate his days in this peaceful retreat. The many trees, some of majestic growth, which now surround the mansion, are said to have been planted by him; and the terraces shaded with stately poplars, which form so conspicuous a feature in the scene, are attributed to the Abbé's peculiar taste. Nor was his talent for improvement confined to what was merely ornamental. The situation of St. Paul is one of the most tantalizing that can well be imagined to the cultivator of the soil. Placed on a promontory of ground between two lovely rivers, the sound of whose refreshing waters may always be heard from this position, it was wholly destitute of water, until the ingenuity of the Abbé conducted from the summit of a neighboring mountain, into his own grounds, a stream which never fails, and which, being let off by lateral branches, renews the greenness and luxuriance of the grassy slopes which extend from the chateau to the valleys on either side. Thus it presents the picture of an island of fertility and beauty, immediately behind which rise the more sterile heights of a mountain, in some parts cultivated nearly to its summit, and in others broken into masses of gray rock, while farther still is a wide extent of dreary forest, once of stately pines, now almost entirely destroyed by fire. Above this again, and towering to the skies, is the Pic du Midi, rearing its giant crest over the surrounding mountains.

" Such is the noble back-ground of St. Paul. At the foot of the eminence on which the chateau stands, is the road from Bagnères to Grip, and beyond that the verdant fields of the valley of Campan, watered by the beautiful river Adour, which runs through Bagnères to Bayonne, and which we had seen on the summit of the Tourmalet, in its infant state, just dropping from stone to stone, beneath a sheet of melting snow. If an idea should be formed by any one who had heard of the unrivalled beauties of the valley of Campan, from that part of it which lies between Bagnères and the village to which it owes its name, and which is situated within half a mile from St. Paul, it certainly would be attended with disappointment. At least it was so with me. The valley is fertile and *ricante*, but flat and tame in comparison with those of Luz and Argeles, and the long range of mountains which form the eastern boundary, even with flowery L'heris amongst them, bear no comparison with many other ranges in the Pyrenees."

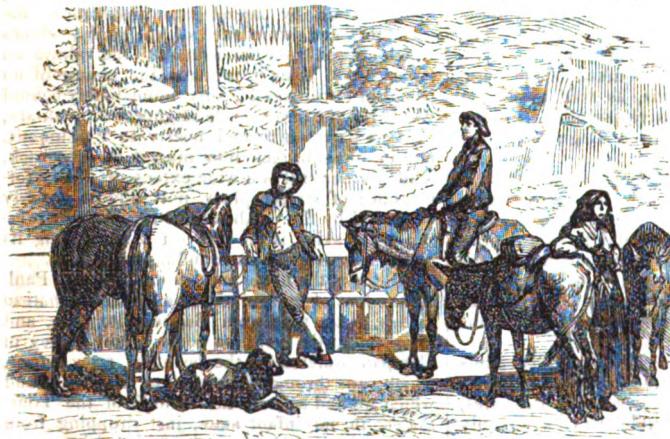
A favorite resort in the Pyrenees is Eaux Chaudes, literally Hot Waters. A traveller thus describes its approach: " It was through one of these masses, that the road we had to pass had been cut, and here was the frightful gorge of which we had so often heard, leading into the narrow defile of Eaux Chaudes. As we walked up the hill which leads to this opening, we often stopped to look back upon the bold outlines of those we were leaving, and which form the noble barrier of the valley of Ossau, through which the river winds its serpentine way until lost in the

distance. On approaching the highest part of the hill we were climbing, a stormy sort of wind rushed past us, and we soon found ourselves in a narrow gorge, or cleft, through which upon the new world that opened before us, we looked down bewildered and amazed. There was the roar of rushing waters, too; and at a far depth beneath us, lashing its way amongst precipitous rocks, was a river, apparently of emerald water, and silver foam, which at the depth of four hundred feet below this gorge, hurries and buries itself in a boiling cauldron, enclosed by rocks of the darkest purple and brown.

"It is said of a traveller, that in looking into this gulf, he exclaimed, "Beautiful horror!" And the impression of awe seems to have been general, for here, at the turn of the road, where it begins to descend, with this precipice on one side, and a perpendicular wall of solid rock on the other, a little chapel, or place of prayer, has been erected, containing an image of the Virgin, whose protection the traveller is supposed to need in pursuing his course further down the valley.

Here, too, we could trace the most miraculous looking paths, appearing and disappearing amongst the crags, to tread which, one would suppose that man must be more than human. Yet here is occasionally heard, breaking the solemn silence, the echo of falling timber, and even the voices of the woodcutters; while you see the smoke of the charcoal burning, where it seems that the wild goat or the wolf alone could exist. And the labor of these woodcutters would certainly be useless, were it not for the precipices down which they pitch their timber and boxwood, of which you frequently see the violent course they have taken in descending.

"From these airy heights the aching sight turns gladly to the beautiful river which foams below the traveller's feet. Whether it is the marble bed over which it flows, or the tinge of the boxwood, that gives it a peculiar hue, I am unable to say; but its waters, though clear as crystal, are of the most brilliant blue and green, perpetually broken into foam, so feathery and white, as to form an almost magical contrast with the sombre colors of their rocky bed. Not only in the bed of the torrent, but along the sides of the mountains, the rocks are tinged with the richest purple and brown, while higher still, when the sunshine is fall upon them, they glow into every tint of orange and yellow, crowned with moss and verdure of the brightest green. Along this defile we wound our way, past the foot of one mountain, and then another, each rising like a mighty barrier, bolder and wilder than the last, until we came at once upon a little



THE GUIDES.

"The narrow defile we were now entering, is called the valley of Gabas, and derives its name from a little village, which is the last on this route before you enter Spain. The word valley, however, conveys little idea of the situation or the scene; for the mountains on either side are so near, and yet so majestic, that I soon became dizzy with looking perpetually on a perpendicular, instead of a horizontal surface; and yet they leave space for a road by the side of the torrent, so regular and smooth, that it might skirt a gentleman's park.

"These mountains are of different structures of limestone, sometimes displaying blocks of the most beautiful marble, and clothed with a luxuriant drapery of boxwood and fern—not boxwood as we see it in our English gardens, but wild and feathery, and often growing to an amazing size. Above these, on the far heights, were fields of snow, their whiteness broken here and there by forests of black pine, which made a fierce and bristling outline, at once cold, and desolate, and majestic.

group of well-built houses, which we knew to be Eaux Chaunes, for 'other dwelling there was none.' After making our bargain at the inn, for beds and meals, all which have to be disputed down to the lowest sou, we hastened out; for three good hours of the day were yet left, and they were not to be wasted. Below the hotel, and beside the baths, which are said to be excellent, is a narrow bridge across the river, from which we entered upon a most enchanting path, spacious, and safe for the wanderer's foot, yet almost buried amongst box and brushwood, and often diverted from its regular course by masses of rock, as well as by the stems of venerable oak, and branches of lighter beech which stretch towards the stream. This path led us to a rustic bridge, consisting of a single arch, rudely formed of unhewn stone, and stretching over a foaming waterfall, which looks every moment as if it would precipitate the little bridge into the bed of the river, towards which it hastens at a vast depth below.

"Close to this bridge is one of those little

watering-mills which at once attest their primitive origin, and the little progress of civilization amongst the Pyrenees. They are to be found in all parts of the mountains, and often in the most picturesque situations, by the side of foaming torrents, whose impetuous power bears no proportion to the humble structures by their side. They are small square buildings of unhewn stone, seldom more than ten feet from one gable to the other, while one opening for a door, another for a window, and an arch beneath, are all the distinctive features they present. It is said of the little mill at Eaux Chaudes, which so many travellers have had the good taste to sketch, that it once afforded shelter to Henry IV. and his sister Catherine from the terrors of a thunder-storm, which in this mountainous region are extremely violent. Following the path which leads over the bridge, and past the mill, we found it took a zigzag course, and thus it cheated us up to a vast height, from whence we looked down upon some of those pitching places for the timber already described. We were at a loss to imagine why so good a path had been constructed in such a place, but found at length that it terminated in a green and cultivated plain of great extent, open to the morning sun, and sheltered from the north, where a village was situated, with some farming establishments of considerable importance. On descending from this height, we heard far beneath us, down the side of the mountain, the tinkling bells of the herds returning to their home for the night; and we soon saw the stately leader of a flock of goats, peering at us past a bush of boxwood, before he thought it prudent to conduct his followers to an interview with such strange intruders. Accompanying the goats was a beautiful shepherd boy, in the same costume as the older peasants, his blooming complexion contrasting well with the flowing curls of his jet black hair. A little lower down we met the sheep returning by the same path; and last of all the cows, each flock conducted by these mountain youths, bearing on their shoulders a quantity of the green branches of the box for their evening fire. It was scarcely possible to grow tired in such a scene; but the shades

of evening warned us that it would be wise to husband our remaining strength for the morrow. We therefore returned to the hotel, where seated by the glow of a bright wood fire, we enjoyed our supper of eggs and bacon; and though the women who waited upon us spoke nothing but patois, and could not by any possibility be made to understand either spoons or salt, we retired to rest contented with our fare, and thankful for the enjoyment which the first day of our excursion had afforded.

"We had already learned that it would be impossible to prosecute our journey to the Pic, the way being quite impassable for the snow; and as the weather had become much colder, and

there were threatenings of a farther change, we had decided upon returning to Pau the following day. In the morning, when I looked out, the scene was certainly rather appalling, for over the edge of the opposite mountain, down to the tops of the houses, the mists were pouring, like the steam of some mighty cauldron, while a cold sleet was falling on the ground. It proved, however, to be nothing to hinder our enjoyment; and we walked for three hours on the road to Gabas, well pleased to see the mountains in their more grand and gloomy aspect. The day was far advanced before we were willing to recollect that we must retrace our way to Pau before night; but as the weather still looked unfavorable, we deemed



THE MOUNTAIN BRIDGE.

it best to return; and perhaps if the whole truth was told, were not sorry to exchange the sharp mountain air, the lifeless solitudes and comfortless abodes of Eaux Chaudes, for the milder atmosphere and more social intercourse of Pau."

Such are some of the interesting scenes which meet the tourist's eyes as he wanders amidst the frowning mountains that interpose their rocky barrier between France and Spain. A volume would be requisite even to briefly notice the principal points of interest. There are many lovers of the romantic who year after year make a pilgrimage to the Pyrenees, and each time return with new desires and new resolves to explore their mysterious recesses.

In keeping with the foregoing description of a journey among the Spanish and French Pyrenees, we close this article with the following graphic account of the experience of a traveller among the Swiss Alps, farther to the north in Europe; it is from the correspondent of the *Middleborough Gazette*, and gives a lively view of the perils attendant on a glacier excursion. After speaking of several interesting excursions he had taken, he enters more minutely into a description of crossing the "Strahlegg Pass," which is accounted one of the most dangerous and difficult in all Switzerland. Every guide book dissuades one from attempting it, saying that only skillful mountaineers can hope to accomplish it. On inquiry of my landlord, he said two travellers at different times had undertaken it the past year, but both failed. If, however, the weather should be perfectly clear on the morrow, and I had the physical endurance of a chamois hunter, I could accomplish it by starting at two o'clock in the morning, and walking and climbing till eight at night. No man ever accomplished it in less time. Moreover I must have two guides as the snow covered the crevasses, and we must all be tied together by ropes. I finally concluded to go from the foot of the Litzchine glaciers, eighteen miles up its source, and then down the glaciers of the Aar, from its very source, the whole length of twenty miles, making the whole distance thirty-eight miles.

Taking my shoes to the shoemaker's, and having them well studded with glacier nails, my guide then tried the strength of my Alpen stock, to see if it would sustain my weight from the middle while it was supported at both ends. Then furnishing me with blue spectacles and a green veil, he fastened my overcoat to my shoulders, and putting up three bottles of wine, and some sandwiches in his own knapsack, besides various tools, a long rope and pickaxe, he took me some distance up the side of the mountain to a hut where we were to pass the night.

Punctually at three o'clock my guide awoke me. It was too dark to trust ourselves upon the ice, but I was gratified to find we had a cloudless sky. At half-past three we set out with a shepherd for my second guide. For an hour we crawled along beside the precipice, clinging to the sides, till rounding a cliff we struck on the glacier, which was here free from pinnacles, but full of crevasses to a frightful depth. Here the guide pointed out two pinnacle crags towering up into the sky of naked rock too steep for any snow to lodge upon them, and a bank of snow nearly as high as their summits extending between them.—"That bank," said he, "is the summit of the Strahlegg Pass, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and where there is perpetual snow." As we could see the crevasses, I was not tied to the guides, but made some long jumps, and found the glacier hob-nails in my shoes very efficient. Again we were obliged to climb for an hour or two along the side of the precipice. This was excessively fatiguing, as both hands and feet are strained unnaturally, the crevasses only admitting the fingers and toes in many places. At length we dropped down again upon the glacier, and now the crevasses thickened in every direction. When there was great danger, my guide would chip his way down a

ridge, jump the crevasse, and up the opposite slope on to the ridge, and then the two guides, spanning the distance between them with the long rope, hold it taut while I passed over, clinging with one hand to the rope, and the other holding my pointed Alpen stock.

At length the ice began to subside, and the snow to appear. Here the crevasses were hidden, and we were obliged to tie ourselves together by the rope. My chief guide fastened it around his body, and went ahead with his pickaxe in hand. About fifteen feet behind him, I followed, with the same rope around me, and with my Alpen-stick in hand, and about the same distance behind me, my second guide followed with the other end of the rope round his body, and pickaxe in hand. For awhile the ridges of snow showed where the crevasses were beneath, and taking my Alpen-stock, the guide could judge of their width, and if narrow, by stamping down snow, make a kind of bridge. Twice in the operation he went down, and our hold on the rope saved him; and twice his bridge of snow gave way, and let me down, and the rope saved me, but gave me a severe straining each time. Once the crevasse was wider than I dared to jump, so heaving in much snow, lay down on the edge, and the second guide slackening up, the first snaked me across at full length.

We soon came to a ridge of rock which towered almost perpendicular over my head at least one thousand feet. This, my guide said, we must climb. I at first felt discouraged, especially as I began to suffer from burning thirst, which—as we were far above the little streams upon the glacier—I had no means of assuaging, except by snow, which the guide would not allow me to use. We had plenty of wine, but I find I cannot take three swallows of the most simple wine of the country, without feeling dizzy-headed.

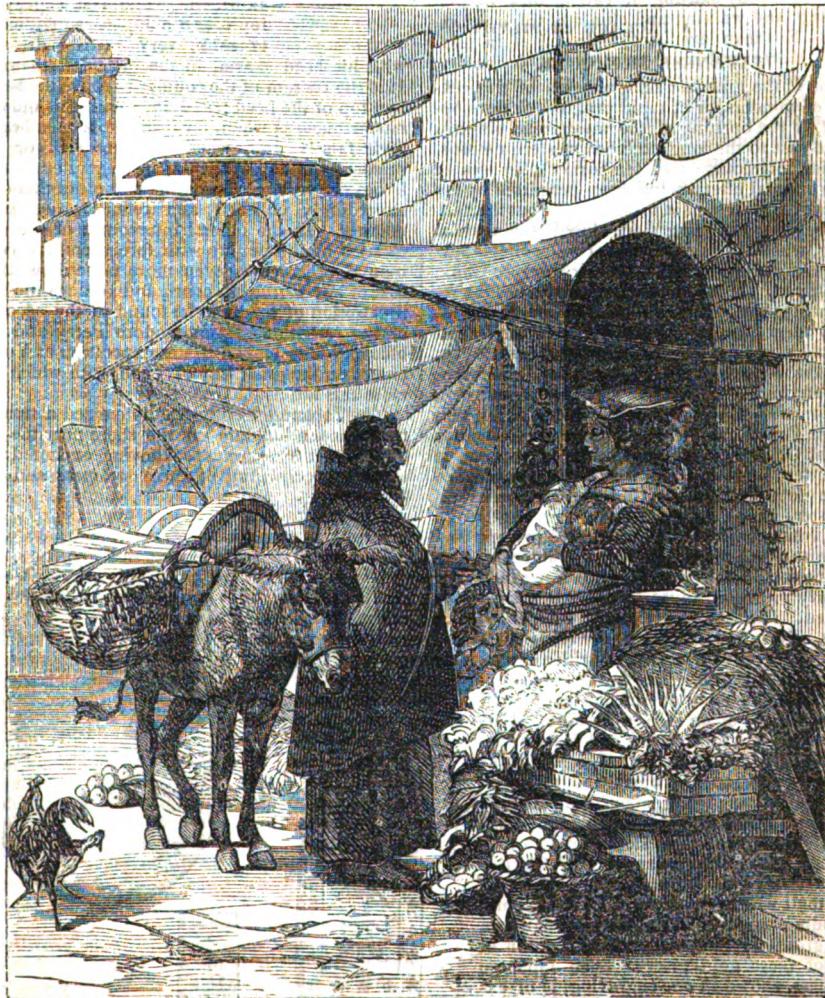
Some time before reaching the top, I was so exhausted that I got the guide to brace me against the side with my pole, and allow a respite. At last I reached the top, so thoroughly exhausted that I threw myself on the snow, and resting my head on my guide's knee, told him I must rest for an hour to recruit. This he warned me against, and pointing to the top of the pass a few hundred feet higher, when he said we should reach the platform of snow, and there should begin to descend. We were now far above all ice, in the region of eternal snow. We had hoped to find it crusted to bear us, but the warm weather had melted the crust so that every step we went in to our armpits. We were soon drenched to our skin, and the deep wading took away my last remnant of strength, and I told the guide he must adopt some expedient to relieve my fatigue. He then went to the trouble of stamping the snow at every step, bringing the rear guide forward. This greatly relieved me, so that by stepping in their tracks, I got along with only going knee deep. At length, at eleven o'clock, we reached the summit, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, where the snow is perpetual.

When you look for a dew-drop in the grass by night, you find it only by the miniature of the star that shines in it. Now, almost every man's past is like a drop of dew; he never sees it at all, unless it is in a locket or an atom of heaven.

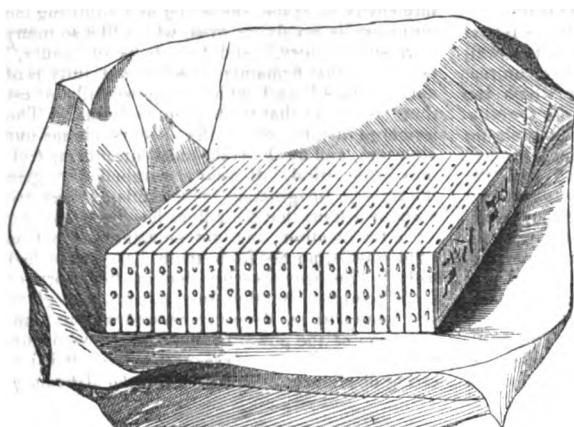
THE BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS.

How delightful is it to contemplate the heavens! They are "stretched out as a curtain to dwell in!" Not only as far as the human eye can see, but beyond the remotest boundary which the highest telescopic power can reach, does the ethereal firmament extend. We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point of space and still the heavens appear illimitable. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous magnificence is that curtain adorned! In every direction it is studded with worlds, suns, and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul in such a contemplation is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from grovelling pursuits, mounts up, as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through

immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which like so many "crowns of glory," and "diadems of beauty," bespangle that firmament "whose antiquity is of ancient days," and which so powerfully attest that "the hand that made them is divine!" The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feelings in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us! "The heavens truly declare the glory of God," and in beholding such a display of glory and beauty, we are deeply impressed with its manifestation of the power of the Creator, who sustains, upholds and preserves each in its orbit, in unerring obedience to his will.—*Popular Astronomy*.



SPANISH MARKET-PLACE.



A PACKAGE OF SILVER.

JAPANESE SKETCHES.

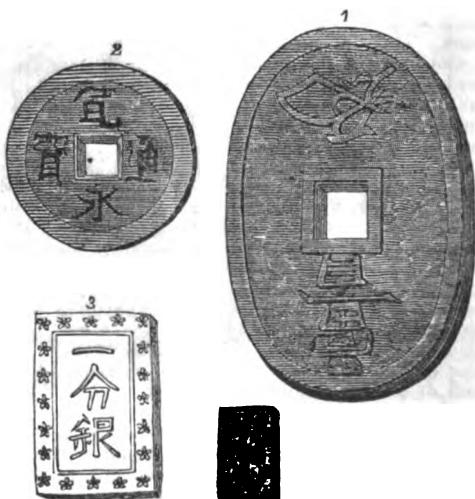
One of the grandest achievements of this century of wonders, or of rapid progress or development, is the opening of the mysterious empires of the east to the long excluded western nations. Partial intercourse and temporary glimpses of these oriental interiors had been permitted by the rulers of these realms in former times, but the half-opened door had long since closed with martial clang, when England and the United States severally succeeded in winning their way into China and Japan. It remains to be seen what the result will prove. The reluctant Chinese have already turned against the British with the Indian ink and vermillion scarce dry upon the last treaty; and the Japanese have not shown themselves over-anxious to conform to the spirit of their convention with us; but the die has been cast, and the far Orient can no longer be a sealed book to the far Occident. Commerce and civilization, it is written, must walk hand in hand over the face of the globe, preceded by Christianity, whose ministers have ever led the van.

In connection with this theme we present herewith engravings of a few specimens of Japanese curiosities. The first is a package of forty pieces of silver as it appears when opened. The second is a group of Japanese coins. Nos. 1 and 2 are copper coins. All the copper coins are perforated with a square hole in the centre. The silver coin is oblong in shape, about one inch in length, and three quarters of an inch in breadth. It is also stamped with a device and inscription. No. 3 shows the gold coin. The gold coins current in Japan are worth about a dollar each; they are oblong, about half an inch long, and a quarter of an inch wide. Each piece bears upon both sides some curious devices, resembling characters of Chinese writing, and has the appearance of one of the small weights used by druggists in compounding medicine. The smallest figure in our group of coins is a representation of one of these gold pieces. The Japanese compass, shown in our engraving, is of exceedingly delicate workmanship. It is enclosed in a solid box, and covered over with

glass. The edges of the box are marked with symbols and characters, sometimes executed in gold and sometimes in silver leaf. The four cardinal points of the one from which the drawing was made was indicated by similar characters, painted in vermillion. The compass differs from that in general use in having twenty-four points only instead of thirty-two. Each point is marked with the shape of, and named after some animal as goat, dog, cat, rat, etc. The compass is so exceedingly delicate that it is a marvel how it can be used in anything like a rough sea. Many of these specimens of Japanese workmanship that we have examined are finely executed. The last engraving represents a Japanese gentleman of rank, very plainly dressed,

with his head shaved in the orthodox manner. It is the custom of the country to shave the beard and top of the head; and they omit this only in misfortune—as when, for instance, a member of their family dies, when they are sick or imprisoned. Many of the Japanese gentlemen and ladies are very good looking, and all of them are exceedingly polished and refined, after their manner. In the official intercourse of the dignitaries of the empire with foreigners, the ceremonial observed is even more punctilious than that of any European court, and perhaps the best illustration of this is to be found in the account of the reception of Commodore Perry and the officers of the United States expedition at Yokohama, on the great bay of Yedo, with which we close this article.

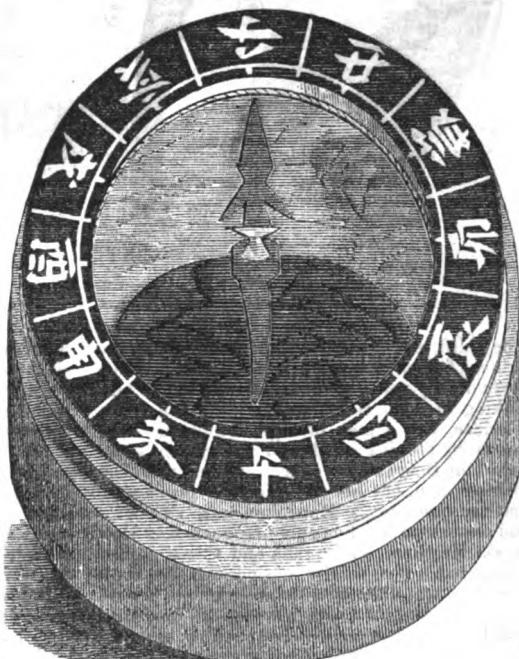
The Japanese having hastily erected a temporary wooden building on the shore near the village, and the commodore having anchored his squadron, consisting of three steamers and six



JAPANESE COINS.

sailing vessels, so as completely to command the position, the conference took place on the 8th March, 1854. The Americans proceeded in large numbers to the shore, and having formed an imposing procession, with their officers, marines, and sailors in uniform, and their bands playing, escorted the commodore and his suite to the entrance of the building. There was less military display on the part of the Japanese than there had been on the occasion of the reception of the president's letter. There were, however, numerous groups of pikemen, musicians, and flag-bearers, in showy costume, with their coats emblazoned with armorial bearings, arrayed on either side of the approach. They were principally the retainers of the princes who were members of the commission appointed to confer with the commodore, and were only present to add to the show of the occasion. The building itself was tricked off with streamers and banners, and draped in front with a curtain, upon which was painted the arms of the emperor, consisting of three clover-leaves embraced within a circle. Striped canvas was stretched on either side of the building, and barriers were erected to keep off the multitude of Japanese who thronged about with eager curiosity. The commissioners had been observed from the ships to come down from the neighboring town of Kanagawa, at an early hour, in their state barge. This was a large and gayly painted vessel, which, with its pavilion rising high above the hull, had very much the appearance of a Mississippi steamboat. While steamers floated from tall flag-staffs, variegated drapery adorned the open deck above, and a huge silken tassel fell from the prow nearly to the surface of the water. A fleet of row-boats towed the barge opposite to the landing, and the commissioners then disembarked, while the crews of the thousand Japanese craft in the bay prostrated themselves as the dignitaries passed to the shore. The apartment into which the commodore and his officers first entered was a large hall. Thick rice-straw mats carpeted the floor; long and wide settees, covered with a red cloth, extended along the sides, with tables, spread with the same material, arranged in front of them. The windows were composed of panes of oiled paper, through which a subdued and mellow light illumined the hall, while a comfortable temperature was kept up—for, although the spring, which is early in Japan, had already opened, the weather was chilly—by copper brasiers of burning charcoal, which, supported upon lacquered wooden stands, were freely distributed about. Hangings fell from the walls, adorned with paintings of trees and representations of the crane, with its long neck, in every variety of strange involution. The commodore and his officers and interpreters had hardly taken their seats on the left, the place of honor, and the various Japanese officials, of whom there was a goodly number, theirs on the right, when the five commissioners entered from an apartment

which opened through an entrance at the upper end of the hall. As soon as they came in, the subordinate Japanese officials prostrated themselves on their knees, and remained in that attitude during their presence. The commissioners were certainly august-looking personages, and their long beards, their grave but courteous manners, and their rich flowing robes of silk, set them off to the highest advantage. Their costume consisted of an under garment somewhat similar to the antique doublet, and a pair of very wide and short trowsers of figured silk, which are characteristic of rank, while below, their legs were incased in white cotton socks, laced to some distance above the ankles. The socks were so contrived that the great toe was separated from the other four for the passage of the band which was attached to the sandal, and joined another



JAPANESE COMPASS.

from the heel at the ankle, where the two were tied together. Over the doublet and trowsers a loose gown of embroidered silk, somewhat of the shape of the clerical robe, with loose sleeves, was worn. This was secured to the waist, in which were thrust the two swords, a large and a small one, which mark the dignitaries of higher rank. Hayashi-dai-gaku-no-Kami, or Prince Counsellor, was evidently the chief member of the commission, for all matters of importance were referred to him. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, was handsomely formed, with a grave and rather saturnine expression of face, though he had a benevolent look, and was of exceedingly courtly manners. Ido, Prince of Tousima, was probably fifty, or thereabout, and was corpulent, and tall in person. He had a rather more vivacious expression than the elder Hayashi.



A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN.

The third, and youngest of the princes was the Prince of Simi-Saki, who could hardly be much beyond forty years of age, and was far the best looking of the three. Udono, who, though not a prince, was a man of high station, and was known by the title of Mimbu-Shiyoyu, or Member of the Board of Revenue, was a tall, passable-looking man, but his features were prominent, and had much of the Mongolian cast. The fifth and last one of the five commissioners was Matsusaki Michitaro, whose rank and title were not discovered. His precise business in the commission it was difficult to fathom; he was always present at the conference, but took his seat constantly at rather a remote distance from the other dignitaries, on the further end of the sedan. By him, there was—continually crouched upon his knees—a scribe, who was constantly taking notes of what was passing. Matsusaki was a man of sixty years of age at least, had a long, drawn out, meagre body, a very yellow, bilious face, and an uncomfortable, dyspeptic expression, which his excessive short-sightedness did not improve, for it caused him, in his efforts at seeing, to give a very wry distortion to a countenance naturally not very handsome. Moryama Yenoske was the principal interpreter who officiated on the occasion. As soon as the commissioners had taken their seats, Yenoske took his position, on his knees, at the feet of Hayashi the chief, and humbly awaited his orders. The crouching position in which an inferior places himself when in the presence of his superior in rank, seems very easy to a Japanese, but would be very difficult and painful for one to assume who had not been accustomed to it. The ordi-

nary mode pursued is to drop on the knees, cross the feet, and cock up the heels, with the toes, instep, and calves of the legs brought together into close contact. Sometimes it is a mere squatting down, with the soles firm upon the ground, the knees bent, and the body crouched low. Yenoske was quite an adept in these manœuvres, as were his coadjutors, and especially the Prefect Kura-Kawakachi, who was one of the subordinate functionaries present during the conference. The commissioners, after a momentary silence, spoke a word to the prostrate Yenoske, who listened an instant with downcast eyes, and then, by a skilful manœuvre, still upon his knees, moved toward the commodore's interpreter, and having communicated his message, which proved to be merely the ordinary compliments, with an inquiry after the health of the commodore and his officers, returned with an appropriate answer, to his former position. An interchange of various polite messages having been thus borne backward and forward for several minutes, through the medium of the

humble but useful Yenoske, refreshments, consisting of tea in porcelain cups, of cakes, and some confectionary, served on lacquered trays, were handed round. It was now proposed by the commissioners that an adjournment should take place to another room. Accordingly, the commodore having consented, he, accompanied by the captain of the fleet, his two interpreters, and secretary, was conducted into another and much smaller room, the entrance to which was only separated from the principal hall by a blue silk flag, ornamented in the centre with the embroidered arms of Japan. On entering, the commissioners were found already seated on the right, they having withdrawn previously to the commodore, and arranged themselves in rank upon one of the red divans which extended along the sides of the apartment. The commodore and his party took their seats on the left, and business commenced—the commissioners having preliminarily stated that it was a Japanese custom to speak slowly. The chief commissioner now handed the commodore a long roll of paper, which proved to be an answer to the president's letter, delivered on the previous visit at Gorinama, in July. After some conversation in regard to the negotiations under consideration, the meeting broke up, and the commodore and his escort returned to the ships. Several prolonged conferences ensued, and the treaty was not finally agreed upon and signed until the 31st of March, 1854. After the business was concluded, another interchange of courtesies took place, between the commissioners and the commodore's party, and the conference ended, to their mutual satisfaction.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

I love to muse of other years,
Of joys forever gone,
Ere yet my locks were white with age,
Or breast had sorrow known.
And in that waste of happy hours
Nought is so sweet to me
As, far o'er yonder snowy mount,
The cottage by the sea.

I well remember when a boy
How glad I roamed the shore,
And listened with ecstatic joy
To ocean's solemn roar.
'Twas there I saw the light of day
Beside the billow free;
'Twas there I learned to love that home—
The cottage by the sea.

Inspired by ocean's rolling wave,
For other scenes I sighed;
And tracked the fields of orient climes,
Where tyrant kings abide.
Yet in the halls of pride and wealth
My soul was never free;
And oft I sighed to view again
The cottage by the sea.

Ay, there is pleasure unalloyed,
Pure as the rainbow cloud
That spans the sky from wave to wave,
When parts the stormy shroud.
Would God indulge my warmest wish,
How happy would I be
To live my youthful hours again
In the cottage by the sea.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY COUSIN HELEN:

—OR,—

THE GIPSEY'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. AGNES L. ORUICKSHANK.

"It is nonsense, absolute nonsense," I exclaimed to myself, as I paced the narrow limits of my little parlor with my uncle's letter in my hand. "They must be crazy, all of them, to let that child marry! Why, it was only a few years ago that she and I used to sail acorn boats together in the pond, and hunt the hedges for birds'-nests, and swing on the great gates, and climb upon the hay-mow, and act in all manner of unruly ways, and now she was going to be married! O, Helen! Helen!"

I threw myself into a chair, buried my face in my hands, and I believe shed a few very unmanly tears; for I loved my sweet cousin with all my heart and soul, and to hear that she was

about to be another's, stirred the very depths of my nature.

But what right had I to love her?—I, a poor physician, with no dependence beyond my profession, no prospects in the future, no establishment in the present? And well I knew it was for that her parents had encouraged the match—that young Walter Carroll's present wealth and future honors were more to them than all the love in the world.

But Helen loved him—I felt that she did—bitter as was the thought. How could she otherwise? Had he not been my rival, I could have loved him myself—the handsome, manly youth. They wished me to be present at the ceremony. "Helen was very earnest about it," my uncle wrote, and I determined to go, even while I wondered if I could feel worse had the summons called me to see my beautiful cousin laid in the grave.

While Helen had remained with her parents, I had hope to feed my love; I might some day be wealthy enough to claim her—who could tell? My great-uncle, Paul Hastings, whose godson and name-child I was, might take it into his eccentric head to come home from India, bringing all the wealth report said he had acquired there during his twenty years' sojourn among the Hindoos; then I might acquire fame and fortune in my profession—but of this I was not very sanguine, and as I had few patients, and my uncle had taken no notice of my letters for the past ten years, I cannot say that my hopes had very firm foundations. But the future was now to be a blank; I had no motive for labor, when I must no longer think upon my beautiful young cousin—no wish to possess wealth which she could not share.

With a sad heart, I made arrangements to leave London for a week; and at the end of a day and a night, was in sight of the residence of my uncle, Marmaduke Lansdowne, Esq. The coach left me at the foot of the avenue (they knew nothing of the time of my arrival, and there had been no carriage to meet me; but that was my own fault), and giving my valise in charge of the gate keeper, I walked slowly along towards the house, whose two gray stone towers I could occasionally catch glimpses of between the boughs of the chestnut trees, under whose shade Helen and I had spent many a happy hour. I almost expected to see her start out from behind one of the great brown trunks, as in the olden time, her white frock and blue ribbons flying, her brown curls tangled, and her beautiful face flushed with excitement in the chase of bird or butterfly.

But it was no time to indulge in sentimental retrospections now; so I walked on the grass to take the dust from my boots, gave a trifling arrangement to my disordered hair, and made myself look as respectable as possible before entering my stately aunt's most immaculate presence. I reached the entrance at last, and stood for an instant under the great stone pillars of the portico. As I turned, I saw two horses coming at full speed up the avenue; it was Helen and her lover. One of the grooms, who was evidently on the watch, stepped forward to assist my cousin from the saddle just as I had descended the steps for the same purpose; but Walter was too quick for us both, and reining in his horse with a violence that almost threw the animal backwards, he sprang to the ground and caught Helen's bridle in his hand just as the groom was preparing to lift her down.

"Stand aside!" I heard him say; "I will assist your lady."

But the man gave him one dark look and tried to push between him and the horse, which now began to prance uneasily. Helen was frightened, and I saw she grew very pale, as she drew away from the grasp the man had laid on her habit. She made an effort to take the rein from Walter's hand, and called out—"You come and take me off, Cousin Paul!" But Walter Carroll's hot young blood was roused now, and he would have died ere he would have yielded. With a powerful grasp, he tried to force away the man who with dogged resolution still maintained his place and his hold of Helen's dress, and who, in his insolent rage, gave Carroll a violent push. Quicker than thought, Walter struck him with his whip across his face, and with a yell of rage and pain, the fellow let go his hold and rushed away in the direction of the stables.

The whole affair did not occupy a minute. Other servants came out, and with their assistance we managed to quiet the startled horse and get Helen in safety to the ground. She was still very pale and trembling violently; and Carroll, taking her in his strong arms, bore her carefully into the house, while I followed with her hat, which had fallen unnoticed—her pretty, graceful hat, with its drooping plume, and the additional ornament of a green wreath placed there in jest by her young lover.

Very little was said to my uncle on the subject of the quarrel—still less to my aunt; and now while Helen reclines on that lounge in the deep window, and Walter sits beside her making pretence to read, but slyly holding her little fingers, I will sketch the portraits of my elder relatives, as they appeared on that evening. My uncle

was writing (we were in his library, and three sides of the lofty room were covered with his books). He was a tall, pale, intellectual-looking man, with a noble brow, dark, full eyebrows, and a rather reserved and haughty air. His mouth was firm—almost too much so, when his eyes were cast down; but in their glance, you felt that the man had a heart. My uncle had had but few weaknesses in his life; but of these few, love for his only daughter was predominant—in fact, it was almost the only subject on which he could not reason. Helen had always ruled, and I believed he rather rejoiced in her tyranny. He had married my aunt because his uncle, whose ward he was, had advised the match; she was an heiress; their estates joined; her high opinion of her own value had brought her in single blessedness to the very verge of old maidism; he had passed the season of youthful follies; it was a *sensible* match, and everybody applauded.

My aunt was highly accomplished, very dignified and ladylike in manner, and fond of dress. She had a good complexion, a large but white and well-shaped hand, a profusion of dark brown hair, with expressive gray eyes, and white, well-kept teeth. I think she was very proud of those pearly teeth, and with good reason. She generally wore plain, grave colors; but in the material was seen her peculiar taste. Never since, have I seen a lady who wore such magnificent gowns; there was a fullness, a stiffness—I don't know how to describe it—but a rustle in those voluminous skirts I shall never forget. Then her laces were always so rich—the most costly products of the art—and worn with those plain, handsome dresses, nothing could have been in better taste. My aunt always wore her wedding-ring, and over it a beautiful diamond guard, the value of which was great.

Helen had her father's handsome eyes, her mother's fine complexion and heavy brown hair, and in her disposition the best qualities of each. I did not blame Walter Carroll for loving her, nor wonder at it, thrown in her sweet society as he had been; but I hated him, or thought I did, when I saw her eyes fall and the conscious blush mantle cheek and brow, beneath his loving glance.

He was very kind to me, this happy lover, this favored owner of parks and forests, fields and houses—kind to me, who had not a hundred pounds in the world, and of the whole group he alone showed utter unconsciousness of the disparity in our fortunes. Perhaps he felt so well contented with his lot, that there was no room for any bad passions to have sway; perhaps he had guessed my real heart, and tried to soften the pain. I knew not his reason for treating me

thus, but I met his advances in silent pride. I often wondered at the license my aunt allowed Helen; she, who sat as erect and unbending as if all possible sin was concealed under the upholstering of lounging chairs, would yet permit her daughter to take all manner of easy attitudes, to sit on ottomans, or on the floor, or to recline at her ease in the old window-seats, or in the corners of the old-fashioned damask couches. It had never occurred to me to dislike this habit of Helen's until this visit; but I remarked it now, and also how differently they dressed. If Helen would have worn one of those stiff silks, instead of the flowing muslins in which she was always attired, I should have felt much better pleased; but as it was, her fair neck and arms were unhidden, and the pretty ribbons she wore were always a source of trouble.

"My love, I suppose this belongs to you," her father would say, coming in with a bow like a butterfly dangling from his fingers; "I found it in the conservatory." And the spoiled girl would blush and laugh, and replace the truant sleeve-knot with a merry glance at Walter.

Half a dozen times a day, aunt would exclaim—"Helen, child, your sash is unfastened!" or, "Your sash is on the floor!" But it was all one to Helen—only one day we were all informed that she had lost a favorite knot she fastened the bosom of her dress with. Every one was questioned about it, and quite a little confusion raised.

"I know I had it on last night in the library, and somebody must have seen it."

Walter raised his eyes from his book.

"It is only a knot of ribbon, Helen—pray don't make any more disturbance about it."

An angry flush mounted into the fair cheek.

"It is not the ribbon itself, but my dear friend, Victoriene de M—— gave it to me, and I loved it for her sake."

Walter looked sorry for his words, and invited her to walk with him.

That evening I noticed that Helen's white dress was fastened with a small pin, holding dark hair suspiciously like Walter's; it also had his miniature on the reverse—but that I did not know until afterwards. She was so much of a child, this beautiful cousin Helen, only just sixteen, that I found it hard to realize that she was soon to be a wife, even when the great trunks came down from London, containing the trossean.

But the days flew by, and the eve of the wedding had come. In twelve hours I should no more see her, and for the last time I asked her to walk with me alone. I tried to question her, but she was shy of speaking of her feelings—only I

could not help seeing how happy she was, how hopeful, and how truly she loved her young betrothed. Of the future, she had given no thought; she did not even know where they should live. "Walter had two homes; she did not know which she would like best, but she rather thought she would prefer to travel. But then Walter would know what was best—Walter was so wise."

We came back and stood under the stone columns of the portico, and she took a last look of the fair view before us, and the tears rose to her eyes. Walter came out silently and stood at her side, while I drew back.

"You are not sorry, love?—not afraid to venture?" I heard him whisper.

"No, no—never afraid with you!" was the impassioned answer. And I went away with a heavy heart-ache.

What had he done, that he should be so happy?—or what had been my sin, that I was doomed to so much wretchedness? He, born to wealth and honors, beloved by all whose love I coveted, with no anxieties about the future and no care for the present—how enviable seemed his lot! I could have struck him, when he held out his hand to say "good night," so fearfully raged the demon within me.

The weather was warm. I threw open my casement and watched the moonlight shadows in the park, and the silver ripples on the lake, for my feverish agitation precluded all idea of repose. From a window opposite mine, I saw Walter walking his room with folded arms, while his valet was busy at a table with some bottles. In a few seconds, the young man came to the window and threw himself on a seat. He too seemed restless; but it was the restlessness of happiness, not despair. The careful valet came behind and spread a warm dressing-gown over his master's shoulders, then handed him a large crystal goblet of cool drink, and stood by to see him take it. I heard Walter speak—doubtless some jest about the care he took of him, for there was a strong attachment between them, and William would have laid down his life for his master—but I had seen enough, and left the room to fling myself on the bed, there to muse undisturbed on my lonely future.

I know not how long I laid, but it was soon after the great clock struck midnight, that I heard steps outside my door, and my uncle came in, bearing a light in his hand which showed me his countenance ghastly pale. I sprang up at his entrance, and he seemed surprised to find me awake and dressed, but there was no time for words. He was hoarse with agitation.

"Come to Walter's room," he said. "Bring a lancet with you—he is dead or dying!"

I lost not a moment in following him, and in five minutes we stood in the chamber where, surrounded by half a dozen servants, poor Carroll still sat by the window. I searched for pulse or heart throb, but it was useless—he was dead, stone dead, sitting in his chair where he had watched the moonlight, his gay dressing-gown still about his shoulders, one stiffened hand still grasping one of the scarlet tassels.

William the valet knelt beside him, chafing his hands, arms, temples, even in his passionate grief trying to open the eyes which should never more look on him in this world. Failing in this, he turned round and clasped my knees.

"Save him, doctor—O, save him! He cannot be dead—my dear, dear master."

He let me go and fell prostrate on the floor, sobbing and moaning aloud. I heard the rustle of silk, and my aunt and her maid, bearing lights, now made their appearance. The men had laid poor Walter on the bed, and as my aunt bent down to look on his pale face, for the first time in my life I saw tears on her cheek. "My poor Helen!" she sobbed. Uncle Lansdowne moved to the door, I thought, to inform his daughter; but as he touched the handle, it was violently flung open, and Helen rushed in, pale, terrified, and only half dressed, her morning-gown flung over her night clothes. Her maid had informed her of Walter's death, and with a loud scream she threw herself down beside the bed, and holding his cold hand to her heart, gave way to the most violent anguish. It was a distressing scene all round, and I felt it a relief when the surgeons who had been summoned made their appearance, and the ladies were sent away.

The most careful examination failed to give us any clue to the cause of the young man's death; but it was the general opinion that heart disease had occasioned it. I was not by any means satisfied of this myself, but my opinion dare not be given in opposition to my haughty, learned brethren; consequently, I kept it to myself and brooded over it until I became satisfied in my own mind that Walter Carroll came to his death by unfair means.

Who to blame, I knew not—certainly not poor broken-hearted William, whose grief was more poignant than even Helen's, possibly because more hopeless. His master was his only friend, and they were bound together by the strongest ties of gratitude and kindness—had travelled together in foreign lands, passed through many a thrilling adventure, shared many a dangerous bivouac. Poor fellow! for many days he took

neither food nor rest, and after the funeral fell into a low, lingering fever, which almost reduced him to the grave. It was Helen's wish that he should remain in their home, and Helen's wish was law, not only with her father, but with the faithful fellow, who loved and respected his late master's young betrothed only next to himself.

I was angry with myself for indulging a suspicion of any one; yet time and again, as the recollection of Walter's sudden decease came to me, there also came with it the remembrance of two dark flashing eyes looking on his dead form with anything save sorrow in their firm, triumphant expression, and the owner of those eyes was Gaston the groom, whom Walter had struck on the evening of my arrival.

He was of gipsy blood—a tall, handsome, swarthy fellow, feared by the other servants, on whom he never failed to revenge an injury or an insult, and rathered favored by my uncle from his acknowledged bravery in the defence of the preserves from poachers. I questioned the old steward pretty closely about him, and one day, when we were speaking on the subject, Gaston himself came near. Whether he suspected that the conversation was about him, I cannot tell; but that evening, I learned that he had suddenly left my uncle's service.

I had prolonged my stay as much as I dared, and I now left, having the satisfaction of knowing that my cousin was daily becoming more reconciled to the heavy sorrow which had so sadly clouded her young, happy life. Of my own feelings at this time, regarding young Carroll's death, I dare not speak. That I was sorry for him, thus cut down in the bloom of his youth and strength, on the eve of such happiness as his marriage had promised, you must not doubt; but at times there would come a wild hope that my beautiful cousin might yet learn to love me—that by some unforeseen circumstance I might yet be in a position to claim her love.

Her sorrow had supplied the only charm wanting in her disposition—a stillness, without which I could not have thought her perfect; the childish gayety and thoughtlessness, so much to poor Walter's taste, had frequently jarred on my wearied and overtaxed feelings.

I paid her a professional visit each day in her own room, where, for a week after the funeral, she still kept all her wedding preparations—the snowy satin dress, the flowing veil, orange wreath, and the bouquet of white rosebuds, orange blossom and jessamine he had sent her a few hours before his death. Like her hopes, it was now withered and dead. The house was very lonely now; since the fearful event, there had been no com-

pany, no music, no riding in the park; uncle spent the larger part of his time with his books; aunt became more devoted to her embroidery than ever; while my poor little cousin passed a very aimless existence in wandering from room to room in search of employment which never was found, taking solitary walks under the avenue trees, and making feeble attempts to continue the studies Walter had advised and assisted her to pursue.

I returned to my little lonely lodging, now looking lonelier than ever; a fortnight's residence in my uncle's lofty rooms did not add in any way to the size of my own. Of my half-dozen patients, I found some better, some worse. If I had had the conscience to keep people sick, I might have made more out of my profession. I gave them all my attention now, to make up for past neglect, and also to banish the remembrance of the past. The summer and autumn passed, with little variety. I received one letter from Helen, written evidently in very low spirits; then came an interval of silence, and then, in the latter part of the winter, a request from my uncle to come down and see them. He wished my advice about Helen, who was far from well, yet refused to have a physician. Inside, came a little note from the fair patient herself, in which the mystery of that illness was very easily explained. Her parents wished her to accept the offer of the present owner of Carrollton, a boisterous, red-faced young squire, with a bad temper and a loud voice—the opposite, in every respect, of her dead Walter. She grieved to disappoint them, yet could not consent to sacrifice herself to this bold fox-hunter, whose feats of horsemanship gave her some comfort in the idea that he was likely any day to break his neck. I could have laughed over Helen's comic letter, had there not been such bitterness under the seeming mirth. I longed to see the dear girl, yet never, in the course of my practice, had it been so difficult for me to leave town.

I was deliberating on this, when I suddenly recollected my other letter, as suddenly opened it, and received another surprise—surpassing the first immeasurably. It was from my old uncle, Paul Hastings, announcing his return from India in a very different condition from what report had led me to believe. "They tell me you are a doctor"—thus he wrote—"and I want you to come to me directly, for this cursed climate is killing me. Don't look for any fee, for I have nothing to spend on medicine; if I can find bread, and a house to cover me, it is as much as I bargain for. I met with an uncivil reception from my relations on the other side of the house;

perhaps if I had brought home a million, in addition to my diseased liver, they would not have sent me packing so unceremoniously. I hear you are poor; well, misery likes company—come along!"

I must confess that with this letter, departed my last hope; for ever in the far-off distance had been a vision of the old man's return with abundant wealth, which he was to leave to me, and I, of course, was to marry Helen. Nevertheless, I determined to be kind to him; for, in days gone by, he had been a good friend to my parents, and I would at least be grateful. I obeyed his summons instantly, and found him located in a quiet but respectable street, in a comfortable lodging-house, and surrounded by a number of eastern luxuries. First of these was his native servant, an excellent fellow in his way, as he bore all his master's reproaches, and even blows, with perfect good humor—never for a moment deviating from his humble respect.

I found Paul Hastings a most eccentric individual, with an unpleasant temper, an everlasting grumbler, fond of taking comfort, yet professing to despise it, bilious, passionate, and exceedingly stingy in small matters. His room was a picture in itself, with its screens, curtains, couches and mats. When he himself was there, with his little yellow, shrivelled face in frightful contrast to his magnificent crimson shawls, the effect was complete. Put his immense pipe in his hand, yellow slippers on his feet, his favorite white cockatoo beside him and the native in the background, and I would challenge Europe to produce such another scene. I found him suffering from chills brought on by an unusually cold February; he looked pinched, forlorn and miserable even, surrounded as he was by so much of Oriental magnificence.

I need not tell you how our acquaintance progressed, or how I at last came to like this odd specimen of humanity, from whom all others appeared to shrink in terror. He was gratified at the attention I showed him, said he looked anxiously for the hour of my daily call, explained at length the remarkable wisdom of his two pet monkeys, expatiated on the gentleness of a fierce-looking macaw that appeared to entertain a jealous hatred of me, showed me the contents of a cabinet of rare curiosities collected in a foreign travel, and presented me with a small shell as a remembrance.

In addition to this enormous gift, he afterwards gave me a lancet with an inlaid handle—a curious little piece of work to look at, but of no earthly use, owing to the inferiority of the metal. Certainly, my new relation could not be accused

of buying my friendship with costly presents.——But with all his odd ways, I liked my old uncle, and he and I got along together surprisingly well. He had seen much of Eastern life, and his stories carried me back to my boyish days and the Arabian Nights; in his society, I regained much of the cheerfulness of those days when care and poverty had been unknown enemies.

But another summons came from the Lansdownes, and this time I had to leave without delay. I found Helen suffering from a low, nervous fever, very weak and excitable, and totally unfit for the society of her fox-hunting lover, who nevertheless spent most of his time in her presence. On our first meeting, she threw herself into my arms with a violent burst of weeping, and in a whisper implored me to save her. I had no need to inquire "from what," having passed the young squire in the hall, where he was in violent altercation with one of his servants, and evidently the worse for my uncle's good wine.

My first prescription for Helen was perfect rest and quiet, and I strictly forbade all visitors; even young Nimrod was compelled to yield to my authority—a kindness for which my sweet cousin whispered warm gratitude. She told me of a remarkable vision she had had on New Year's night. She woke suddenly, and thought she saw Gaston bending over her pillow—his swarthy face only a few inches from her own; before she recovered from her surprise sufficiently to call for help, the vision had disappeared—and her parents treated the whole affair as the working of a disordered brain. I held a different opinion. I felt certain that Gaston had dared to love his master's daughter, and that either he was dead and his spirit had appeared to Helen, or that he had come in the body to look on her once more. My cousin's account of the appearance was too clear and positive to be doubted for an instant; and I saw she was glad to be able to convince me. Her parent's doubts had almost made her believe that she was insane. And now it came about that Helen and I were continually thrown into each other's society, my aunt was called away to the deathbed of a dear friend, and day by day I found it harder to tear myself away.

At last, driven to desperation, I risked all and acquainted my uncle with my feelings, imploring him to keep my secret, if he did not grant my request. Ours was a short but painful interview, and I left him with the bitter consciousness that in the step I had taken, not only were my last hopes crushed, but all future companionship with my beautiful cousin at an end.

I went back to London moody and savage. To my astonishment, I found my old Indian relative greatly improved in manners and temper; in fact, he was becoming quite agreeable. I quite agreed with the remark of his man that "Massa Hastings not so bad as he seem."

He volunteered a visit to my rooms on the second day after my arrival, and set about discovering the cause of my trouble with the patience and perseverance of an inquisitor of the olden time. It was no use to prevaricate—he would have the truth; so I made a clean breast of it, and told him all—my love and my poverty and my wretched prospects.

"And so you were fool enough to ask Lansdowne—were you? Well, you deserved just what you got for being so hasty."

This was queer comfort, and I made no answer; the old man also relapsed into silence for a time. At last he asked if I thought it would be a possible thing to purchase Carrollton.

"Lansdowne has set his heart on joining the two estates, and unless you can purchase it, you need not hope for favor in that quarter."

I gave back some sulky answer, for in the then state of my finances, one of the mountains of the moon were as accessible a purchase as Carrollton—lovely Carrollton—poor Walter's pride, the home where Helen had anticipated passing happy years, but which she now thought of with horror in connection with its present owner.

"Humph! you need not be so sulky! Perhaps it would not be such a wonderful thing to do, after all. I will ride over and see my lawyers, and if, as I think, that young scamp has got into trouble, we'll have the place yet—the estate, not the woman, mind! I don't like women of any kind; my landlady sent me up a burnt steak for breakfast this morning. I wish the deuce had all the women."

And with this polite and pious wish, my extraordinary relative walked out of the room, leaving me the image of astonishment. What could the man mean, with his lawyers and estates? Was he crazy, or only a monomaniac? I never was so puzzled in my life. But my astonishment was increased when in five days, during which I saw nothing of my old friend, I received a letter from Helen's father, wherein he very politely informed me that having thought over my proposal, and sounded his daughter's inclination on the subject, he had come to the conclusion that it would be for her future happiness to recall his refusal, and he therefore invited me to come and see them at my earliest convenience, adding that Helen's health had declined again since my departure.

Of course I obeyed the order, but not before I saw my comical old uncle to whom I was anxious to impart the good news.

"We could not get Carrollton," was his first remark.

"Well, I never expected you would," I replied, laughing, for the idea appeared so preposterous.

"You young scamp, what do you mean?" he roared out in a rage. "Do you dare to hint that I could not buy up any of your mean little English estates if I had a mind? I, who have more pounds than any miserable doctor in the whole country has pennies. What do you mean, I say?"

"Just this—that I have got Helen without Carrollton," I replied, and showed him my last letter. The old man's tone changed.

"O, the vanity of boys! No doubt you think this is all owing to your own merits, you young jackanapes, when but for your old uncle's interference, you might have starved forever over your empty gallipots, and cut your throat at last with your rusty lancet. You rascal, don't you know that I have made you my heir, that I have given you enough to buy up old Lansdowne and half a dozen like him—don't you know that he worships the golden calf, and now you are gilded he worships you? O, you vain puppy, I have half a mind to take it all back again, just to punish you for your self-conceit."

But he did not take it all back. On the contrary, he added to the immense gift he had already made, and as Carrollton was not for sale, purchased an estate only a few miles from Helen's home, and which he said was to be her dower-house. It was interesting enough to note the change in the manner of my reception at my uncle's now and heretofore. Once, the meanest servant in the household knew that the visitor was "only the master's nephew, a poor doctor up to Lunnon," and treated him to proportionate civility; but now it was in a different character that the nephew made his appearance, and the most exacting among men must have been satisfied with the homage. Of course I understood the full value of this change, and felt but little gratitude until poor Walter's valet begged to be taken into my service, saying he should like to live with me, "For you was a good man when you was poor Master Hastings, and I don't believe the money will hurt you much."

It was a decided improvement on the idea that my sudden acquisition of fortune had removed all my former faults.

Of my reception by my sweet cousin, and the manner in which my suit prospered, I must be

forgiven for speaking but little. Such matters are not for the public eye. Suffice it that my fondest hopes were realized, my brightest anticipations surpassed, and if my gentle young betrothed was shy of displaying her regard, it was, as she told me with deep blushes, "because she did not want to learn to like me too much." Poor child! the remembrance of her former fearlessness was ever before her, and the knowledge of how suddenly the cup of joy might be snatched from her lips, caused a slight feeling of uncertainty and anxiety only known to those who have passed through a similar trial.

What right had I to expect a happier fate than had befallen poor dead Walter, of whom Helen and I so often thought during the days of our sweet companionship? Yet Providence granted me life and happiness, and permitted me to see the day when I called Helen by the dear name of wife. My old uncle promised that all should be ready in our new home by the time that we returned from our wedding tour, which we made to the Highlands of Scotland, and true to his word, the house was newly repaired and furnished and supplied with housekeeper and domestics, awaiting our arrival.

As I was not allowed to see my future residence before this time, you may imagine that I felt considerable interest in walking over my new possessions, and complimenting my eccentric relative on his excellent taste.

"But what is that, uncle?" I exclaimed, as we came in sight of a remarkable structure, something like an exaggerated copy of the houses seen in Chinese pictures. "What on earth have you got there—a Hindoo temple, a house for the car of Juggernaut, or is it intended for a Chinese pagoda?"

The old man frowned grimly, while Helen laughed aloud.

"It's my bungalow, you puppy—my house where I intend to reside. Quite convenient to your own, too, so that when you and your wife have a row, whichever feels too sulky to stay at home, can come down here and see me."

"Much obliged for the kind intention, uncle, it's so thoughtful of you to provide for such an emergency, but I am inclined to think that my wife and I shall always visit you together." And we always have.

And now I must tell you of an adventure I had, and cleared up what had always been a mystery to my thinking. It was the second year of our marriage, the summer time, and a very warm season, when we heard that several robberies had been committed in our neighborhood. I had not given the subject much thought, and was

perhaps somewhat too careless about the security of our house. A careless master will make careless servants, and mine felt as secure as I did. On the night of the twenty-fifth of August our household suffered extremely with the heat, so much so, that I have rarely felt a more oppressive atmosphere, even preceding a West Indian storm. Helen had gone to bed early in the evening sick with a headache, and I sat at the bedside and fanned her until she fell asleep. She had suffered very severely from the long-continued heats, and a slight fever had set in, flushing her cheek and deepening the color of her lips. I thought as I sat and watched her, that never had she looked so beautiful as at that hour. As the night advanced and the air grew cooler, I, too, felt inclined to rest, but through the lax influence of the drowsy weather, sat sleeping in my chair. I know not how long I rested, it must have been several hours, when I was awakened by a violent scream from Helen, and the shutting of our chamber door. Springing to my feet, I saw her sitting up in bed, pointing with one hand to the door, while her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. To catch her in my arms was my first impulse, but her screams continued until she fell back on her pillow in convulsions. As the servants gathered in our room, every effort was made to relieve her, and not till morning did we discover that the great window of the library had been open all night. Helen continued very ill for three days, and only at the end of that time did I learn that she had again seen the dark face of Gaston the groom leaning over her pillow, and she positively declared that he was the person who shut the door. That I felt alarmed at these repeated visits, in conjunction with the suspicions I entertained of that individual, I need scarcely say, and I resolved that for the future the villain should find no entrance into my dwelling. I would not allow Helen to talk on the subject, as it agitated her too severely, but quietly made my own plans of fortification. Very useless plans they proved to be, so far as Gaston was concerned, for in less than a week he was arrested for a robbery committed at Carrollton, having been wounded by the owner in the attempt. In a few hours I received a line from the jail-chaplain, requesting me to come at once and see the prisoner, who was sinking fast and desired to make some revelations. You may imagine I lost no time in making my way to the county jail, where the poor wretch was confined, and where I found, sure enough, that it was the man I sought, though death was fast changing his dark complexion to a livid gray. He was very insolent to the chap-

lain, and ordered him to leave the cell, but kept fast hold of me. And then came the confession (as I expected) of the death of Walter Carroll by poison, in revenge for the blow he had given him. "I hated him, but I would not have killed him—for she loved him—only for that blow. But a gipsy never forgets a blow, and none can detect the poison they know how to distil."

"But why have you persisted in annoying my wife, who never did you any injury?" I asked. "Do you know that the fright you gave her a week ago has almost killed her?"

The fellow's face changed, and an inexpressible softness came into his dark eyes. "I did not mean to frighten her—I am sorry—but I wanted to look at her sweet face once more, the face which has made me commit all this sin. You think you love her, and Walter Carroll thought he loved her, but you neither of you know what it is to love as I have ever since I was a boy, and she pleaded with her father not to let them punish me for robbing the hen-houses. She was very little then, and she did not know me years after, when I came here for a servant, but she was always kind and gentle, and I would have risked my life at her bidding every day. When I stole in to look at her in her father's house, I thought it was for the last time, but the temptation of your open house induced me to risk it again. I am willing to die now I have seen her."

He did die that night, poor fellow! but I never told Helen what he had confessed, as I knew it would have caused her deep distress. Walter was in his grave, and it would have done the world no good to have been told at that late hour that he came to his death unfairly.

PARCHMENT.

Parchment is made of skins of sheep and lambs, though that kind which is used for the heads of drums is said to be made of goat-skins. Vellum is a finer, smoother, white kind of parchment, made of the skins of young calves. The mode of preparation is first to take off the hair or wool, then to steep the skin in lime, and afterward to stretch it very firmly on a wooden frame. When thus fixed, it is scraped with a blunt iron tool, wetted, and rubbed with chalk and pumice-stone, and these scrapings and rubbings are repeated several times on each side of the skin till it is fit for use. Parchment was employed in very ancient times, and it is curious that from about the seventh to the tenth century, it was beautiful, white, and good, but that in later times a very inferior, dirty-looking kind of parchment came into use, which has the appearance of being much older than the good. The reason of this is supposed to be, that the writers in these later centuries used to prepare their own parchment, while at an earlier date it was a curious art only possessed by the manufacturers.—*All About It.*

[ORIGINAL.]

MY NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY LEONORA GLENN.

I'm thinking of the past, to-night,
Of years long since gone by.
When life was but a pleasant dream,
Without a grief or sigh.

Ah! those were halcyon days to me,—
Those mirthful, childhood hours,
And O, so quickly have they flown,
While sporting 'mid life's flowers.

As years sped on, I paused to think,
And learned that life was real;
Then taught my heart to know the fact
I could no more conceal.

Ah, time still flies, and with it fades
Bright, happy childhood's days,
And with a thoughtful mien I turn,
And follow life's stern ways.

I've tried to feel that all were not
Deceitful and untrue;
But O, I've learned to know they are
But few, yes, very few.

And if so young I'm forced to know
The world is false and cold,
I do not wish that many years
Their wings may round me fold.

I wonder if the coming year
Has aught of good for me?
Or if my way be dark and drear?
But O, too soon I'll see.

But I'll keep courage in my heart,
Let come what ill there may,
Remembering it is always dark
Before the dawn of day.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHITLOWE, THE FORGER.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

BY MARTIN L. SWAN.

Alice Johnston was the grand-daughter of the old rector of Burnlesea, in Somersetshire, and the story I am about to relate, in which, some years ago, the aforesaid young lady figured as one of the chief actors, is literally true.

Alice Johnston at the age of nineteen was a young lady highly-accomplished and beautiful—and her amiability of heart was the theme of many a poor laborer's family, whom she visited to encourage or befriend. Of course such a person as Alice Johnston could not exist without attracting a host of enthusiastic admirers, and foremost among them was the wealthy young

squire, Charles Langford, of Langford Hall. The pale and nervous young curate, who blushed to the very tips of his ears whenever he saw her coming, was another, though silent sufferer. But Charles Langford, fortunately for the future peace of the young curate, who was already apprised of it, had been for some time past her acknowledged lover; but had it not been so, it is even doubtful if the simple, sensitive-hearted young exponent of the Church of England would have had sufficient courage to avow his passion.

Charles Langford was a noble type of the thoroughly-educated English gentleman, and Alice Johnston loved him with all the warmth of her rich, strong nature. It was indeed a joyous day in the life of the old rector, when the young squire entered his study, not with arrogance and assumption, but hesitatingly, as though the boon he craved was more than he might reasonably expect, and proposed for the hand of Alice. The rector was not long in giving his assent, for he had known the young Squire of Langford Hall from his earliest boyhood—known him for a chivalrous, high-minded, and perfectly moral man—and in all the circle of his acquaintance, he knew not another upon whom he would rather bestow his grand-daughter in marriage. Accordingly a few months later their nuptials were solemnized, and the good rector participated soberly in all the gay festivities which came off at the hall on the joyful occasion of Alice's instalment as mistress over her new establishment.

Months passed, and the time was swiftly approaching when Alice would become a mother. The young squire, who loved his wife almost to idolatry, grew nervous as the hour which seemed to him fraught with so much peril, drew near; and he often assured the rector that if anything happened to Alice, he should never survive her. At this time, although in his seventieth year, the rector of Burnlesea, still hale and vigorous, was as much wedded to the saddle as in his younger days, and never failed, excepting in stormy weather, to take his accustomed ride of a morning, for he was eminently social in his nature, and it would seem almost like impiety to forego any of his accustomed visits, which for years past he had kept up with a sort of mathematical regularity; and so, whether he felt a trifling stiff at the joints, or a slight twinge of rheumatic pain at the increased exertion of mounting to the stirrups, he would ride off as cheerfully, and bow to the pedestrians as sunnily, as he had ever done in his younger years. It was only a short time before the confinement of Alice, that the

rector, after paying a morning visit to the hall, had ridden off to the nearest market-town in pursuance of some unavoidable business which called him. This was quite early in the morning. Late in the afternoon a servant from the rectory came spurting fiercely over to the hall, and rushing into the presence of Mrs. Langford, blurted out the melancholy tidings that the rector, on returning from the fair, had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared mortally injured. The sudden shock of this announcement was too much for Alice in her then delicate state of health, and she was brought to bed with a fine, healthy male child; but the subsequent effect was what might naturally have been feared. A fever set in, and for many days following, the life of the beautiful mistress of Langford Hall was despaired of. The tortures of the squire, whose every hope was bound up in that pure, young life—the mother of his boy—can be better imagined than described. He made no loud lamentations, but he never smiled till Alice was pronounced out of danger. In the meantime, the rector, who had received a severe sprain and a few slight bruises, the natural result of his fall, rapidly recovered, and was able to visit the hall, even while the poor young mother was yet suffering from delirium on his account, or rather, on account of the exaggerated report of the alarmed servant.

"Poor child!" he would say, gazing upon the pale, sweet face, and wringing the young squire's hand, "if she dies—our poor darling—I shall curse the day from the bottom of my heart, which gave birth to that miserable lout (referring to the servant), who must needs post over here against my desire, and murder my poor darling with his shallow misapprehensions."

But Alice, so dearly loved—so necessary to the happiness of those around her—was not destined to die thus prematurely. From the day her fever left her she began to mend rapidly, and was soon able to sit up and inquire anxiously after the child. In the meantime, Langford had procured a nurse for the child, the wife of a small speculator in grain, who had once been a servant at the hall, and who had herself been confined with a son a fortnight previously. She had been twice married, and had borne a son by the former connection, who was then about five years of age.

Alice, who had now so far recovered as to be able to take short rides in the vicinity of the hall, and even so far as the rectory, which was only two miles distant, had expressed a desire to visit the child, and had assured her husband that she felt strong enough to undertake the journey.

It was only a couple of leagues to the small speculator's residence, where the child had been entrusted, and Langford had promised Alice that she should make the visit on the day but one following. Two hours later, he received a letter from Whitlowe, the husband of the wet-nurse, proclaiming the sudden and startling intelligence that the child had sickened and died a few hours before of cholera infantum. This harrowing news threw Langford into a profound state of feverish excitement. He dared not acquaint his wife in her present weak state, of the painful loss they had sustained, and as if the serpent had already entered into this seemingly considerate plan of deception, Whitlowe had hinted in a rather abrupt way, that they were much concerned for Mrs. Langford, and if he, the squire, considered there was any danger in acquainting their poor mistress of the fact, perhaps they might make arrangements whereby their own child might be made to serve the purpose of the lost one.

To the excited mind of the young squire, who knew not what to do, this suggestion looked like a truly humane and benevolent one. He dared not acquaint Alice with the terrible truth—not now, at least—for fear that the shock might kill her; and coming to the conclusion, as he naturally must, that there was no other alternative, if he would avoid imparting to the still enfeebled mother the sorrowful intelligence of the child's death, he ordered the horse on the instant, and giving to Alice the excuse of urgent business, hurried away. He was soon at the residence of the nurse, and an hour with Whitlowe sufficed to effect the arrangement, whereby, for a stipulated sum per annum, the living child was to take the place of the dead one in the eyes of the mother. To make the deception more plausible Whitlowe was to write a note, which was to be despatched to Langford Hall before the squire's return, stating that his own child was dead, but that theirs was in a healthy, thriving condition, and had been removed safely beyond the reach of infection.

On his return to the hall, Langford received the note, and read it aloud to Alice, who expressed some anxiety, lest in spite of the apparent precaution of the Whitlowes, the child should have taken the infection. On the day following the funeral of the child in question, the promised visit to the Whitlowes was undertaken, and carried out without injury to the mother, who hung delightedly for hours over her supposed offspring, and longed for the moment to arrive when it should pass out of the nurse's care, to be watched over by herself, and guarded

against the various evils incident to childhood. And that time came at last—that time so replete with love and maternal happiness—when little Edwy bade a tearful farewell to his nurse, and came home to reside with his parents at the hall.

As for the Whitlowes, a great change had come over them during the last two or three years. They were seemingly in the most prosperous worldly condition, but nobody could tell how it all came about, for Whitlowe himself neither labored nor was engaged in any speculations that warranted the show of fashion and profligacy that he had been constantly keeping up. He drove his own carriage, indulged in deep potations at home and abroad, attended fairs, bet freely at the races, and was generally regarded by the *bon vivants* of his class as a reckless and ruinously fast man. There seemed no end to his means. It was rarely that he was known to run short of funds, and then only for a day or two, when his purse would be fuller than ever, and he, if anything, more reckless than before;—money to treat his friends, money to stake on the turf, money to bet on Bendigo Thomson, the Butcher Boy of Bath, or some other spirited champion of the ring; and it was observed that he lost more frequently than he won; but nobody objected so long as he had the means to pay, “and all went merry as a marriage bell.”

In this way a dozen years went by, and not a word had yet been breathed to Alice in regard to the innocent deception practised upon her. An occasional hint from Whitlowe that it was about time the secret of Edwy’s birth was disclosed, and the boy restored to his natural parents, was sufficient to procure whatever pecuniary aid he desired; and thus, at a price which kept Langford in constant fear and embarrassment, was the important revelation indefinitely postponed.

In the meantime Mrs. Whitlowe, who had not forgotten her early attachment to the Langford family, had constantly remonstrated against the wickedness of her husband; but a few words from the unprincipled wretch, conveying a threat that he would yet make her own son as bad as himself, would drive the poor mother pale and trembling from the attack. She knew too well the influence he might exert over a youth of seventeen if he chose, and therefore, year after year were the better impulses of her soul kept in servile restraint. But the time was coming, and not far distant when circumstances would permit her to break forever the hateful spell which her legal tyrant had cast over her.

It happened in this way, she had prevailed on the rector, who was about starting on a journey to London, to use his influence in obtaining a sit-

uation for her son in some respectable tradesman’s family, which that worthy man had found means to do before his return, and her boy was now happily beyond the reach or influence of the wretch, Whitlowe. It happened at this time, that Langford was on a visit to Wales, where business had detained him for some time, though his return had been expected even earlier than this. Whitlowe, not being apprised of his contemplated visit into Wales, and having, as he had often done before, on the strength of his imaginary hold upon the squire, taken the liberty to forge his victim’s name, for the purpose of more speedily raising money when he required—having, I say, made use of this means a short time before the squire’s departure, to raise a few hundred pounds, was now, when the note came due, entirely unprepared to meet the emergency. He had been hoping in vain for the squire’s return, up to the moment that the note fell due, and being at last driven almost to desperation, he informed his wife that he was going over to the rector’s, where, by revealing the secret, and threatening to take away the child, he would force the old man to disgorge a sufficient amount of money to clear his neck from the halter.

“ You dare not do it!” cried the indignant wife, now thoroughly aroused. “ Breathe but one word of this foul plot, either to the rector or my dear young lady, and I swear to you that within the same hour I will reveal all.”

“ Ha! you, too, threaten me?” cried the enraged villain; and the next instant he raised his heavy hand and struck her to the ground. He then rushed out of the house, flung himself into the saddle, and spurred madly off in the direction of the rectory. He knew that before night, if not already, the note would be protested, and pronounced a forgery by Thorndyke, the squire’s agent, and it was now with him a matter of life or death. He was considerably under the influence of liquor, and on arriving at the rectory, covered with dust and foam, his bloodshot eyes gleaming with excitement, his loud and impatient knock for admittance so alarmed the faithful servant, that he refused him entrance. With a single blow of his clenched fist, Whitlowe struck down the servant, and strode over his prostrate body in the direction of the rector’s study. The old man was thrown into a great surprise and tremor by this sudden intrusion.

“ I have no time to parley words,” cried Whitlowe, with a fierce and threatening gesture. “ I want money, and money I must have—or the child you call your grandson! The child is mine, and I have the right to take him, and shall, unless my wishes are complied with, and

on the instant. If you would save your daughter the agony of the knowledge of this fact, you can do so by giving me three hundred pounds!"

For an instant the rector was completely stunned by this startling intelligence, but rallying almost immediately, with the characteristic suspicion of an old man, he accused him of falsehood, and an attempt at imposition, for the reckless purpose of extorting money.

As ill luck would have it, Mrs. Langford and Edwy had come over on a visit to the rectory that morning, and hearing the loud altercation in her father's study, Alice and Edwy hurried to the apartment, just as the old rector had commenced pouring out the pent-up vials of his wrath on the head of the intruder.

"Ah, here come the persons I most wish to see!—Madam," exclaimed Whitlowe, addressing Alice, "I am hard pressed. In a word, I must have three hundred pounds; if I cannot have it, I will have what is of more consequence to you than money—you understand—that boy!" And the ruffian pointed grimly and sneeringly at Edwy.

"What mean you by those strong words?" cried Alice, her face flushed with sudden alarm. "Our boy, our Edwy—what mean you?"

"Not your boy, madam, but my boy! You have been deceived. It was not our child that died, as you were made to believe, but your child. It now remains for you to say whether I am to have the money, or the child. One or the other I must have, and that quickly."

"O, take anything—everything!" cried the poor mother, in accents of terrible agony, "but spare, O spare, my darling—my beautiful boy!"

Edwy, a handsome, manly lad of twelve years, stood firmly by his mother's side, his fists clenched, and glaring up into the vicious, triumphant face that menaced them.

"Don't fear him, mother. He's not my father, and I'd die sooner than go with such a brute!" shouted the brave lad. "He's a villain, or he would not try to frighten you so!"

"The child speaks truly," cried the rector. "Heaven knows there is no affinity between them!"

The discussion at this point was suddenly interrupted by the clatter of a horse's hoofs approaching the rectory. Whitlowe, thinking it was an officer in pursuit of him, did not wait to urge his claim farther, but rushed out of the house by a back entrance, and was never afterward seen or heard from, but was supposed to have fled to Holland.

Instead of an officer, the horseman who had so alarmed him, proved to be none other than

the squire, who had just returned from his Welch tour, and learning that Alice and Edwy were at the rectory, had immediately ridden over, so impatient was he to behold them once more after a fortnight's absence; but too late, as we have seen, to prevent the harrowing catastrophe which had just occurred. With mingled feelings of sorrow and shame he admitted the truth of Whitlowe's statement, and his own culpability in having so long kept Alice in ignorance of the real facts in the case. While they were yet canvassing the painful subject, a hurried step was heard in the passage, and the next moment Mrs. Whitlowe entered, pale and out of breath, her whole appearance betraying the utmost anxiety and alarm. For an instant, she glanced furtively about the room, as though expecting to behold some one else there.

"Tell me," she at last found words to inquire, "has my husband been here?"

"Yes," returned the squire, "your husband has divulged the secret, which it was my own duty to have done long ago, and everything is at last explained."

"No, not ev'rything!" cried the foster mother, with hysterical earnestness. "There is one thing which has not yet been explained—one secret that has been retained through these long years, even from you. Know, then, that that child is as truly your own offspring as was ever child born of woman. It was my own child that died, and the special falsehood which has so long deceived even you, was hatched up, as you may well guess, by that miserable wretch and criminal whom I call husband—hatched up for the purpose of extorting money from you; but I, poor fool, dared not, for the safety of my own child, reveal to you the facts.—Threats of dire vengeance upon my own son, if I should reveal aught of this base plot, has thus far held the seal of silence on my tongue. But, thank God, my poor boy is now happily beyond his reach, and though it should cost me my life, I would no longer be burthened with the weight of this secret."

The hours that followed this surprising but happy revelation, were hours of true thanksgiving and joy, both at Langford Hall and the rectory. There remains but little more to be said, farther than that the wretch, Whitlowe, was never afterwards seen in England.

KNOWLEDGE.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth—honor of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.—J. SMYLER.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LIPS THAT NEVER SING.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

I would not seek for stores of wealth,
Or beauty's fickle charm,
For gold could never win my heart,
Nor face or form retain;
But when before the shrine of love
My heart's best thoughts I bring,
I will not list to loving words
From lips that never sing.

I care not for a merry laugh,
But still I fain would seek
A voice whose tones are kind and low,
Nor e'er unkindly speak.
But O, methinks I could not list
To words the heart might bring,
If love had never tuned the voice
Of lips that never sing.

[ORIGINAL.]

SQUIRE WATERS'S APPLES.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It made no little stir in Cranston when it was rumored about that Esquire Waters had been heard to say, in the presence of some twenty or more persons, that whoever he had the good luck to find meddling with his early fruit, he would treat in a manner not over and above palatable. No little stir, I say it occasioned, because the good people of the thriving, populous village were keen to learn (as all such good people are) who the trespasser upon the grounds of the wealthiest man in town might be.

But in vain each man looked into his neighbor's face for some trace of guilt; and eyed askance every rollicking youngster that walked the street—nothing could be learned of the unruly marauders; till, at last, the villagers hinted that the wealthy bachelor squire was more scared than hurt, and that he only raised the outcry to frighten thieves away from his premises; that no one would dare to venture through the forest-like grounds, or get within the shadow of the grand, solemn, ghostly-looking house, for the sake of a few early apples.

But there was a little mystery about the affair that the people of Cranston could not see through; not that it was so very deep and profound that it was proof against all reading; to the contrary, it was the simplest matter in the world, or, would have been, I mean; if they had only known how to solve it. For that part it was just like any other puzzle. They could easily conceive the possibility and probability of

a wild set of mischievous urchins, or frolicksome young men, and even a company of unprincipled vagabonds disturbing the quiet of the squire's fruit orchard, but further than that their ideas could not find a way. Had they been told, in confidence, that the morning after the depredation, there were innumerable tracks of tiny, dainty shoes upon the green turf, and soft, brown soil of the nursery; that in one place was found a small kid glove, and in another a bit of a cambric handkerchief, with the name of the owner delicately traced in the corner—had they been told this, I say, they would have better understood the quiet way in which the gentleman treated the robbery, and the profound silence which he kept when the subject was discussed in his presence. But they did not know, and so they scouted at the whole affair, or at least as much as they dared, when the richest and most honorable man in town was concerned.

But one day, when the little wonder had quite died out in the village, to those who knew "the signs of the times," there seemed an event of some importance brewing. All day, in the old brick academy, the laughing, mischievous girls were knotted together in various places, chatting in low, confidential tones. At recess time the merriest of the school sat down upon the green turf and bent their bright heads together, and said so many funny things, and made such a number of comical suggestions upon the matter which they were discussing, that the whole air rang with their laughter. Just over the way from the old academy, the stately house of Squire Waters gleamed out from the forest of trees and shrubbery that surrounded it—looking so royal and grand, so like some old, ancient castle, with its arching porticos and snowy turrets, and above all so formidable and threatening in its aspect, that none but a set of madcap school girls would have dared plan against its peace and quiet.

But from the many roguish glances, and bright, suggestive smiles that were directed towards it during the day, it was quite evident that the old mansion and its grand surroundings was the subject of their thoughts and plans. At night the question was proved beyond a doubt, for when the village grew still and quiet, and the moon sailed clearly up the blue steep of the sky, pouring her rain of silvery light upon the gilded spires and snowy pillars of the squire's beautiful home, a strange procession of reckless, merry misses stole into the wide old gate, that led through the principal mall of the Eden-like garden to the coveted orchard grounds.

For awhile as they wond along the shady way they were silent and cautious, hardly daring

to breathe a sentence above a whisper; but each moment they gained courage, and before they had traversed through half the grounds their mirth got the better of their fears, and they laughingly joined their daring leader, in a plan to capture the squire if he should trouble them.

"The one that shall catch him first, shall have him," broke in a light, musical voice, above the buzz and laughter of the party.

"Good, good," answered another, "but that will be Kate Weston; our Captain Kate, I am sure, for she can outrun any girl in Cranston. Why, girls, she goes it like a deer!"

"Hush, hush!" Captain Kate turned about suddenly as she spoke, and held one white hand up threateningly towards the party. "If you mention the old ogre's name he'll be sure to be out here. Remember, his apples are dearer to him than his gold—for like most men he thinks more of having his stomach well filled, than his pocket-book."

How beautiful she looked, standing up there in the full, clear moonlight, brilliant, daring Katie Weston! There was a deal of pride about her slender, willowy form; in the way she carried her perfect head, flashed her great hazel eyes, and curved her tempting, rosebud mouth. And now as she spoke of Squire Waters her whole face seemed to glow with an expression nearly akin to scorn. For some reason, no one knew what, she had taken a bitter dislike to the village lion. Her very first impression of him was an unfavorable one, she used to say. When she met him one afternoon, as she was returning from school, he had stopped a friend in the street to ask about her, and that too, in such a loud tone, that she could not, had she willed it, remain ignorant of what he was saying. She had heard his companion give her history, in short, detached sentences. "Poor orphan—delicately reared—well educated—very beautiful and talented—proud—living with a poor relation on the outskirts of the village," were the words that fell upon her ear, as she swept haughtily by them. After that she had been introduced to the handsome, wealthy squire at the school picnic. She knew that the presentation had first been suggested by him, and though she met his courteous, gentlemanly advances with a quiet, easy dignity, at heart she was repulsing him all the while.

Perhaps he was conscious of this, for, he was more than usually winning and pleasing in his addresses, even when he saw in what a bitter, satirical way she cut down his finest and most polished sentiments, quietly making them the food of her merriment. That was not all, either. It was not enough that Kate should have all the

enjoyment of the day spoiled for her, but she must work herself up into such a passion as to lay awake half that night in order to sob it away from her naughty, perverse little heart.

Poor Kate! And that was not all, either. At Valentine's time, some one had annoyed her by sending for her acceptance, one of the prettiest, daintiest little rings imaginable. And then the most puzzling of anything about it was that it was mailed at Cranston, where she did not know a single gentleman who could afford to send her a present of so much worth. She had vowed, at first, never to wear it, but after awhile, when she found that it looked so prettily upon her slender, white finger, and improved her taper hand so much, she gave up, and did not allow it to go a single moment from her sight. And better still (I am speaking in confidence), she used sometimes to press the dainty circlet to her red mouth, and then pout; and put on the haughtiest of all her ways to make up for her foolishness.

So it was that matters went on between the proud, gentlemanly squire, and the brilliant, beautiful Kate, until the affair of purloining the apples was brought to notice. Kate could not brook a threat, and when Squire Waters's word reached her, she headed the little group of her school friends for a second attack.

Well, as I said (begging your pardon for this digression), Kate looked very beautiful, standing there in the clear, silvery moonlight, holding up one white hand menacingly towards her witching band of followers.

"Pshaw, Kate, don't let's try to keep still! Let him chase us if he wants to, and see what he'll catch," sounded the pleasant, musical voice of little Lucy Smiley. "I don't believe I shall drop another glove for him to pick up, let me run ever so fast. I hope he was pleased with my name stamped upon the wrist."

"He didn't trouble himself much about you or your name, I'll wager you, when he had Kate's dainty 'kerchief to wear next his heart. That isn't the beat of it—there was a specimen of her handwriting upon one corner of it, and if he isn't as blind as a bat he'll see who favored him with the bushel-may-basket made out of cabbage heads. Kate wrote the verses," retorted Mary Prince, laughing and clapping her hands.

"Hush, I say girls, you mustn't run on so; I don't want to be caught *without* any apples. If I have to run, I prefer to run upon a full stomach. So speak low if you cannot keep from speaking. We are almost there, now. Hush! see the ripe, yellow fruit glisten in the clear moonlight!"

Kate tip-toed up to the little thicket of trees, followed by the hushed group.

"After all, I don't believe there is any use in keeping so still," she said, looking around. "It seems too much like real out-and-out stealing, instead of graciously condescending to test our lordly squire's hospitality. So help yourselves, dears, while I preside as well as I can, in place of the gentleman himself. No doubt he'll thank me for it when—he gets a chance!"

"Perhaps, after all, he's hid right in this thicket of trees, and when we get to helping ourselves, as you say, he'll come jumping out here in the very midst of us," suggested someone, in a timid voice.

"Pshaw,—don't fear, Hattie! Why, we'll scare him to death in five minutes if he ventures to show his head. There take this apple,—and this,—and this! Catch them as fast as I throw them. That's brave! Stand out where you are, and if you hear any noise, why, run!" cried Kate, turning again to the tree. "Here, catch my hat, and bring me some locust leaves! I'm going to ornament upon the occasion!"

She twined the dark leaves in and out her glossy braids, and then looping her white apron upon one arm commenced filling it with apples.

"One for Elly Gray—two for dame Elizabeth,—three for little Bobby, and that nice, big bouncer for me! Thank you, thank you, Mr. Waters! The company beg me to tender you in their behalf, their—their—What's that, girls?"

As Kate spoke there was a little crackling noise among the apple-boughs, in the thicket at her back, and before she had time to sound an alarm, Squire Waters bounded out in the very midst of the frightened girls, who ran, screaming lustily, in every direction. But could there have been an eye-witness to the comical scene, it would have been very easily observed that the squire cared little about capturing any save the wild, reckless leader. Down the long mall, Kate flew like the wind with the dignified bachelor following closely after her. Faster, faster, she went, her long glossy braids falling about her face and down her shoulders,—her light gray scarf, like a banner of rosy mist, floating out upon the breeze as she flew along. Faster, faster! Another moment past and she was within a single leap of the wide gate. But the squire was there before her, and like a frightened deer she sprang away in a different direction. There was another gate that led from the west side of the grounds, and like lightning she shot towards it. But O, horror of horrors!—it was locked fast! She turned about again, but the squire was closely upon her track and there was no hope of escape for her. Panting and trembling she stood silent until he came up to her.

"Permit me to escort you to the house, Miss Weston," he said, bowing low before her, and speaking as though nothing in the world had happened to mar his self-possession.

"No, I thank you, sir, I will go home, if you please." Kate's voice shook as she spoke, and she fairly reeled, as she made an attempt to take a few steps forward.

"I cannot permit you to go home while you are so weary. You cannot walk without assistance even. Lean on my arm; in a moment we will reach the house."

But Kate did not accept his aid willingly; and so he went forward, and gently putting his arm about her, drew her toward the house. Her breath came freer and easier in a moment's time, and when she stood within the wide old hall she was quite herself again.

"I will not go further, if you please, sir," she said, pausing there, and giving a hurried glance over her disarranged toilet.

"This to a man of my hospitality, Miss Weston? This way, if you please!" He threw open a door into a small sitting-room and motioned her to enter. When she went hesitatingly forward, he drew a large lolling chair up before the window and begged her to be seated.

"O, but our fruit! Excuse me for not relieving you before, of the burden!"

Kate crimsoned to the very roots of her hair, as he motioned to her apron of apples, which she still held looped up over her arm. The next moment he had gathered them into a silver fruit dish, and was ringing for plates and knives.

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot remain longer," said Kate rising, and giving a little flash of light into his face.

"But I shall insist upon it. I have a moral right to detain you to-night, remember."

"Or would have, perhaps, if I was not able to purchase my own ransom. I think I understand you. May I ask at what price you value your fruit?"

She drew her purse from her pocket with one hand, and pointed to the silver fruit dish with the other.

The squire's lip curled for a moment, and his steady eye burned beneath their perfect brows, with a deeper light; but when he spoke, his voice was as firm and mellow as though the faintest ripple of passion had never broken over its quiet surface.

"By the peck apples, are worth—let me see—some fifty cents, at the early season of the year. Perhaps I can afford to discount a bit upon the price, since you have taken so large a quantity."

"No, no, sir, do not discount the smallest fraction of a mill upon them, as you value your happiness! If I have not enough money in my purse, I can apply to some friend to loan me the remainder."

"Miss Weston!"

Squire Waters spoke her name in a low, stern voice.

"You chose well, sir, I am sure. Among the score of girls who visited your orchard to-night, I am the only one who has not some friend to buy them from the unhappy consequences of this adventure. There is my purse, sir!"

She threw the small purse upon the carpet at his feet, as she spoke, and then ashamed of her ungenerous words, and her high flow of passion, burst into tears.

"Miss Weston!"

The squire's voice was a little tremulous now, but it detracted nothing from its deep sternness. He stepped in front of the door, as he spoke, as he divined an intention on the part of Kate to glide from the room.

"A moment, if you please,—I will not detain you long," he said, inclining his head toward her. "I believe you too true and generous, Miss Weston, to think me guilty of such meanness as you have just ascribed to me. I am sure that, for a long time, you must have known me better. If you have not, it is not my fault. For a long time I have been interested in you. Your face pleased me when I first looked upon it, and I felt that it was no common soul, no poor spirit, that spoke out so eloquently from your features. It may have been weak in a man of my years to follow you about though I have endeavored to treat you with the courtesy and respect which were yours by right, as I have done. I have esteemed you very highly;—have, I am almost afraid, by the little pang I feel at my heart to-night, been allowing myself to love you, even. That is all. I promise you as a true gentleman that I will not annoy you more. You may go now."

He stepped aside from the door to allow Kate to pass out, but she stood before him without moving to go, while the wilful tears still broke up from the depths of her beautiful eyes and fell upon her cheeks.

"I will not detain you longer," he repeated, hesitatingly, seeing that she stood immovable and silent.

She drew up her haughty head as he spoke and dashed the burning tears from her checks; then she started forward without looking up into his face. For a moment she tottered upon the threshold, pressing her slender fingers over her

wet eyes, and then turned back again to the squire, who stood, with his head bent towards her.

"I—I—do not want to go!" she cried, springing back to him, and holding out both white hands to meet his eager, passionate grasp. Then—then—but Squire Waters is too aristocratic a personage for me to meddle with this one delicious little love-scene of his life. You must imagine the rest, yourself, dear reader. All I can say is, that Kate Weston became his wife in consequence of the affair of the apples.

A BREATHING SPELL.

In the career of every man, prince or peasant, there is said to be an opportunity for wiping out the blunders of the past, and commencing a new record with his fellow-men and with Heaven. There is a tide in the moral world, as in the mortal life, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; to an honest and good fortune, resulting from an acknowledgment of the mistakes of the past, expiation for mischief already committed, and a wise choice for the future. Happy is he who seizes the auspicious crisis of his fate to erase the stain upon his conscience, or the blot upon his fame, and by some noble and expiatory act, convince his fellows that their condemnation was premature and ill founded, and that he is still worthy of their respect and esteem.—*Boston Herald*.

MAHOGANY.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been the first person who used this wood, and he employed it to repair his ships at Trinidad. The captain of a West Indiaman afterward brought some of it over as a present to his brother, who tried to use it in building, but the workmen grumbled that it was too hard, he had some made into a candle-box, which was so much admired for the beauty of its markings and color, that one or two articles of fancy furniture were made of it for families of distinction, and thus it became fashionable at first; more was imported, and it has of latter years been very common.—*All About It*.

BOARDING SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

"The Rose.—The rose is the prettiest and the most perfumable of all flowers. Although a little out of fashion, it is very nice, and O, so sweet! The rose has several languages, all speaking of love. It is so nice to converse with flowers, I do love it so much. The rose blows in the early winds of June. The early wind of July blows the rose away. That is so sad; so much like human life; the rose so like a beautiful maiden, and the wind so like the cold and unfeeling world. It is not nice, but alas, so very sad!"

THE GENTLER SEX.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows and faithless men complain.—*Rowe*.

[ORIGINAL.]

WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

BY LENA LYLE.

Will you come with me to the woodland free,
Where the wild bird sings, and the honey-bee,
With her light wing, woos the fragrant flowers,
And gathers sweets for darker hours?
O, come with me—I'll twine for thee
The blossoms of the wild rose tree;
And jewels rare, from the wood-girls fair,
I'll wreath amid thy golden hair.

Will you come with me to the woodland free?

In its brightest nook our home shall be:
In a mossy dell I know so well,
Where none but the fairy people dwell.
I'll bring thee there such treasures fair,
As only queens can hope to wear;
Gems from the mine shall glow and shine,
And all things lovely shall be thine.

When fades the light and falls the night,
And the purple sky with stars is bright
With their twinkling gleam and the moon's pale beam.
We'll rove a-near the Haunted Stream.
The hours will fly till morn is nigh,
And rosy clouds bedeck the sky;
When night shall meet with dawn so sweet,
We'll homeward haste with dew-wet feet.

O, come to me in the woodland free—
A loving heart I bring to thee,
And a forest home where brownies roam,
And naught to mar our love can come.
We'll drink the dew from the violet blue,
And tinge our cheeks with the wild rose hue:
Then come with me to the woodland free—
O, come, my bonny bride to be!

[ORIGINAL.]

A YANKEE TRICK:

—OR,—

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

"Of all the mighty nations in the east or in the west,
This glorious Yankee nation is the biggest and the best."

THAT'S SO—and the author might have added, that the Yankees are the freest, most enlightened and above all, the "cutest" people on the face of the earth. Chiefest among the many accomplishments in which they excel all other nations, is the one which the boys call "playing possum." Whenever it suits their purpose to do so, they can pull the wool over a person's eyes, just as easily "as rolling off a log," and do it so skillfully, too, that a suspicion of humbug never enters the victim's mind. As long ago as the "days of '76," they were no less famous for Yankee tricks than at the present time; as the following sketch will show.

Towards the close of a summer's day, during the war of the Revolution, two vessels were seen off Nantucket shoals, several miles apart and both running before the wind. The foremost one was a small brigantine of beautiful model, carrying every stitch of canvas that could be set upon her long and slender spars; the other was a large frigate under a heavy press of sail, with studding sails set on both sides, awash and aloft, bearing the "meteor flag of England," at her spanker peak, and evidently in chase of the brigantine.

The latter had many of the peculiarities which have ever been supposed to mark the suspicious-looking craft, and her whole appearance was decidedly warlike. Her hull was "long and low" but not all black, for a single row of painted ports ran entirely round her. The great length of her spars gave them a slender appearance, but they were in reality considerably heavier than usual, and supported a spread of canvas which would have sufficed for a vessel of much larger size; but the staunch little craft stood up bravely under all her dimity, and bowled along through the big waves, as dry as a line-of-battle-ship. Her decks were as white as sand and holystones could make them; and everything about her was scrupulously clean and neat, while her crew who lounged about the vessel, looked as if they had just received their clothing from the hands of the tailor, and had dressed themselves for a holiday trip ashore, rather than for attending to their proper duties on shipboard.

She carried four brass six pounders on either side of her main deck, and a long iron swivel mounted amidships; but these engines of destruction, and the formidable array of cutlasses and boarding pikes, stacked around her mainmast, were not needed to proclaim the true character of the vessel; for the most casual observer would have been satisfied at once that she was one of those sharp-shooting, slippery crafts which were such a terror to the enemy during the whole war, viz., a Yankee privateer.

A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and for more than an hour the vessels held their way without the interchange of a single shot; but the frigate had the advantage in going before the wind, and slowly gained upon the brigantine. Captain Murrell, the commander of the frigate, and his first lieutenant, had been trying for some time to make out the name upon the stern of the other vessel, when suddenly the former officer lowered his glass and exclaimed :

"It is the Dodger! the infernal little craft that captured the storeship in Nantasket Roads last week. If we can clip his wings this time we

shall do a good day's work ; for there is no end to the mischief that fellow has done, or the sly tricks by which he has heretofore escaped us. Give him a shot, sir."

Captain Jarvis, who commanded the privateer, was well aware that the frigate was overhauling him, but he had reasons for wishing to hold his present course as long as he could without getting under the guns of his pursuer. Suddenly a puff of smoke issued from the frigate's starboard bow, a dull report followed, and a twenty-four pound shot ricochetted over the waves in a direct line towards the brigantine, sinking only a few yards astern of her.

"Well!" exclaimed Captain Jarvis, "that's pretty near; a hundred feet farther, that ball would have bored a hole in the Dodger, which would have been a serious inconvenience just at this time, to say the least of it."

"Hadn't we better haul our wind, sir?" asked his first officer.

"Yes, directly; but first return his compliment with the Long Tom. Elevate your gun well, and cripple him aloft if you can."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the officer, and in a few moments the midship gun belched forth its fiery contents with a loud report, and a recoil that shook the brigantine from truck to keelson.

"Hurra! I've knocked one feather out of him," exclaimed the gunner, exultingly, as the enemy's flying jib fluttered down into the water.

The shot had cut off the fore royal stay, and grazing the foretopmast, had fallen over the port beam.

"Helm a-lee. Brace up the fore yard, and haul aft the main sheet," cried Captain Jarvis.

As the brigantine rounded up into the wind, a shot from the frigate's port bow gun passed through her mainsail; and an immediate answer from Long Tom carried away one of the enemy's topmast studding-sail booms. Before Captain Murrell could take in his studding-sails, and brace up his yards, the chase was beyond the reach of his guns; and after a few ineffectual shots, the cannonading ceased. It soon became evident that the brigantine would continue to "hold her own," while sailing on the wind, though she was no match for the frigate in going before it.

When this fact became apparent, the profane epithet, which is expressed in writing by two *d's*, and which the British so often applied to the Yankees, during the "times that tried men's souls," was repeatedly coupled with the name Dodger, by nearly every person on board the frigate, from the dignitaries with gold "swabs" on their shoulders, down to the smallest ship

boy; but this had about the same effect as "whistling for wind" in a dead calm; and the little Dodger continued to keep at a safe distance from her pursuers, *dodging* over the waves in a manner to prove that she was not inappropriately named.

The longest summer day has an end at last, and when the sun set the two vessels were still holding their onward flight, the one striving to escape and the other in pursuit; but the distance between them had neither diminished nor increased. As the shades of night closed in around them a lantern was defiantly suspended from the brigantine's main boom, as if to say to the enemy, "Here I am, now catch me if you can." At least, Captain Murrell so understood it, and with an oath he exclaimed :

"That is what I call the height of Yankee impudence, though the Lord knows they are all as saucy as highwaymen; but if I live twenty-four hours longer that fellow shall be my prize. There are signs of a stiff breeze to-night, and if it freshens so as to compel him to shorten sail, he is ours. He has played too many Yankee tricks on me already, to escape again by stratagem. Mr. Burt," he continued, addressing the officer of the deck, "get a pull at your sheets and halyards fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her directly for the light."

Careful preparations were then made for action, for though a single well-directed shot from one of the frigate's heavy guns would be sufficient to sink the brigantine if she could be brought under fire, still such was the reputation that she bore for bold deeds and artful tricks, that Captain Murrell considered her a "foeman worthy of his steel," and declared to his first lieutenant, "that no little fighting would be necessary before they could bring down the Yankee Gridiron from the peak of the Dodger's mainsail."

In the meantime, as the gathering clouds increased the darkness of the night, the crew of the brigantine were no less busy than their enemies, though their operations were of an entirely different character.

In the first place, a strong tackle was attached to the mainstay directly over the main hatch, and one by one the brass caronnades and the long swivel, which was first dismounted from its heavy carriage, were lowered into the hold and stowed away. The cutlasses, boarding pikes, muskets, and the truck of the midship gun followed, and in a very few moments the deck was stripped of all its warlike appearances. A part of the crew had been occupied at the same time in sending down the fore topgallant yard which was likewise lowered into the hold.

"Now, then," exclaimed Captain Jarvis, "clew the foretopsail up. Jump aloft, the port watch, and furl it; then send the yard down. Reeve the halyards through the leading block one of you, and take a couple of turns round the capstan. Take the starboard watch, Mr. Greene, and get up that fore and aft foresail as quick as possible. Set a gaff topsail over it for the present, for we can't afford to lose much headway yet. Bear a hand, boys."

These orders were rapidly executed. The fore-top sail was snugly rolled up, the sheets, braces, clewlines and buntlines cast off, and the yard hoisted sufficiently to allow the lifts to be detached, by a few turns of the capstan. It was then lowered on deck, and passed into the hold among the guns. By the time this operation was completed, the starboard watch had rigged a boom and gaff upon the foremast, rove off a set of halyards, and got a fore and aft foresail bent on and hoisted. While they were setting a gaff topsail above it, the remainder of the crew hauled up the square foresail and furled it. All hands were then ordered to assist in sending down the foreyard, which was soon accomplished, as the slings of the yard were purposely so constructed as to be easily disconnected from the mast. The entire crew joined in the work with a readiness and alacrity that could have been acquired only by frequent practice.

The frigate was still in pursuit, and a lantern upon her bowsprit indicated her position. She was now gaining upon the chase, for the substitution of a fore and aft rig upon the foremast, in place of the heavy square sails of the brigantine, had considerably lessened her speed.

After a careful observation of the frigate's light, and calculation as to the rate at which she was overhauling him, Captain Jarvis called his first officer aft and held a short consultation with him in a low tone of voice. Presently the officer passed forward again, and calling two or three men to accompany him, descended into the hold. The tackle was lowered down the hatchway, and the fall well manned. A short interval of silence elapsed, and then the order to "hoist away," was heard. The men pulled at the tackle fall hand over hand, and soon deposited their burden on deck. It was a common water butt of large size, painted black, having an iron arrangement some eight feet high, standing up perpendicularly from its upper side, and a stout canvass bag apparently containing cannon balls attached to its lower part.

"Is everything in proper condition for setting adrift?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied the officer.

"Then light up, and get it over the side."

"Ay, ay, sir. Bring along that lantern from the main boom, one of you," and the officer proceeded to take out a square piece of wood which was nicely fitted to a corresponding hole in the upper side of the cask. Taking the lantern lamp in one hand, he introduced it into the cask, and putting his eyes to the opening, seemed to be arranging something inside. In a few moments he withdrew the lamp and replaced it in the lantern, which he then attached to the upper part of the iron framework, and closed up the opening again, driving the bung in tightly with an iron belaying pin.

"Now hoist away again," he cried, "and lower the quarter boat, some of you."

The cask was swayed up high enough to clear the rail, then pushed overboard and lowered into the water. A man in the quarter boat immediately unhooked the tackle and left the cask adrift. The weight at the bottom prevented it from rolling over, and the lantern at the top shone brightly, at about the same distance from the water as when suspended from the brigantine's boom. As soon as the boat was hoisted to the davits, Captain Jarvis waved his hand to the helmsman, to signify that he wished him to heave up the helm and gave the command to "Ease off the sheets fore and aft."

The vessel paid off before the wind, leaving the floating beacon on her weather quarter; her binnacle light was extinguished, and her deck left in total darkness.

Notwithstanding this, the work of disguising the vessel was resumed, and carried on successfully; the men knowing perfectly well what they were expected to do, and working partly by the sense of touch, and partly by the faint glimmer of the few stars not yet obscured by the clouds.

The fore and maintopsails were sent down and lashed fore and aft under the starboard rail, and the long flying jib boom rigged in. One by one, the mainsail of the schooner (for she was no longer a brigantine) and her jibs and staysails were unbent and replaced by other sails procured from the hold.

The ports which appeared upon the vessel's sides were not painted on her hull, but on a broad strip of canvass, and this was now taken aboard, leaving her sides as black as the night around her. While these operations were still in progress, Captain Jarvis went below, but hastily re-appeared, and thus addressed his first officer:

"Mr. Greene, the hour has elapsed. Heave her to, sir, and place some rockets in readiness for firing."

The vessel was brought to the wind, and while

the crew continued their work, the captain and first officer of the Dodger seated themselves at the weather side of the quarter-deck, and silently fixed their eyes upon the floating light which still twinkled over the waves, at a short distance from another light which they knew to be the frigate's.

During the time in which the Dodger's crew had been engaged in transforming the brigantine into a schooner, the people on board the frigate had been constantly on the alert. When they began to overhaul the chase after she had shortened sail, they felt confident of gaining an easy victory; but when the false light had been thrown out, and the brigantine's light extinguished, they naturally mistook the former for the one they had been pursuing, and were not a little surprised at finding it remain stationary.

"Some Yankee trick is intended, Mr. Burt," exclaimed Captain Murrell.

"You may depend upon that, sir; she is evidently hove to and waiting for us."

"I should like to take her without cutting her up with the guns; but I scarcely like to board her in the darkness, for we know not what fiends' reception she has prepared for us."

"Why not send the boats, sir? I will take one and pull cautiously round her, while the others may remain beyond the reach of danger, but in readiness to come up to the attack, if I find it expedient to board."

"I think that is our best plan, Mr. Burt. You pull up under her stern, and if you discover anything suspicious, give her a volley with your muskets and board in the midst of the confusion. If no notice is taken of your approach, then bring the boats in a line and board her as nearly together as possible. If the rascal is not a perfect fiend, he cannot withstand such an attack. Have the boats' crews immediately armed, for we shall soon be up with her."

The frigate rapidly neared the light, and when the first lieutenant reported that all was ready for the attack, it was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

"Brace aback the main yard. Put your helm down. Round in on the braces. Lower away the boats," commanded Captain Murrell.

The first lieutenant's boat touched the water first, led off by a considerable distance; and impelled by the vigorous strokes of the oarsmen, glided swiftly through the water; the other two boats followed more slowly, but still remained within hail of their leader.

The night had become intensely dark; no object was visible from the boats but the light

which rose and fell with the waves, precisely as if still attached to the brigantine. The first cutter had arrived within a hundred yards of the light, when the lieutenant commanded the men to stop rowing; but before the boat's headway ceased, one half the intervening distance had been passed. Standing up in the bow, Mr. Burt strained his eyes toward the light, and in the excitement of the moment, imagined he saw distinctly the hull of the brigantine. For a few moments, he hesitated as to what course to pursue; then a feeling of shame that he should be so fearful of a foe so much his inferior in point of strength and numbers, came over him, and he exclaimed:

"Pull away, men. Stand by to board, when we strike. Five minutes more, and she is ours, boys! She is no match for us."

Half a dozen strokes brought the cutter almost in contact with the buoy, but the feeble rays of the lantern only made the surrounding darkness more visible, and no one doubted but that they were directly under the stern of the brigantine. The lieutenant forgot the caution of his captain, and fancied that victory was already his.

"Come up the other boats!" he shouted aloud. "Her men are either asleep or dead, and can make no resistance. Throw your grapping hooks," he continued, as the bow of the boat struck the floating object. "Boarders away!"

These were the last words he ever spoke. A bright column of flame shot up from the lantern buoy; a deafening explosion, like the roar of a hundred pieces of artillery, broke the stillness of the night; then shrieks and groans from men in mortal anguish followed, and in the lurid glare that for a moment lit up the heavens, the fragments of the cutter, as "all around" they "strewed the sea," and the mangled bodies of her crew, hurled through the air, to fall again among the hissing waters, and sink to an ocean grave, were plainly visible. The oars of the other boats had been backed on the instant of the explosion, and they escaped uninjured.

The darkness returned with tenfold intensity, and the survivors remained silent and motionless, completely paralyzed by the sudden and fatal catastrophe, till the flash of rockets ascending to leeward, and as they doubted not, sent up from the deck of the privateer to mock at their calamity, changed their emotions of awe and wonder to a fierce desire for revenge.

A signal to recall the boats was given by the frigate, and they slowly returned. The result of the expedition was already known on board, for the fervid glow of the "infernal ma-

chine" had made the whole scene as visible from the deck of the frigate, as if a noonday sun had shone above it, and "curses not loud but deep" were invoked upon the Yankee privateer.

Not an eye was closed in sleep, on board the frigate, during the remainder of the night, and the hours of darkness wore slowly away. Soon after daybreak, the cry of "Sail ho!" was heard from the mast head; but when, in answer to the inquiry from deck, it was described as a "large schooner," disappointment was visible in every countenance.

The sail was heading across the bows of the frigate, which was kept off to meet her. The vessels were soon alongside, and as the schooner ranged up under the frigate's lee quarter, her crew of five or six men gazed up in stupid wonder at the frowning batteries, and the throngs of sailors and marines who had collected at the side.

Her greasy deck was encumbered with fish barrels, and her dirty sails, which were covered with patches, looked as if they had been in active service since the days of Noah's ark. Mackerel lines were coiled along her sides, and altogether she appeared like a fisherman, though she sat upon the water like a swan, and the fine model of her hull, which could not be concealed, seemed inappropriate to a mackerelman.

"Schooner ahoy!" hailed Captain Murrell. "What schooner is that, pray?"

"The Dolphin, sir, on a cruise arter mackerel," replied a long-legged, sunburnt Yankee, dressed in a red shirt and white duck trousers, who seemed to be the skipper of the craft.

"Where were you, last night?"

"Round here, or hereabouts."

"Have you seen anything of a hermaphrodite brig within a few hours?"

"I reckon I did, captin."

"How was she heading?"

"She was follerin' her jibboom, when I see her."

"Answer me correctly. Do you know where she is now?"

"Wall, I might, and then again I mightn't, you know."

"Well, I suppose you know I can take your vessel in half a minute, if I chose to do so. If you will tell me where that brigantine is, you may go free; otherwise, I will blow you out of water. I give you five minutes to decide."

"Wall, captin, I reckon you could do that little thing, if you should try; and as every cent I've got in the world is in this ere skuner, I won't lose it if I kin help it, so I'll tell you. Do yer see that ar island yonder, on yer lee bow?"

"Yes, I do."

"Wall, the brigantine lays at anchor behind thar."

"Where are the masts? They should be in sight above the land."

"I reckon they've hoisted 'em out. That ar critter kin play as many doubles as any fox."

"Ah, that's the game, is it!" exclaimed Captain Murrell. "Where were you intending to fish?"

"Along in shore here."

"Very well, you may go, and I will keep off for the island, but I shall keep you in sight, and if you have played me false, you shall repent it. I can outsail you two miles to one, and if the brigantine is not where you say, I will sink you."

"So you may, if I haint told you the truth."

"Well, wear round and get out of my way."

"Ay, ay, sir. Good luck to you, captin. I hope you'll ketch that fellow. Good-by."

"Brace in the yards," cried Captain Murrell, without deigning to notice the skipper's parting salutation.

As the frigate headed away for the island, the skipper seated himself upon the head of a fish barrel, and, lighting his pipe, gazed after her with an expression of the utmost indifference upon his countenance, but before she had got half a mile away, he put his helm down, hauled aft his sheets, hoisted his jib and gaff topsails and stood up in exactly the opposite direction.

For half an hour the frigate held her course, but the captain kept a "weather eye" upon the schooner. As the distance between the two vessels rapidly increased, he began to grow restless, and at length exclaimed, addressing one of the junior lieutenants who stood beside him:

"I wish I had kept that fellow alongside, I more than half suspect he has lied to us."

"If I might be so bold, sir?" interrupted a weather-beaten quarter-master who had seen perhaps, three times as many years' service as either the captain or lieutenant, touching his cap respectfully, as he spoke.

"Say on, my man," replied the captain.

"Well, sir, if you will observe closely, you will see that the size and build of that schooner are the same as the brigantine we chased yesterday! and if they are not one and the same, you may stop my grog, sir."

The captain clapped his glass to his eye, and after a careful observation of the schooner, relinquished it to the lieutenant, saying:

"I declare, I almost believe the man is right. What do you say?"

"I fully agree with him, sir. Her rig is alto-

gether too light for a vessel of her size, and she is no more fit for a mackerelman, than we are for a whaler."

"It is impossible that we could have been so easily duped," returned the captain. "However, if the brigantine is at anchor behind the island, with her masts down, she will be likely to remain there for the present, and in the meantime it will be worth our while to overhaul the fisherman again, board him and make a thorough search from stem to stern."

Accordingly, the frigate's head was again turned towards the shore and she bore up in pursuit. A signal was made for the latter vessel to heave to, but she took no notice of it, and several guns were fired with a similar result. As the frigate slowly gained upon the chase, Captain Murrell turned to one of his officers and said :

"I suppose a few well aimed shots would stop her at once, but I promised the skipper that I would let him alone if he would tell me where the brigantine was, and as I have yet no evidence that he has played me false, I will keep my word. We can soon lay him aboard, and if I find that he is not what he pretends to be, he shall pay dearly for deceiving me—but, ah! there she luffs up in wind. Yes, he has hove to at last, finding that he cannot escape."

The man-of-war now rapidly approached the schooner, and preparations were made for a party to board and search her.

"What are they doing?" asked Captain Murrell, who had been watching the motions of the schooner's crew.

"I don't know, sir," replied the person addressed, "they seem to be collected to windward for some purpose. They can't be fishing, can they?"

"Pass me a glass, somebody." A midshipman brought a spy glass to the captain, who gave one glance through the tube, then instantly lowered it, and cried :

"By heavens! they are fishing, and must be in shoal water! The rascal intends to get us aground, and we must go no farther. Ready about! Pipe all hands to tack ship. Be lively, men. Stations—are you all ready for'ard?"

"All ready, sir."

"Down with your helm. Hard a lee! Tacks and sheets. Mainsail haul. Fore bow-line; let go and haul."

As the frigate filled away on the other tack, no doubt her crew heartily cursed the cunning Yankee who had escaped them, but their rage was unavailing for they dared not approach the schooner; and while they made off as fast as pos-

sible, the crew of the *Dolphin*, alias *Dodger* (for they were the same), continued their fishing (!) in *thirty fathoms of water*, and laughed with delight at the success of their "Yankee trick."

SABBATH BELLS.

Said Daniel Webster: "I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair: 'Mr. Webster, in my youth, I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.' Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality, was when they abandoned the Sabbath-school, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instructions. Many years ago, I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. I remarked: 'How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!' That distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: 'Yes, my dear Webster, yes; it calms our passions, and makes us boys again.'

TOMB OF SAINT GEORGE.

The tomb of St. George, England's patron saint, is situated in the Bay of Kesrouan, between the Nahr-el-Kelb and Batroun, surrounded by luxuriant gardens and groups of romantic-looking villages and convents. The Arabs venerate St. George, whom they style Mar Djurios, and point to a small ruined chapel originally dedicated to him to commemorate his victory over the dragon, which, they say, took place near the spot. The tradition is, that the dragon was about to devour the King of Beyrouth's daughter, when St. George slew him, and thus saved the lady fair, and the credulous natives point to a kind of well, upwards of sixty feet deep, where they stoutly affirm that the dragon used to come out to feed upon his victims.—*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.*

WITNESSES THREE.

Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said :

"There is a book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture, pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said :

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember anything better than **THE BOOK.**"

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but **ONE Book,**" said the dying man.

Conscience speaks, interest shouts.

[ORIGINAL.]

PACTOLUS.

BY ISA. AMEND EBERTHART.

I have dreamed, and in dreams I have wandered
By a mythical river of old,
The beautiful river Pactolus,
That changes its sands into gold.
I stood on its banks when the moonlight
Had met the sun's lingering beam,
And they linked arms and joyously gamboled
On the bright, golden shore of the stream.

And I slept, yet I knew I was sleeping,
And dreamed, though I knew 'twas a dream,
For I saw the bright vision departing,
And wept for the mythical stream.
Then I woke, and the bright sun was throwing
His gold arrows in on my floor,
And a gold breasted robin was singing
A song by my bedroom door.

And it seemed on the flow of its music,
Soft whispers were floating along,
And I reached with my fancy and gathered
These words from the stream of its song:
Each heart has a beautiful river,
More bright than Pactolus of old,
That flows from a deep hidden fountain,
And turns all it touches to gold."

[ORIGINAL.]

LEGEND OF THE NIAGARA.*

BY FRANKLIN J. BARDWELL.

THE long and bloody war which had decimated the tribes of the Hurons and Iroquois, was at last ended—at least, for a time. The impetuosity, fearlessness and bravery of the warriors of the Iroquois had once more made them victors, and the protracted and obstinate conflict had finally ended by the retreat of the Hurons, vanquished, disgraced, but still preserving all their hatred towards their ancient enemies, from their old hunting-grounds, and across the Niagara. The river now ran on its headlong course as a barrier between the inimical nations. Upon the eastern side, the Iroquois were encamped in force—glorying in their success, confident in their strength, and waiting anxiously for an opportunity to show their strength and courage in still further contests, and to push their victories into the very heart of the country of their foes. Upon the western bank lay the Hurons; angered and chafed by their repeated defeats, and

* The foregoing tale is written, in substance, as it is related at this day by Indians, who still frequent its locality—the broken and fragmentary remnants of a once powerful tribe. It is but a single one of the many remarkable traditions of the Niagara Frontier, which the lapse of time has not destroyed.

burning for an occasion upon which they might win back their ancient renown, and once more prove themselves worthy to be classed among the bravest and most powerful of the western tribes.

The Iroquois were led by their supreme chief—Monakin, the young, gallant and daring. He had succeeded to the rulership of the tribe, upon the death of his father, the old chief, only a few months prior to the date of our tale; but his bravery in battle, and his wisdom in council, had already won for him the love and devotion of his own followers, and the fear and doubled hatred of his enemies. In the last great battle with the Hurons, which had resulted so disastrously to them, Monakin had led his warriors into the very heat of the fight, and won the victory, as they asserted, by his own incredible exertions. And now, with the victory gained, and the Hurons driven across the river, the young chief bestowed his thoughts upon an object and a desire, which had long been near and dear to his heart.

It was upon a beautiful evening in early summer, a few days after the rout of the Hurons, that the young chief of the Iroquois strolled along the bank of the mighty and turbulent stream. But he was not alone; with him, and by his side, gazing fondly into his face, and drinking in every syllable which dropped from his lips, was Coree, the fairest and best of all the Iroquois maidens; beloved by all the tribe, but by none so much as by Monakin, to whom she was now betrothed.

Happy in the companionship of each other, happy in the hopeful promise of their present circumstances, and in the beauty of this pleasant evening hour, the lovers strolled slowly along the bank, conversing in low tones, and remarking upon the thousand beauties which nature had spread before their eyes in this wild and magnificent spot.

"The hopes that I have formed, dear Coree," the chief whispered, as they paused by the almost perpendicular path which wound along the wall-like and precipitous bank, down to the water's edge, "are now, for the first time, about to be realized. I had resolved that my people must first be victorious—that the Hurons must be driven back in confusion—before I should take thee to my wigwam, to love and bless me forevermore! That time has now arrived. We are victorious, our enemies are baffled and departed, and before another sunset, we shall be united, according to the manner of our people. I am sick and weary of war and bloodshed; I long, dear Coree, to make my nation peaceful, prosperous and happy; and in this work you will assist me."

A happy light shone in the dark eyes of the Indian maiden, and drawing still nearer her lover, she murmured in his ear words of love and tenderness. For a while they stood thus together, and then Monakin said :

" See—here is the path which leads down to the jaws of the water-demon.* Let us go down, and look upon him again. Nay—you shall not walk, for the way is steep and dangerous : I will carry you in my arms."

Lifting her light form easily to his shoulder, Monakin commenced the descent. The path was indeed dangerous, leading around the jutting walls, and down steep descents, which afforded but a precarious foothold, inaccessible to inexperienced feet, even at the present day ; but the strong and agile chief, burdened as he was with the form of Coree, leaped carelessly from rock to rock, and sped swiftly down where most spectators now shrink away in fear. In a few moments, he had reached the water's edge ; and standing upon a gigantic rock which projected far out into the stream, the lovers gazed with absorbing interest upon the magnificent yet painful scene which was here presented to their eyes.

For now they stood by the mighty Whirlpool of Niagara—a work of nature, which, even in that neighborhood of nature's wonders, is almost unsurpassed. The spot was three miles below the great cataract ; and here, for the first time, the deep and sullen flood, compressed above between perpendicular banks, of great altitude, clothed in a perpetual garniture of fir and pine, is suddenly expanded into a wide, crescentic basin, which is more than semi-circular in form. This peculiar conformation of the stream is caused by a deep, bay-like indenture of the Canadian shore ; and, into the area, formed in this manner, the hitherto imprisoned waters rush with almost inconceivable velocity. Striking against the Canadian shore, they are hurled back, and with the recoil, eddy swiftly up the stream. Descending again, they form a number of concentric circles, around the line of which the water moves with irresistible power, thus creating a maelstrom-like whirlpool, which draws into its terrific central abyss whatever is within its grasp. Constantly foaming with the concussion of its waters, this mighty whirlpool seems to resemble an enormous cauldron, boiling and raging in ceaseless circles within its limits, as if constantly seeking for victims to engulf within its mysterious and well nigh fathomless depths.

A local writer, speaking of this great natural wonder, says : " The water is in great commo-

tion, swelling and roaring, and in many places there are found great whirlpools, round which the timber and logs, that are observed therein, are carried with great velocity. They are often sucked down into the depths of the vortices, are for some time hid from sight, and are again, at some distant point, thrown to the surface. Sometimes they are ejected nearly their whole length into the air—fall back and renew their course around."

This was a new scene to the lovers : they had often gazed with awe and admiration upon it, and now, as always before, looked on in silent contemplation. The wild loneliness of the scene, the white-capped surges of the raging flood, the warring of the conflicting waters, echoed back from their lofty banks, and all the surroundings of this remarkable locality, were of such a nature, then as now, as to make it one to be gazed upon in thoughtful awe and silence.

The lovers stood together upon a smooth, broad rock, which extended out almost to the outer circle of the Whirlpool. Past this, the released waters swiftly ran through a narrow outlet, as if glad to escape from the monster into whose grasp they had fallen. The eyes of Monakin now turned towards the opposite side of this outlet ; and there he saw an object which instantly attracted his attention. It was the figure of a man, seated near the water, and apparently engaged in angling. Simultaneously, the angler discovered the Iroquois chief ; and as he did so, he cast his line into the water, and springing to his feet, proudly folded his arms and looked defiantly and haughtily towards Monakin. The rivals were thus placed face to face, separated by the width of the river—for the angler was Lenato, the chief of the defeated Hurons !

For a moment they stood thus, gazing in unconcealed hatred upon each other. The moon had now risen above the tall trees which crowned the American bank, and her light revealed distinctly, in the short distance between them, the form and features of each, as well as those of the trembling Coree. Suddenly pealing forth a cry, which rose loud above the roar of the waters, the Huron chief shouted :

" Base dog of the Iroquois—coward chief of a coward nation!—the leader of the Hurons defies you to the combat ! In flood and in fire, if the Great Spirit will so have it, shall this feud be kept alive until one nation or the other shall wholly perish ! I defy you to meet me now in the middle of this torrent ; or, I will cross it, and hurl your dead body headlong into it !"

To this insulting challenge and defiance, Monakin at first made no answer. He looked upon

* The Whirlpool.

Coree: she had already laid her hand upon his shoulder, and was now looking upon his face with a beseeching glance which pleaded for her far more powerfully than words. It might have been sufficient to detain her warlike lover by her side; but at that instant the mocking laugh of Lenatoo came to his ear. The sound pierced to his heart; with a hurried word and a tender glance to Coree, he shouted back the war-cry of the Iroquois, and plunged boldly from the rock. Disappearing beneath the water for an instant, he quickly rose to the surface, and clearing the mad current with his muscular arms, he swam in almost a direct line for the opposite shore. Nor was the Huron backward in pursuing his challenge; he was already in the stream, pushing it aside with quick, nervous strokes: and, seeming to gain strength from their excitement and anger, the two enemies rapidly approached each other, in pursuance of their strange purpose; while, kneeling upon the rock, with clasped hands, and eyes fixed upon the form of Monakin, Coree waited in fearful suspense for the commencement of the struggle.

Nearer, nearer the rival chieftains came, until but a few feet intervened between them. Eager for the fray, their hands were already stretched forth, each desirous to grasp his opponent: when a sudden whirl of the water separated them, bringing them together again, the next instant, with almost stunning force. The body of each was instantly locked in the hostile embrace of his opponent: and as they struggled madly together, both were drawn, gradually and almost imperceptibly, into the outer circle of the vortex, and were carried around its margin with increasing swiftness! But this was noticed by neither: the fearful struggle in which they were engaged was one of life or death, and it engrossed every faculty of both. Knives were drawn and used; and the dashing foam which often enveloped them, became a shroud of blood. As they grew weak and powerless with their frantic efforts, their hold relaxed, as if by mutual consent, and they floated side by side in their ceaseless course, renewing the stubborn conflict after a moment's interval; at other times, they were torn apart by the resistless fury of the raging vortex, to be hurled against each other again with a force which compelled them to recoil in helpless passiveness. And still the furious conflict was prolonged, in the sight of that one sole spectator!

The combatants had now been carried together around the whole of the first circle; and as they were swept swiftly past the place where the first shock between them had occurred, Monakin for the first time observed his starting danger. At

the same instant, he lifted his eyes to the shore which he had left: and there, still kneeling upon the rock, and with her hands outstretched, as if to supplicate the Great Spirit for the safety of her lover, he saw his beloved Coree. The sight stimulated him to renewed strength; turning furiously upon Lenatoo, who was about to make another hostile demonstration, the Iroquois chief grasped him firmly by the neck, and thus forced his head under water. In vain did the Huron struggle and grasp; Monakin had gathered all his energies into one attempt, and his grasp was that of death itself! For a time the doomed chief struggled and fought—but his efforts were fainter, weaker and more uncertain; a groan,

“——the bubbling cry
Of that strong swimmer in his agony,”

mingled with the roar of the Whirlpool; and the corpse of the hasty Huron floated away over the foaming waters!

With exulting gladness Coree saw the final victory of her lover; but these feelings were soon changed to those of new terror and anxiety. Monakin had conquered, it is true; but, exhausted and enfeebled by his fearful exertions, as well as by the wounds which he had received at the hands of Lenatoo, he now lay helpless upon the water, utterly unable to raise his arm in the attempt to secure his safety—while the vortex drew him with accelerated speed into its inner circles! Faint, almost lifeless, he wished to raise his voice in a shout for assistance; but the roar of his mighty destroyer easily drowned his loudest cries.

It was impossible, however, for the devoted Coree to deceive herself as to the great peril of her lover. She saw his form tossed hither and thither, and engulfed in the jaws of the Whirlpool; and for a moment she stood rooted to the rock, and gazing upon the scene with all the fascination of horror. Then the quick thought came to her mind, that perhaps even yet Monakin might be saved; and with a murmured prayer upon her lips, she turned and sped swiftly up the craggy bank.

Danger, fatigue—everything which might, under ordinary circumstances, have operated upon her mind, were forgotten; her only thought was of the means of rescue which had occurred to her. Pressing upward, her nimble feet soon gained the top of the bank; and, darting into the forest, she disappeared for a moment. When she returned, which she quickly did, and retraced her steps down the descent, a light birch-bark canoe was bound to her shoulders. Nor was she alone; close behind her came a number of the Indians of the tribe, attracted by the singularity

of her movements and appearance ; and unconscious of the cause, followed after her, down the pathway.

Once more the rock was reached ; and without hesitation, Coree launched the frail skiff upon the dashing water, and, seizing the paddle, headed it directly towards the Whirlpool ! A cry of terror rose from the Iroquois who crowded the shore and the bank above, as they saw the peril of their chief and his betrothed ; and this was answered, from the opposite side of the river, by the howls of grief and rage from the Hurons, who had now detected the body of 'Lenatoo, as it was tossed about in the very midst of the Whirlpool. Towards this point, too, the helpless Monakin was being rapidly driven. Upon his form the eyes of Coree were bent unwaveringly ; and, with almost superhuman exertion, she urged her canoe towards him.

It seemed at first doubtful whether the maiden could succeed in reaching him. The great obstacle which she had to surmount was the downward tendency of that part of the river which lay between her and the first great agony of the waters ; but this was at last overcome, and the canoe entered the outer circles of the Whirlpool, plumping at times almost entirely beneath the water, and trembling like the ashen-leaf as it was driven around its circular course. Aided by the paddle of Coree it leaped onward with a velocity perfectly frightful to the breathless beholders upon the bank. As the body of the almost lifeless Monakin was at last overtaken, the maiden seized him with eager arms, and depositing him in the bottom of the canoe, again seized the paddle, and attempted to strike out for the shore.

Too late—alas, too late ! The little bark with its doomed freight of human souls was now in the very midst of the last terrific surges of the Whirlpool, and was careering onward to its goal of death, with irresistible force ! Still the maiden frantically plied the paddle—but it was broken in her grasp. She seized the other, her last hope, and hardly had it touched the foaming water, before it was wrenched from her hands. She gazed around her, saw the certainty of her fate, and a heroic calmness inspired her heart. Seating herself in the stern of the skiff, she embraced the wounded Monakin, and clasping him in her arms, rested his head upon her bosom. A faint smile of recognition overspread his features ; he clasped her hand, and feebly uttered her name. And then, at that instant of the strange reunion of those two devoted souls, the central pit of the great vortex yawned before their eyes. For an instant it hung quivering

upon the verge, shrouded in a thick veil of mist ; and there, while the maiden still held the form of her warrior-lover to her heart, and while the mournful death-song of the Iroquois upon the bank rang in her ears, the canoe plunged downward like a swiftly-speed arrow, and disappeared forever !

A NIGHT RIDE ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Isn't a night ride upon an engine exciting ? Packed upon a little seat in one corner of the caboose, out of the way, the furnace is crammed full of wood, the water guages tried, the bell rings, the throttle is opened, and off we go. The lantern ahead shines upon the track and lights the path, there is no dirt, the cinders pass overhead, more wood is put in the furnace, the machinery clanks, the engine rocks, there is a sissing and a fizzing, the engine come on a curve, the engineer is on the lookout, the smoke stack turns one side as if it would go off, the flanges rub hard against the rails, the bell rings, who is there to hear it, for it's two o'clock in the morning, the furnace door is opened, the wood has melted away like ice before the sun, more billets are crammed in, the track is now straight, the throttle opened wider, the smoke stack rushes madly under a bridge and seems high enough to sweep it away, the whistle blows, a light is seen by the station house, which we pass in a hurry, thanks to the switch tender, bounding, jumping, rocking along, where we are, time on one side, the unknown future on the other, with but a step between, who could go to sleep in such a place ? The speed slackens, we are coming to the great bridge, the furnace door is opened a second, a shower of sparks comes from the smoke stack, the door is closed, and not another spark is seen as we enter and pass through the long bridge, and come to a standstill in the station house at Springfield.—*Springfield Republican.*

RATHER FISHY.

Mr. Smith sits at the breakfast table in his boarding-house, gazing suspiciously at a fried fish, which looks nice, but smells unsavory. The conversation turns upon steamboats.

Landlady (differentially)—Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was launched ?

Smith (curtly)—I can't say, marm, whether it did or not.

Landlady—O, I thought from the way in which you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire from it some information on that point.

Smith (the malicious villain)—Very likely, marm—very likely ; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left his native element before the steamboat was invented."

Mr. Smith received his board bill before sunset with a hint that his room was wanted.—*Mobile Register.*

ON A GIRDLE.

A narrow compass!—and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.—WALLER.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO A LOVED ONE.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The lark ascends at early morn
Far, far beyond the reach of eye;
There gushing forth its liquid song
Throughout the smiling summer sky.

Thus may thy spirit buoyant rise
Above the reach of earthly care,
Aspiring to those heavenward skies,
To join with angels singing there.

When life assumes a darkened hue,
And all of hope seems cast away,
And friends prove false, who once were true,
Then chear thy heart with this pure ray—

That freed at last from worldly strife,
Thy spirit will in brightness soar
To an eternal, blissful life,
To dwell in peace forevermore.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OPIUM EATER.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

"DOCTOR RIVERS, will you come to my house, 38 C—Street, at 8 o'clock, this evening? Come, as if for a friendly call only, and do not betray an anxiety for any of my family. I will indicate to you silently whom I wish you to notice—or, perhaps, I had better not either. Judge and examine each one for yourself, and tell me the result of your investigations, privately.

A. DE WOLFE."

Such was the purport of the note which I received one morning, just as I was stepping through the hall, cane and gloves in hand, to make my daily round of calls upon my patients. Coming from Mrs. De Wolfe, a frank, open-hearted woman, who never in her life before had any concealments or mysteries, I was rather puzzled; and, even in my arduous duties for the day, for it was August, and a sickly year, I found myself thinking of my evening engagement with some little curiosity.

Promptly, at the time appointed, I knocked at the door of a pretty suburban cottage, where Mrs. De Wolfe and three daughters resided; and to which her only son returned home at the regular college vacations.

I found him at home, for it was now the long vacation. He was a pale, slender young man, with an eye of fire, and a restless, nervous appearance, which I attributed to the high pressure which the most gifted of his class—the graduating class—had been subjected to that year.

The eldest daughter, Madeline, was a study to me always. She was very tall, with that superb beauty that reminds one of an Egyptian lily, so pure, yet so stately. Her dark hair, thick and abundant, was folded in rich, heavy bands, displaying the shape of her remarkable head, and ended in a large coil at the neck. Her countenance was so pale that one might have supposed her sickly, had not the ruby redness of her lips and the brilliant clearness of her dark eyes, contradicted such an idea.

The second sister, Ada, was very different. She had soft, brown hair, and a brilliant color in her cheek. She was much smaller than the stately sister, and an occasional cough interrupted her sweet and musical tones, with apparently a passing annoyance to herself, and a look of troubled anxiety from mother and sister.

The youngest sister was fifteen years of age; in height a woman, but in manners only a playful child. She loved society, while her sisters painfully shrank from it. While they kept their choicest words for the few who penetrated to their inmost souls, Agatha gave out hers to every passing acquaintance. Like the sweet brier, she diffused her fragrance upon all alike. No one was proof against that warm, sunshine nature that gave out its affluence upon all who came within its reach.

The widowed mother of these children was a pale, sensitive, lady-like woman—a fond and proud, yet disappointed mother, not from any deficiency in them, but from the adverse fortune that had attended them since the death of her husband. With health so delicate, that half her sufferings would have excused almost any one from performing any duty, Mrs. De Wolfe achieved miracles of house keeping; while the three daughters went out to give lessons in drawing, music and the languages, earning the support which she had no longer to give them.

I scanned all these people with an earnest and searching eye; but I could positively find nothing upon which to base such trouble as the note from Mrs. De Wolfe implied. The daughters conversed upon general subjects with taste and intelligence, and Arthur touched lightly upon recent affairs at the college. Only the mother's eye looked consciously anxious, yet never directing nor enlightening me by a single glance towards either of her children. I was puzzled, and my judgment entirely at fault.

I should have said before, that this family were all distinguished for a calm, serene piety—a deep, but not noisy, religious sentiment, the general tone of which was ever present to others, yet without ever alluding to their personal experi-

ence. While their heads were all deeply concerned in religious things, their taste prevented them from forcing the subject upon any individual. People *felt* their beautiful faith and trust, though rarely hearing any allusion to it from their lips.

Just before I was about to depart, in the full belief that the widow's anxiety had only magnified some trifling disorder, that had already disappeared, I happened to mention the subject of some new doctrine, which was apparently gaining ground in society, and which threatened to explode a generally received opinion.

"But you know we managed all that," said Arthur, earnestly.

"Managed it! how, my young friend?" He burst out laughing, his pale student's face coloring with excitement, and a wild gleam lighting up his usually serene eyes.

"How? O, we gave them *h—l* upon that subject!"

I glanced at the mother. Her face at that moment expressed deep agony. Madeline had covered hers, Ada turned to the window, and Agatha went quickly out of the room. I was thunderstruck; but, rallying, I made some half indistinct reply, and, feeling it unnecessary to prolong the scene, I rose to go.

Half way across the room, however, I reflected that I had not in any way relieved the mother's anguish, or examined the symptoms of the patient. I was absolutely at a loss what to do or say. While I hesitated, Arthur rose, went to a closet, and taking up a small vial, he drank a few drops.

"Ah! what have you there, my young friend?" I asked. "Trenching upon my privilege of prescribing medicine!"

He looked confused; then smiled. O, what a dreary smile it was! Not a particle of heart or soul in it, but a weary, miserable, and almost idiotic expression that haunted me for days.

Arthur then was the invalid.

"What have I here? Some of the infernal stuff that you doctors give your patients. I rather like it, however."

I will not repeat what followed. To all my representations of the terrible effects of opium, even in its diluted form, he replied by the most profane and ridiculous speeches; until I asked him if he took it for pain.

"Pain? No, I have no pain, except in this cursed head of mine—" He stopped short, eyed me narrowly, and said, "what game are you playing now?" in a mocking tone, perfectly indescribable, and with a hideous scowl.

"None, Arthur. I am only anxious to im-

press you all with the perfect folly of attempting to cure pain by taking stimulants or narcotics daily. I should be false, as a man, did I not warn people against it. I should be mad to employ such means; especially for the head."

"Ah! indeed! where is the harm?"

I went into a long exposition of my views, but addressed myself particularly to the mother—emphatically denouncing the drug, and begging her not to employ it. Her look of distress admonished me that she was dying to know my opinion of her son, for I was well convinced now why she had sent for me, and who it was that she wished me to notice.

I met her at a friend's house by her own appointment, the same day, and gave her my view of his case. Evidently he was worn down by nervous depression, or insanity had already commenced—I was as yet unprepared to state which.

"But, doctor, you heard his language?"

I had indeed, and much worse than I have detailed; but even that, I would not allow was certain evidence. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and collegians, I remarked to her, were not always perfect in that respect.

She begged me not to let him know that I suspected him of any disease;—yet how was I to judge of his state unless I saw him frequently? and how was I to visit him and keep out the idea that I believed something to be the matter?

I was spared the trouble of gliding in between her fears and his displeasure. The first thing that met my ears the next morning, was the announcement that Arthur De Wolfe was taken to the hospital. He had grown suddenly dangerous in the night, had attempted his own life and that of his sister, and neighbors had been summoned, who took a regular matter of fact view of his state, and had assumed the responsibility of carrying him away.

I hastened to the house, as soon as possible, for I well knew the effect such an event would have upon the excited and highly sensitive natures of the mother and sisters.

No one wept at my appearance, excepting Agatha—she who was usually the most cheerful and animated of all. Madeline bore it with a calm look that some might have thought was indifference, but which I knew was but the result of a deep, settled grief.

There was no change for the better in Arthur. So they told me at each of my numerous calls; for I felt so condemned at my false judgment of his state, that I could not stay away. No change. It was the answer for many, many long months which finally deepened into years.

Mrs. De Wolfe grew thinner and weaker ; but she had a tenacity of life that suffering could not subdue.

But when Agatha was taken away in her young loveliness, the mother's heart broke. The poor girl had mourned for her brother so much that she had loosened the springs of life, and she faded away before they were even aware that she was in less than usual health. Three weeks from that time, Mrs. De Wolfe was laid by her side.

I did not see the sisters again for years, except for a farewell visit which I made them two or three months after their mother's death. A splendid offer to go to the South, tempted me to break up my connections and accept it. I went away sad about the young girls left thus without any protection ; and after I was well settled, I wrote them twice. I received no answer ; and as the years went on, and cares deepened around my family hearth, I own that I forgot them. I had no time for any remembrance. I was in a warm, unhealthy portion of the South ; and sickness and death were my daily and nightly companions. It was only in the depth of winter that I could find a moment to think of any one.

I had not been at church for months ; but one Sunday morning, when the bells were reminding me of my remissness—not voluntary, however,—I looked on my tablet in the hall, and found not a single order. It was the first time that they had been free for a long while ; and I went to church.

The clergyman was already in the pulpit. I sat and watched him, perfectly fascinated by the resemblance which he bore to some one I had known. His black, piercing eyes haunted me through the sermon. He was eloquent, earnest and effective. I did not recognize him, until he came down the aisle after service, when I had lingered behind the crowd. His step was beside me, his hand upon my arm.

"Doctor Rivers?" he said, inquiringly.

"Really, my dear sir, I do not know you, although you seem to know my name."

"I do indeed ! and my name ought to come to your memory. Doctor, did you like my sermon?"

"I did."

"Well, let me tell you that it was not the effect of OPIUM."

I started forward and grasped his hand. It was Arthur De Wolfe ! I could only thank God that his demon was exorcised. Think of this, ye pale and nervous devotees of the Turkish poppy ! It was not the first or last case of in-

sanity from opium. I shuddered when he related to me his wild dreams, his terrors, the complete mastery which the tempter possessed over him before he rose to the pitch of insane delirium that had wasted away years of his life. It was like the horrors of the damned ! There were moments, he said, when all this was reversed, and his visions were bright and happy ; but when that state had lasted a season, it was succeeded by indescribable agonies, which I have not the gift to portray as he did.

Since then, I have trembled at seeing any person use the drug, except when ordered for extreme cases. During twenty years of practice, I have seldom found it indispensable.

To my inexpressible pleasure, Arthur De Wolfe is restored mentally. But I fear that in his physical frame, he will ever bear about with him the effects of his terrible remedy. His sisters, loving him affectionately, and proud of his talents and usefulness, still tremble and turn pale at the sight or smell of what had so nearly deprived them of their only protector.

◆◆◆◆◆ A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

In the late battle of Solferino, between the Allies and the Austrians, it is computed that three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers were engaged for at least twelve hours. Of these three hundred thousand were armed with muskets. Suppose each one fired once in ten minutes, or six times in an hour, then the number of shot fired was twenty-one million, six hundred thousand : or, if once in five minutes forty-three million, two hundred thousand—if once in ten minutes, then only one shot tells fatally in seven hundred and twenty ; if once in five minutes, then only one in fourteen hundred and forty ; because the number killed from the beginning to the termination of the battle was less than twenty-five thousand—thus, ten thousand Austrians and fifteen thousand Italians and French. Add, to the twenty-one million six hundred thousand shots, the tens of thousands of balls discharged respectively by the Austrian and French pieces of ordnance, then how comforting the truth that not much more than one ball in a thousand tells fatally in the battle-field—a thousand fall harmless at the soldier's feet.—*N. Y. Express.*

◆◆◆◆◆

ANGER.—Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose ; but to behold man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Plutarch.*

◆◆◆◆◆ LOVE THE ENTHUSIAST.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SUMMER.

BY EDGAR W. LOVELL.

Summer strains, summer strains,
Sweeping sadly through the eve,
Mourning in the paths and lands,
Mournfully their voices breathe.

Whispering sounds, whispering sounds,
Rustling low the forest leaf,
Bringing to the heart quick bounds,
Bounds of joy and bounds of grief.

Wilderling pools, wildering pools,
Waking twilight echoes far,
Singing of the woes and weals
Thrilling 'neath night's peaceful star.

Silver-painted lakes are shining,
Shadowed by no cloud above;
Evergreens and lilies lining
Their rippled waves with rays of love.

Zephyrs o'er them softly sweeping,
Break but to a gentle rest,
Rocking to its quiet sleeping
Each bright wave upon their breast.

Summer strains, summer strains,
Low, but sadly stealing by,
Walking in the paths and lanes
Echoes of the joys that die.

[ORIGINAL.]

MR. WATSTON'S WALLET.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

"Good morning, Mr. Watston. I want some money, my dear. Going down Broadway," said the pretty woman who had just tripped into his dressing-room where he sat reading the *Herald* beside a little table spread for a solitary breakfast.

Mr. Watston looked up at the first words, well enough pleased with the neat little figure and its jaunty attire. The remainder of the remark seemed, however, not to be so charming.

"Money, my dear?" was his response in a deprecatory tone.

"Why, yes; and lots, too," she exclaimed, just revealing the edge of a dashing *Balmoral* as she crossed towards him. "In the first place, you know, I have just sent the cards for our ball this day fortnight. Dear me, what a job it was, and what a muss there'll be. Well, I must give all my orders and make my arrangements to-day, so that I sha'n't be bothered about it any more. I don't want the money for that, of

course—you needn't stare so—they'll send you the bills afterwards—no trouble; but I want something to wear, lovey." This last in a very coaxing tone.

"Something to wear? Good gracious, Maria, you've got enough to clothe a regiment, now."

"I declare, Mr. Watston, you talk disgracefully. I must have a pretty wardrobe, then. Do you want your wife going round dressed like a soldier?"

"Those skirts come mighty near the color."

"It's too bad, I never come for a trifle but I have this same fuss to get it!" And therewith a great pout.

"Well, well—there—don't—how much do you want?" And Mr. Watston, withdrawing his hand from his pocket, deposited a half dollar on the table.

The pretty lady's eyes flashed. "O, that ever—" she began to exclaim.

"Beg pardon, thought it was a double eagle," he ejaculated, supplying its place with the last-mentioned coin.

Mrs. Watston gave it a contemptuous twist, and sent it spinning over the breakfast service.

"Twenty dollars! Do you suppose I'm going out to buy napkins? I must go to *Genin's*, and *Stewart's*, and—"

"You've accounts there."

"Yes, dear, but it can't be less than two thousand at *Stewart's* already, and I thought best to pay now for what I got to-day, so as not to have so much to pay at once when the half year's up."

"And what's that for?"

"Why, don't you see? So there won't be so much on the bill at once—easier to settle—it's more economy."

"Pretty economy!"

"I'm sure you complain when the accounts are too large."

"To be sure; but, begging your pardon, this is like robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"Well, at any rate it is handier to pay."

"That indeed."

"I'm glad you agree with me at last."

"Not at all—I differ. It is imprudent ever to pay where you have an account—"

"O, Mr. Watston, not pay where you have an account? I always thought you were an honest man before."

"Do listen to reason, child, and don't interrupt me. I mean, ever to pay at random so. You get charged twice for the same thing, frequently."

"At all odds," replied his wife, getting very impatient, "I want the money. Here I am,

wasting the whole morning. What is the use in being so parsimonious, my love? You know you'll have to open your purse sooner or later."

"No use at all," replied Mr. Watston, sighing. "Will that do?" and unbinding a small brown wallet, he took thence a bill.

"*Bis dat qui cito dat,*" I've heard you say," exclaimed the expectant lady, extending her hand. "Howard Bank, one hundred," she read, with a cadence of deep disappointment. "One hundred; O, dear, dear, I want ten, at least."

"What upon earth are you going to do with a thousand?"

"Why, I'm going shopping. I must buy a new toilette for my ball. Something to wear. You don't seem to have any idea of things."

"What do you want to wear?"

"What business is that of yours, Mr. Watston? What man but you keeps prying into every sixpence his wife spends? Well, then, if you must hear, listen. First place, I must have a new black velvet. My amaranth is really shabby. Black's the rage, too, this winter. That I'll get charged; but I should like to pay for the overdress—black Brussels lace—"

"You'll have to pay for it if you get it, my dear, I can't."

"I'm so tired of my diamonds, Wat— Bless my heart, it's striking eleven! Then at Genin's there is the loveliest camel's hair scarf—green, John—you ever saw. And so exquisite, you can't think. Wrought so delicately, it really looks as if all the roses of Cashmere had been sprinkled round a strip of green meadow, and you were looking at it through a little fog. O, John, it is lovely! Only imagine, if Mrs. Gamboge got it instead, what should I do?"

"Do without. And it costs?"

"Miracles. And O, John dear, if you only would surprise me, when you come home to-night, with a set of emeralds—if you only would buy me a set of emeralds!"

"Anything else, my dear?"

"Why no, nothing in particular, except collars and Honiton, and ribbons and flowers, and little knick-knacks, you know."

"Yes, I know, I suppose. Things that do you no good, and nobody else. You don't look any the better for them, and it's a wicked extravagance, bad example—drains off all our gold to France for folderols—"

"Now, John, I've heard you say, time and again, that was very false political economy—that's what you call it? We ought to do as much as we can to encourage our neighboring nations, that's a Christian duty. And it is a

good example; it leads the working classes to industry, that they may dress equally well."

"Sad industry for some of them."

"Now give me the money, love."

"That is all I can spare, Maria. Heavy paper falls in to-day, I need what I can scrape together to meet it. You have sufficient. If that won't do, you had better stay at home."

"Well, then, Mr. Watston," exclaimed his pretty wife, with venom, "I will stay at home. Keep your money, you mean man. I'm sure I never thought (starting tears) when I married (swelling sobs), that my husband would be such a miser. O, O!" And off went hat and gloves, and Mrs. Watston flinging herself into a chair, took a tiny pocket handkerchief, and cried enough to break her little heart.

"Don't be so weak, Maria," replied the incorrigible husband, ringing the bell. "You'll spoil your eyes. You act like a baby. Besides, here, Fitz! What's his name, that page? What under the sun do you christen your servants with such outlandish titles for, Mrs. Watston? What's that you call him, eh?"

"Eustace Fitzhughes," sobbed she.

"When his proper name is Jack. Here, Fitzhughes," opening the door and crying to the footman in the hall, who was running towards him, "bring me my boots—I'm in a hurry—quick!"

Ten minutes more, and Mr. Watston was gone. As soon as Mrs. Watston heard the street-door close, her tears disappeared like magic. She rose from her despondent attitude, and proceeded to gather the scattered articles of her array.

"He's left the bill," said she, picking it up and looking at it sadly. "Well, it's better than nothing." And she folded it into her little porte monnaie, and shut the thing with a triumphant snap. "I don't care, I'll carry the day, yet. It's snowing, too," she continued, looking out of the window. "I shouldn't have done much. It's just as well; but I won't let him know it. Dear sakes," said she, stooping to pick up a strip of paper, "how John does litter up a place—always strewing duds round—he needs a little slave to go about after him and clear up." So saying, Mrs. Watston threw the little strip of paper on the fire and watched it blaze and blow up chimney, before withdrawing to entertain callers, who persisted in presenting themselves in spite of the threatening weather.

It was a long day to the pretty lady, all her devices could not shorten it. She was tired of her embroidery, her crochet work had got into a snarl, there was nothing new in the Home

Journal, the jokes were old in Harper's, the Herald was full of politics. Why couldn't there be something about fashions, and who had been presented to the emperor? Where was the Arabia's list of passengers? She wondered if the Highfalutins came in her, and if Leonora Highfalutin had brought any new dresses with her from Paris? She was tired to death watching the little snowflakes, wondered if it were going to snow forever? Supposed there'd be some sleighing, though, sleighing for a yard or two. Yawning and scolding to herself, she looked down on the street a score of times; at last, just as she had sat down in desperation, deciding that Mr. Watston had taken all his funds and left for parts unknown, and it was idle to expect him any more, the clock struck five, a punctual step was to be heard, a hurried ring, and in a moment Mr. Watston was running up stairs to his dressing-room. Should she pout? Should she sit still and sulk? No, on the whole, she would essay new tactics, and if pouting should prove to be necessary, she could pay as much attention to that branch of policy there as here. As winning as a June morning, Mrs. Watston ran after him, and reached the place nearly as soon as he. Opening the door, a tremendous rattling burst upon her ears, and she found Mr. Watston storming about like a north wind, overturning one thing and another, hunting under chairs and tables, and curtains, diving furiously into his pockets, rubbing his head, and plunging about like one distracted.

"Dear me, what's the matter, Mr. Watston?" asked his wife, soothingly, in her blandest tone, and taking her seat comfortably in one of the great chairs at either side of the blazing little fire.

"Matter? Matter enough!" growled the gentleman, continuing his antics.

"How you are going on!" exclaimed his wife. "Disordering everything in the room. Do sit still. What's the matter—lost anything?"

This time no reply being vouchsafed, Mrs. Watston took up her crochet, and proceeded to hook a linen thread in and out of all manner of intricacies.

"Maria," said Mr. Watston at last, pausing and throwing back the hair from his forehead, "have you seen my pocket-book?"

"What say, dear?" she responded, amiably and abstractedly.

"Have—you—seen—my—pocket-book?"

"Bless me, John, you haven't lost it?"

"Yes, I have, and have you seen it?"

"No. But is it any consequence?"

"Any consequence?" he mimicked. "Every

consequence, or it ought to be. Instead of velvet and Valenciennes, you'll wear a Lowell print in future, if I don't find it."

"How you talk!" she exclaimed, alarmed at this new position of affairs. "It's really frightful. What will you do?"

"There's nothing to do, but to hang one's self."

"Don't talk so, John. O, I feel dreadfully. It can't be lost for good."

"No. For bad."

"What—dear me—O, trust in Providence, dear," said Mrs. Watston, remembering something about a wife's being a helpmeet.

"Never trusted anybody, and don't expect anybody to trust me," was the reply.

"I don't know, I'm sure Providence takes good care of us—"

"Always takes care of the lame and the lazy, and those that wont work," snarled he.

"I always thought it was very providential that I married you when I did, because as you grew richer you might not have cared about me," said the lady, using the last argument as a clincher. "Though to be sure, I don't know now. Was there much in it—the pocket-book?"

"Everything I've got, and a good deal more."

"Why, John, how can that be?"

"Acceptances of other men. Endorsements, notes. One of Tom Florence's, besides my own affairs. Good old Tom—poor fellow—'twill ruin him just as much as me. Involves me inextricably—wretchedly unlucky!"

"John, John—well, dear, isn't there a way like stopping payment, or doing something? I've seen in the newspapers—"

"Good Lord, what fools women are! Do you suppose I want to go to Tom Florence and tell him I've lost his note? Fine talk there'd be on 'change. Besides, it was an accommodation on Tom's part, he endorsed for me. Shall have to tell him if I can't find it, so that the thief may not come down on him for it. But I must find it—that's flat."

Hereupon Mr. Watston threw himself into the other chair, and indulged in what sounded like a volley of refreshing oaths.

"Mr. Watston," said his indignant spouse, half rising. "Be quiet, sir—I wont hear such language—I'll leave the room."

"Where's my bootjack, Maria?" was his sole observation.

Mrs. Watston re-seated herself pacifically, and suffered him to rummage it up.

"There," said he at length drawing off one boot and throwing it aside. "There, I've been cramped to death all day. Wrenched myself

this morning getting out of the omnibus, and this confounded boot has pinched like a lemon-squeezers ever since. Can't wear it any more. Where are some others? Got to go out again and see about this cursed affair. There, Maria, give them to that footman, Fiddle-de-dee, or what's-his-name, Fitzhughes. Ring the bell that he may take them out of my sight. Makes me ache to look at them, so much I've endured today from them and the pocket-book."

"When did you miss it, dear?"

"Before I entered the counting-room."

"Well, Mr. Watston, if you had given me what I asked for this morning, you wouldn't have lost that."

"I shouldn't, eh?" But before Mr. Watston could utter more, the door was quietly opened by the modest youth yclept Fitzhughes.

Mr. Watston paused, still holding one boot and swinging it, by the straps, on his thumbs, while bending forward he stared the boy out of countenance.

"You may go, Fitzhughes," said he, at last, as if he had summoned him only for the pleasure of the survey. "That will do." The page closed the door as he vanished.

"A villainous physiognomy!" then ejaculated Mr. Watston. "He shan't tread in my shoes. Maria! That servant there—that pet of yours—has got my wallet!"

"What? Fitzhughes? Nonsense, John."

"Just as you please. I think it's common sense. That fellow stole it."

"O, John, I don't believe it."

"Believe it or not. You saw me put my wallet into my trowsers' pocket. This creature was just bringing in my boots, then, and my Raglan. I missed it directly."

"No, you didn't, you had been in the omnibus first."

"Twasn't lost there. I know every rope in a down-street omnibus."

"Well, John, it serves you right. You might go like a gentleman in your own coach, or take some horse-cars."

"Lord, Maria! you'll never come to years of discretion. How is one to take the cars when there are none in that direction?"

"O, I forgot."

"Yes, you're always forgetting. Just like a woman, too! Ride in my coach! If I don't find this, there'll be no coach to ride in!" he said, pettishly.

"But you can drive a pony sulky, then, and they're far prettier than coaches."

"I shall have a sulky at home, I reckon."

"I wonder what I ought to be like, if not a

woman! A tigress, I suppose, to be mate for my lord, when he growls home to his den," began Mrs. Watston, furiously; but ceasing suddenly, she stood looking into the fire. Turning at last, she cried, in the sweetest tone in the world:

"Why, my love, you're all wet with the snow and sleet! You had best change your clothes, while I see if dinner is ready."

When Mr. Watston descended to the dining-room, he found his wife haranguing the servants and searching in every nook, for the missing wallet.

"Maria! are you crazy?" said he. "Didn't I just tell you that I wanted nothing said about it?"

"O, I forgot!"

"Same thing! I said not a quarter of an hour ago, that you were always forgetting. No matter what a man says to you, it makes no manner of impression,—in at one ear and out at the other!"

"What will you do now, dear?" queried the lady merrily, after a due lapse of time.

"Have Fitzhughes arrested. I've sent for the constables."

"O, John, I wouldn't. He never took it, poor boy. Don't, dear! He's as honest as he can be. You lost it: nobody stole it."

"Don't talk to me, Mrs. Watston. That honest boy has got my wallet, I'm confident. He helped me on with my great coat. The only way to get it again is to commit him to the Tombs. There they are now," he added, as a sharp ring of the door-bell clattered, and directly afterward, Fitzhughes ushered in two stalwart police.

"You needn't go, Fitzhughes," said Mr. Watston. "I have lost my wallet with its valuable contents, as I needn't inform you. You being the last person with whom I had anything to do previous to its loss, it is without doubt in your possession. Fortunately the court is not crowded this week; I shall put the case on, and you will be tried immediately, unless you surrender the thing now."

The poor boy was stupefied during these words.

"O, Fitzhughes!" cried Mrs. Watston, "if you have taken it—you know it is very wicked to steal—it's in the commandments—and if you'll give it back, Mr. Watston will reward you, I'm sure. And O, I don't believe you took it, poor fellow! I don't believe one word of it, I know he didn't! O, Mr. Watston, how can you be so cruel? You never shall do such a deed, never! I'll answer for him, he's as honest as I am,

aren't you, Fitzhughes? Leave the house instantly!" cried the excited lady, turning impudently on the men who flinched before her.

"Please 'm, we be summoned," said one of them, with a grin, yet lifting his hand to his forehead respectfully. "Sorry to trouble the missis, but a thief's a thief, if he's ever so honest."

"You will take him away at once," ordered the master of the house.

"O, Fitzhughes, why don't you speak?" his mistress exclaimed, in despair.

"I dono 'xactly what the master manes, ma'am," stammered the boy finally, trembling and pale as death. "It's mesel' he calls a bloody tief? Sure ma'am, ye'll belave me, I didn't take no wallet, more nor that I haven't been asther seein'—"

"O, my goodness, Mr. Watson! Don't you see the boy is fainting? Here, child!" she cried, snatching a glass of wine and putting it to his white lips, but they were too rigid to touch it. "Lay him on the floor!" she continued, to the men, who had seized him. "There, on the lounge. Don't you touch him; he'll die! Don't let those brutes touch him, John, while I run for my vinaigrette!"

And she flew like a little wasp up to the dressing-room. Catching the desired article, she was hastily returning, lest her husband should send the boy off in her absence, when passing the window she caught one foot the in long drapery, and hit the other against some object lying there. It was her husband's boot which he had so carelessly thrown there when relieved from its pressure. Seizing it spitefully at the pain of her stubble, she tossed it half across the room. It fell to the floor of course, but something else fell with it. What was it? A little brown wallet. How came it there? Mrs. Watson's thoughts darted like electricity along the wire. There must have been a hole in John's pocket. Taking up the garments he had just put off, she turned the pockets inside out. True enough, there it was, a long rip. What a fool John was, to be sure! He had ripped it in getting out of the omnibus, and the pocket-book had slipped down into the boot, and that was what had pinched him so. Dear heart! And she scampered down to the dining-room.

"John! John!" she exclaimed, dashing in, and forgetting all about the vinaigrette as she held the wallet aloft. "What's this?"

"Maria! Where did you find it?"

"In your boot, stupid! Where do you suppose? Send those things away. Here, Fitzhughes, my dear boy, smell this. Wake up, you're acquitted, it's found. What ever made

you suspect him, Mr. Watson, I can't conceive. His face is as innocent as a baby's."

"So it is, my love," said the crest-fallen Mr. Watson. "So it is. I'm—I'm—very—sorry."

"Give them their fee, John, and come to dinner. There, Fitzhughes, don't you feel badly. You shall be put in training for Mortimer's place to-morrow, he's going away in a year, and then you will be coachman, and little Bellerophon can take your situation. There, go now. I suppose a hundred dollars is too much to give him at once," said she, opening the porte-monnaie and taking from it the identical bill of the morning. "I'll give him fifty," and Mrs. Watson was proceeding to tear the bill in two in order to make that division of property, when her husband, waking from his apathy, prevented her by supplying the required sum, and simultaneously raising Fitzhughes's wages.

"Maria," said Mr. Watson, when they were alone, about a half hour later, after examining the contents of his wallet, "Tom Florence's note isn't here!"

"Isn't? You're sure? O, I wonder what was it like?"

"Like this," he replied, displaying another strip of paper.

"Bless my heart, John! I thought it was some of your duds you had left on the floor, and burned it up this morning!"

"No harm done. I hadn't used it."

About a fortnight after the foregoing occurrences, I called on Miss Flora MacFlimsy.

"O, we had such a splendid time, last night!" said that charming maiden. "And I'm so sleepy, to-day, you must really excuse me. I'm looking horridly; such late hours! And you've taken me so by surprise as to find me in *print*, though it wasn't a calico ball. We didn't get home till daylight. Everybody was there—such a delightful jam! And you should have seen how beautiful little Mrs. Watson appeared. Such a delicious toilette! She does give heavenly balls. Well she may; they have everything," (with a sigh that raised her eyebrows.) "Old Tom Florence was perfectly devoted to her; and she wore a black velvet covered with black Brussels, and such a lovely scarf—green cashmere, you know—real—and so exquisite! And at her waist, and in her hair, cords and tassels of real emeralds—there!"

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.—MOORE

[ORIGINAL.]

THE INVALID.

BY BELLA G. MINTOR.

A lady lay in a curtained room,
 Her cheek was wan but her eye was bright;
 And a sunbeam chased from her brow its gloom,
 Halting it o'er with a golden light.
 "Farewell to the winter so dark and drear!"
 She murmured in accents sweet and low;
 While adown her cheek stole a pearly tear,
 And a glad smile vanquished the look of woe
 That had hovered around her wan lips long,
 And hushed in her bosom the gush of song.

"The spring has come!—O, the warm, glad spring,
 With her bursting buds and her blooming flowers;
 And the trilling bird on her speeding wing
 Flies gladly along through the wildwood bowers;
 And the silvery streams, with their music sweet,
 Have burst from their fetters of ice at last,
 And bounding along the glad waves meet
 In the flowery vale, where the wintry blast
 Moans not through boughs that are bleak and bare,
 For the smiling spring's hung the green leaves there!

"There's a fount of joy in my bosom now,
 And the bow of hope spans its waters clear;
 The gloom is chased from my weary brow,
 Since the sunlight breaks and the spring is here.
 O, my pulses bound with a rapturous thrill,
 And a tide of joy through my being flows,
 As I list to the song of the purling rill,
 And gaze on the greenward freed from the snows
 That covered the earth with a mantle white,
 And filled my soul with a gloom like night!"

Ay, the spring had come, and the autumn, too,
 But the soft breeze murmured a requiem low;
 And white flowers, bathed in the summer dew,
 Were lightly twined o'er a death-cold brow,
 And the white hands meekly folded lay
 In sweet repose on a pulseless breast;
 While the smile on the beautiful lips of clay
 Made her look like a weary child at rest:
 For death had come with a slaying hand,
 And her soul went forth to the spirit land.

Now the wild flowers bloom o'er her early grave,
 The hawthorn sweet and forget-me-not,
 In a lonely vale where the willows wave,
 Where in life she had made it a favorite spot;
 Where oft she had sat till the moon's pale beam
 Has played o'er the brook with a silver light;
 Till the nightbird wailed from the leaves of green,
 And the world grew still in the hush of night.
 O, farewell, May! be your slumbers sweet,
 In the vale where the tinkling rivulets meet!

SPARE THE FLOWERS.—I like to see flowers growing, but when they are gathered they cease to please. I look upon them as things rootless and perishable—their likeness to life makes me sad. I never offer flowers to those I love—I never wish to receive them from hands dear to me.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CONSCRIPT'S BRIDE.

BY ADAM BENNETT.

RAMBLING about the French provinces a few years ago, I was powerfully interested in a young peasant girl named Eugenie, who, the villagers had informed me, was laboring under a mild but settled form of insanity. She was very pale, except for a deep red spot at the top of her cheeks, that looked too much like the hectic of consumption, not to excite sympathy. Her brilliant eyes, too, were preternaturally radiant, and her lips had a tremulous movement, as if she were talking with some invisible being. There was an intense, eager look, that seemed to speak of some absorbing interest, to which every event in life had been made to submit.

As I saw her each day carrying a bundle, which, from its nice arrangement, I concluded contained work, I fancied her struggling to maintain perhaps her parents, or at least some being dependent on her. The haste, too, with which she walked, as if to reach home as soon as possible, made me imagine that she had some invalid there, to whom her presence was indispensable. I often fancied her returning to one of those seven-story buildings in which people are so apt to congregate in France, and, climbing painfully the long stairs, to give the sunshine of her countenance to a lame brother or sister, or an aged father or mother.

The time which she took for her walks, however, deceived me. I was fancying her carrying home work at night, when she was in reality doing it in the morning—so that I had got her place of residence located in my mind just where it was not.

While I thought her in the large town, she was, in fact, in a very small suburb, and instead of living a hundred feet in the air, she was owner and proprietor of a tiny cottage on the banks of a river. Instead of an invalid, she had a powerful protector in the shape of a hale, hearty old uncle, who took admirable care of his little niece, now the sole remaining one of his family. Here they might have lived comfortably, without the necessity of Eugenie's labor; but the girl had had, for years, a mission to perform that had taxed all her energies; and now that the necessity no longer existed, she was doing mechanically what had once been her pride and pleasure to perform.

Years before, when Eugenie Martel's father and mother died, her uncle Auber came to be a father for the desolate little maiden. He united

his small property to hers, and helped her to increase her own income by the proper cultivation of her land, which he brought to yield tenfold what it had done in her father's time. In this he was also assisted by a youth whom he had adopted into his affections from a boy, although the child had a father and mother living.

Passionately fond of children, old Auber had never been blessed with a family, and now that he had found, as he had said, both son and daughter, his happiness seemed complete. The young people called each other cousin, to please the good old man; and, indeed, Joseph lived nearly the whole time with his adopted relatives, sharing with them the produce of their vintage.

Joseph's parents, unfortunately, did not love him as well as they did the younger brother, to whom they would have been glad to leave all their possessions. They were even vexed to think that he would come home to sleep, and taunted him with the avarice of old Auber, who, they said, would not afford him a bed.

In vain Joseph replied that the little cottage contained but three small rooms, and that they positively had not space for themselves. They persisted in deriding him, and, finally, he brought a tent to Eugenie's garden, making a bed within it, of fresh, sweet hay, and sleeping there the entire summer.

"We shall commence gathering the grapes, to-morrow, Joseph," said Auber, one pleasant evening, as he left him to retire to rest. "There is a prospect of bright days for a week to come, and Eugenie is impatient to begin."

"I shall be ready," was the answer.

Whether the thought of his work kept the young man awake, or whether he was thinking too much of Eugenie, we know not; but his restlessness was so great that he rose at last, and walked down the village street. Just as the grey dawn was breaking, a soldier on horseback met him.

"You are the very man I want," said the soldier, reining in his horse. "You have just been drawn as a conscript, and we march almost instantly. You will have time only to bid your friends good-by, before we march."

No pen can paint Joseph's astonishment and grief; but even this was redoubled, when a young vine-dresser, whom he knew, took him aside and disclosed to him the fact, that it was not he who had been drawn, but his brother, and that his father had contrived, by some deception, to substitute Joseph for Pierre.

"Are you sure?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Certainly. I saw the name."

Joseph wept unrestrainedly. "I will go," he

said. "They want me to go away, so that Pierre can have my father's property, when all I want is his love. Very well; I will not thwart them. And look, Jacques, you must do me a favor. I cannot take leave of Eugenie and her uncle, but when I am gone, go and tell them why and wherefore I am missing this morning."

Jacques undertook to change his resolution, by pointing out the injustice of the whole affair, but Joseph would hear nothing of it. A deep sadness mingled with a strong determination was upon his face, and he refused to permit Jacques to make any effort in his behalf.

"No, let Pierre stay with those who love him so much. They will not miss me," he added bitterly, as he turned away to follow the sergeant, to the place where he was to exchange his simple blouse for a military suit.

The family at the cottage rose early. Eugenie prepared the breakfast. Bread, which if not white, was sweet and palatable, a basket of fresh grapes, with the night dew still lying upon their purple sides, and some delicate preparation of eggs, were placed on the nicely spread table, and Eugenie, in a light muslin dress, sat awaiting her uncle who had gone to call Joseph, whom he thought to be quite a laggard, for the first morning of the vintage.

He returned soon, but alone, and wondering why he was absent, they sat down to the meal, and Auber went out to the garden as soon as it was over.

"Has he come, uncle?" the girl would call out occasionally, as she went round the house, performing all her little duties, and making it clear and fresh as a queen's palace, and fragrant with sweet herbs and flowers.

"Not yet," the old man answered many times, and then she saw him suddenly start as if a thought had struck him. She watched him as he went peering into the thicket of vines, and again come forth, to look wistfully at the tiny pond, and she marked the look of deep anxiety that overspread his features. Then she knew that he was troubled about Joseph; and she went out and begged him to come in and rest. Just as she had succeeded in persuading him, for he was really unable to stand, they saw Pierre approaching.

"He is our Joseph's friend," whispered Eugenie, and she trembled without knowing why. She began to fear everything, and it was an absolute relief, after thinking of murder, suicide and all terrible calamities, when Pierre stammered out the real truth. It seemed a small thing to what she had imagined.

But when she saw how her uncle was suffering, she began to realize all. Then came the memory of the dear words that Joseph had spoken to her the night before—kind, brotherly words, it is true, but pointing to a love such as she had long felt for one who was so utterly disdained by unjust relatives.

Poor old Auber! Added to his distress about Joseph, he now had Eugenie sick with a fever upon his hands. He nursed her himself, although he had nearly all the harvesting to do. Words spoken in delirium told him how dear Joseph had become to his niece; and the old man's heart was almost broken by the thought that he could not bring back the wanderer, and that she might die without even beholding him again.

It was high noon, sultry and scorching; and the sick girl was panting for a breath of air. Indeed, Auber thought her near death. He could not resist making a single appeal which he thought might awaken her to the hope of life. He bent his head toward her, and whispered a few short but expressive sentences. The dull eye opened, brightened, even sparkled!

"His release! uncle, how can I do that?"

"O, by getting well again. We will cultivate our ground as much as it will bear, and the remainder you and I will earn. I shall make wooden toys, and you shall take in the fine embroidery and the shell work taught you by the nuns."

Eugenie laid her hand upon her uncle's, and smiled a grateful, happy smile. From that time she grew better, and, in a few weeks, she sat in the arbor which Joseph's hands had twined the vines over, her eyes fixed intently on embroidering a square yard of the finest Cashmere. She was working for Joseph's discharge.

She did not neglect her newly regained health. On the contrary, she made every effort to preserve it; hoping to be the better able to earn that freedom which she knew Joseph would value more than life.

How well she succeeded may be told in a few words. The little sums that accrued from her labor, added to the uncle's extra hours upon a neighboring vineyard, at length arrived at an aggregate large enough to cover the purchase of Joseph's freedom from military service. The amount, in fresh, crisp notes, trembled in Eugenie's little hand, and was transferred to her uncle, who again transmitted it to the proper authority.

O, what a weary, wearing time, it was to wait! For want of occupation, she became worried and uneasy, and her uncle besought her, with tears,

to go back to her work, lest the anxiety should again subdue her as before, to perfect indolence and grief.

Poor Eugenie! She yielded; and sat in the little cottage with piles of shells around her, trying to fashion them into delicate boxes and baskets, and choosing the prettiest for a box that should one day grace her wedding dressing table and hold her own and Joseph's little ornaments. Meantime, Joseph was not to know that Eugenie had furnished the money for his discharge, but to think that it had come from some unknown friend in the province.

And now the day arrives that is to see him return. Eugenie tries to calm down her agitated spirits, and goes about preparing a little feast for the occasion. Her table is set once, more for three persons, and it is loaded with the simple dishes of which Joseph was once so fond, and crowned with flowers he planted. And then she sat down with Uncle Auber to watch his coming—her nervous little hands dropping the shells every moment.

"Put them away, dear," said the kindly old man who was almost as nervous as herself; and she gathered them up with a smile, and began to arrange the bouquets.

"How is this, dear uncle?" she said, with a slight paleness about her lips. "Here is a meadow saffron among my roses and lilies!"

"Ah, how did that happen? Well, never mind, love, the flower does not speak truth this morning."

"I cannot tell, uncle," she said, absently. "Perhaps, indeed, 'my best days are gone,' as the flower says."

Uncle Auber turned from her to the window, to hide the tear that started—for he too, drew an omen from the flower; and in so doing, he espied a speck in the distance, which on coming nearer, took the semblance of figures walking. There were two. One—the tallest, looked like Joseph, and soon he saw that it was indeed his adopted son. The other was a woman.

He did not dare to tell Eugenie that he was coming, for he heard her quick breathing and knew how excited she would become. It would be better, he thought, for her not to watch the approach.

At last, he could keep it no longer. He rushed out to the garden through which they must come, and Eugenie followed, like one in a dream. The soldier sprang forward and clasped both in one embrace, then turning, he drew another toward him while Eugenie lay trembling on his arm, and said, simply, "uncle, and cousin Eugenie, this is my wife!"

In the cottage, tended faithfully by Auber, who is both father and mother to the poor girl now, Eugenie sits, folding up imaginary work, which each morning, she goes out to carry it. A napkin or a handkerchief, and a few shells, frequently comprise its contents, although she believes them to be rich embroidery and finished boxes, which she is to take out for sale. Ask her for whom she is thus working, and she will tell you, with a slight blush on her pale cheeks, that she has a friend in the army whom she is hoping to earn enough to get discharged from service.

Thus far had I written out the life of poor Eugenie. Romancers may think I am about to spoil whatever pathos belongs to it; but the benevolent, matter-of-fact readers will rejoice when I tell them that a letter from Uncle Auber, received by a friend in Paris, tells us that Joseph's German wife died last year, and that a new happiness has driven the paleness from Eugenie's cheek and the cloud from her life.

P A I N T I N G O N G L A S S.

Take glass that is perfectly clear—window glass will answer—clean it thoroughly, then varnish it, taking care to have it perfectly smooth; place it where it will be entirely free from dust, let it stand over night: then take your engraving, lay it in clear water until it is wet through (say 10 or 16 minutes), then lay it upon a newspaper that the moisture may *dry from the surface*, and still keep the other side damp. Immediately varnish your glass the second time, then place your engraving on it, pressing it down firmly, so as to exclude every particle of air; next rub the paper from the back, until it is of uniform thickness—so thin that you can see through it, then varnish it the *third* time, and let it dry. By this art you will be enabled to take off the following:—Colored or plain engravings, Photographs, Lithographs, Water Colors, Crayons, Steel Plates, Newspaper Cuts, Mezzotinto, Pencil, Writing, Show Cards, Labels, or in fact anything on paper. The materials used are two ounces Balsam of Fir to one ounce of Spirits of Turpentine; applying with a camel's hair brush.—*Journal*.

O R I E N T A L C A R P E T S.

Those which are known here as Turkish and Persian carpets, are woven by hand, mostly by poor peasant women; the loom is the simplest and rudest that can be imagined. The carpet is woven the whole size it is intended to be, and the raised part or pile is formed by knitting in tufts of fine, soft woolen yarn, a row of tufts being fastened to the warp between each throwing of the shuttle. The Persian women fill up the time with working at their carpet-looms, tastefully forming the pattern as they proceed from designs of their own, which are generally gay mosaics, where the colors are beautifully blended.—*All About It*.

A B O U T M A T R I M O N Y.

From marked passages in our reading, we have lately given in the “Magazine” scraps of thought on certain subjects, from various authors, bringing to bear upon the theme the force of many different minds. Herein we append something about Matrimony:

He that takes a wife, takes care.—*Franklin*.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—*William Penn*.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.—*Shakespeare*.

No man can either live piously, or die righteously without a wife.—*Richter*.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton*.

There are good marriages, but there are no delightful ones.—*Rocheſſoucauld*.

To be a man in a true sense, is in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.—*Michelot*.

The bloom or blight of all men's happiness.—*Byron*.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.—*Hebrew Proverb*.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making *nets*, not in making *cages*!—*Swift*.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.—*Selden*.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Johnson*.

It is to be feared that those who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller*.

In the career of female fame, there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or a happy mother.—*Jane Porter*.

Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in *Aesop* were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.—*Selden*.

All the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*Fuller*.

Marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship. For what is wedlock forced, but a hell, an age of discord and continual strife? whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss, and is a pattern of celestial peace.—*Shakespeare*.

[ORIGINAL.]

NELLY'S ROOM.

~~~~~  
BY SYBIL PARK.

This is the room which she called her own,  
It hath rung with music and laughter gay;  
Where hath our white-browed darling flown?  
Why doth she tarry so long away?

Where are the curtains her small hands swept  
Backward in many a graceful fold,  
When the June sunlight lovingly crept  
Through the low windows, a flood of gold?

Beautiful pictures are on the wall,  
Raphael pictures, that breathe and glow,  
Luring the soul, like an angel's call,  
Up from the shadowy depths of woe.

Gay-winged birds of a southern clime,  
Vases glowing with fragrant flowers,  
Weave in the flush of the summer-time,  
Pleasant dreams of her woodland bowers.

Dainty and soft are the pillows white,  
Meet for so young and so fair a face;  
When will she nestle all warm and bright  
Down 'mid their frillings of pointed lace?

Patiently waiting in silence now,  
Her bounding step on the oaken stair;  
When shall we look on that pearly brow,  
And golden brown of her silken hair?

Is it the voice of the cold dark sea,  
Breaking in sobs on the lonely shore,  
That bringeth as sad, as sad can be,  
Such dirge-like echoes of "nevermore?"

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[ORIGINAL.]

NELLY HALE:

—OR,—

MY FIRST LOVE EPISODE.

~~~~~  
BY L. L. FROTHINGHAM.

THE afternoon was almost gone when I returned home, heated and tired by my long walk, but withal well satisfied with the result of my expedition, for my hands were loaded with columbines and anemones, the first of the season.

My father stood upon the doorstep as I approached, and though I would willingly have entered with my spoils unobserved by any one, he saw me before I was aware of his presence.

"Ah, Frank," said he, "who's the nosegay for?"

"For myself," answered I, rather confused, and painfully conscious of a rush of blood to my face.

"Humph, I suppose so," said my father, with a quizzical smile. "Well, you had better put

them into water and keep them fresh as long as you can. They will look very well in the sitting-room."

"Perhaps they will, if they ever get into the sitting-room," thought I, as I passed, and entered the house without replying to his observation.

I made directly for the stairs, and with all possible expedition was ascending to my own little room, when as ill luck would have it, my aunt suddenly appeared upon the upper landing, and espying the flowers, stopped my further progress for the purpose of admiring them.

"Why, Frank, what beautiful columbines," exclaimed she, "and so early, too; where did you get them? Bring them this way, child," she continued, turning towards her own chamber, "and let's see them, it is too dark here."

I followed my respected relative with an anxious heart, trembling for the safety of my flowers, and in obedience to her further instructions, took my stand by the open window, and held them up for her inspection.

My aunt, a maiden lady considerably on the shady side of forty, was my only known female relative, and on the death of my mother, some three years before, had been invited by my father to supply the vacancy in our family circle caused by that event, and to take charge of the domestic economy of his household, an invitation which she readily accepted.

My father, good, easy soul, troubled himself very little about family concerns, so long as all went on smoothly, and nothing occurred to interfere with his tranquillity or mar his quiet, and my aunt, taking into her own hands the reins of government, lorded it over the entire establishment, unquestioned and unopposed, virtually "monarch of all she surveyed." Over me, a "mischievous little monkey," as she generally demonstrated me, she claimed and exercised more than a parent's authority, for which piece of affection and consideration she received anything but a grateful return; yet I never dared openly set her at defiance, standing as I did in wholesome awe of her displeasure, and certain, in case of rebellion, of being visited with condign punishment.

My aunt was generally stern—to me very stern—prim, old-fashioned, old-maidish. Of strong mind and stronger will, there was no half-way about her. Her "yes" and "no" were decisive, and meant what they implied, and her mind once made up on any matter there was no changing it. She had never, even in her youthful days, been remarkable for either warmth of affection or sweetness of temper, and time had served but to render still more sour her uncon-

genial disposition. Her eyes, which she contended were rapidly failing her, were small, sharp, and of a grayish blue tinge, and were continually peering into every nook and corner of the house and premises, as if morally certain that something was wrong, and sharply eager to find it. Fault-finding seemed to impart a morbid pleasure, and the administration of a sharp reproof to any unfortunate delinquent that came in her way was a luxury, the enjoyment of which she could never deny herself. In fact, my aunt was a perfect model of a strong-minded old maid.

"I thought it was too early for columbines yet," said she, after a careful examination of the bunch. "I guess they must be the first of the season. Well, take them down stairs, fill the large vase in the sitting-room with fresh water, and put them into it—they will be quite ornamental. Be quick, for the anemones are beginning to wilt already."

I hesitated; the flowers I had gathered for a special purpose of my own, and unwilling to lose them so easily, I determined to make a stand in defence of my rights. But alas, always accustomed to obey silently my aunt's commands, I knew not how to resist now.

"Well, child," said she, sharply, as I stood helplessly looking alternately at her and the flowers, "what are you waiting for? Go and do as you are bid."

"But, aunt," I stammered, "I want these flowers myself, if you please—to—to—"

"To what?" asked she, elevating her eyebrows in surprise, evidently astonished at my audacity and impudence.

"To put in my own room," answered I, desperately seizing upon the first plausible reason that suggested itself.

"To put in your own room—your room, indeed!—tut, nonsense! What should you put them in your room for? Don't tell me any such foolish stuff. You don't want them for any such thing. You want to give them, I suppose, to some baby-faced girl. Is that it? Aint you ashamed of yourself? I'm not going to have any such carryings on here, so go right straight down and put them in the sitting-room."

I was completely discomfited, partly by the vigor of the reproof, and partly by my aunt's shrewd guess as to my real intentions respecting the flowers. My courage was all gone, and knowing that further resistance would be worse than useless, I slowly left the room, and depositing my flowers—with all the pleasing anticipations they had served to awaken—in the now detested sitting-room, with a bursting and rebel-

lious heart I left the house, and hastened down to the river that wound along at the foot of my father's orchard—a little stream that, threading its way through one of the prettiest valleys in Connecticut, almost encircled our village, adding greatly to its natural attractiveness, and also to the innocent pride and enjoyment of its inhabitants.

Seating myself upon a huge rock that jutted out into the stream, while the hot tears flowed unchecked over my burning cheeks, I leaned my head upon my hand, and darkly brooding over my disappointment, I bitterly denounced the unfeeling tyranny of my aunt, and bewailed my own ill fortune. At length relieved by a good fit of crying, I slowly wiped my eyes with my coat sleeve, and sat for a long time silently looking at the river.

Looking at the river! True, I was looking at the river, but though my eyes were apparently fixed intently upon it, unconsciously only did I follow its winding course, and watch the bright sunset clouds reflected in its unruffled depths. My thoughts lingered not there. Close upon the opposite bank, where the wooded hill reached almost to the river, stood a small boat-house, and behind it a narrow path clambered circuitously through the woods, towards the habitation of Squire Hale, the grand house of the village, which, half buried in the grove around it, faced upon the turnpike road beyond. Up that narrow pathway my thoughts wandered, not in quest of Squire Hale, the rich and great, for he seldom noticed me—an awkward, half-grown school boy—and I as seldom thought of him; but of his daughter, the pretty Ellen Hale, my schoolmate, and my first school love.

It was for Nelly I had that afternoon wandered for miles through the woods and over the hills in search of wild flowers, for her I had plucked the columbines and anemones, so unjustly appropriated by my aunt; and then after bearing them triumphantly homeward, filled with the brightest anticipations of the pleasure to be derived from their presentation to her, and the sweet smiles with which she would reward my labors and accept my offering, to have all these hopes and dreams so summarily destroyed, and to see the precious flowers I had collected for my lovely Nelly, seized upon by my unlovely aunt—it was more than I could bear—no wonder that I resented the injury, and wept bitter tears of grief and anger.

It was Saturday afternoon, a holiday at school, and I had been invited to join a party of my school-fellows in a sail down the river, but having been confined to the house by my aunt, for

the purpose of learning some neglected lesson, until too late to go, I had seen through my prison window the squire's boat filled with a joyous party, among whom was Nelly herself, glide from its moorings, and sweep gaily down the stream, and I had watched its progress until it was hidden by the woods below. Finally, when freed from bondage, still smarting under the late disappointment, I had set off in search of flowers for Nelly, as some solace for my wounded feelings; but alas for all human endeavors, the very means which I had chosen to compensate me in some measure for the past sorrow, served but to make that sorrow more keenly felt, and proved the source of a new and more bitter disappointment.

While I still sat by the river, hid from sight by the trees around me, I saw the boat return, and the laughing voyageurs jumping to the shore, climb merrily up the pathway to the squire's house. Little they thought how sad a heart was yearning after them.

Still I looked upon the river, and bitterly thinking of the pleasures in which I had no share, envying the gay companions who laughed and smiled with Nelly, while I was banished from her presence, and dreaming bright dreams of what might be, but yet was not. I forgot how swiftly the hours were passing by—forgot my aunt—forgot myself, until the plaintive cry of a distant whippoorwill awoke me, and I started to find the daylight almost gone.

That night I went supperless to bed, and with a long homily on the wickedness of idle habits, as a parting benediction from my aunt, I sunk to slumber to dream of Nelly.

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The fair Nelly, a young lady of fourteen summers, who had taken captive my youthful heart, was not remarkably handsome, nor yet even of very striking appearance. This, however, I discovered some years later than the time at which this story opens, after a wider intercourse with the world, and a sight of other females of far greater pretensions to personal charms, had taught me comparatively what beauty really was; a knowledge by no means favorable to my quondam dulcinea, but at that time nothing on earth could have persuaded me that Nelly, if not a perfect angel in pantalettes, was at least as nearly akin to one outwardly and inwardly as any young damsel could possibly be. She was, however, pretty, a term which I now use to convey the idea of a moderate share of personal attractions, combining a pleasant face, good figure, intelligent expression, graceful and easy motions. Her complexion, it is true, was somewhat

freckled, and her nose inconsiderably *retroussé*, but these little drawbacks were generally lost sight of in the genial brightness of a ready smile, and the merry twinkle of her large blue eyes. Her hair, a glossy brown, was worn brushed backwards from her face, and twisted in a rich braid over her head, while a neat pair of gaiter boots, covering a still neater pair of feet and ankles, completed the sum total of her charms.

Nelly was generally considered the prettiest girl in our village academy, and if I ever neglected the educational advantages there placed within my reach, I lay it in a great measure to my fair schoolmate, for certainly my eyes, under the influence of some subtle attraction, were ever prone to wander from the lessons before them, and rest upon her, and unbidden thoughts of the same unconscious attractive power pertinaciously rose up to interfere with my studious resolves; and banish all thoughts of neglected duties from my unfortunate head.

At the advanced age of fifteen the heart is said to be extremely susceptible to the influence of the blind god, and my heart proved no exception to the general rule; I was in love, madly, desperately, decidedly in love, and yet the more convinced I became of the truth, the more diffident and bashful I became in the presence of its object, until besides becoming wretchedly miserable and unhappy, I also succeeded in making myself a perfect fool. I ever longed to see and speak to her, yet never dared to avail myself of the most favorable opportunities for so doing. And whenever chance actually forced me to her side, the more earnestly I endeavored to make myself agreeable, the more awkward I felt, and the more obstinately my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.

My companions twitted me with being in love, and I blushed with conscious guilt. My aunt scolded me for being in the "dumps," and I cried out of pure vexation. And when my own heart charged me with inexcusable cowardice, a charge I could not deny, I sullenly grew more wretched and "dumpy" still. However, I believed that at least Nelly did not dislike me, and perhaps after all did like me, and that was some consolation.

Thus time passed on, every day making the matter worse, until my burden grew too heavy to bear, and I determined to take some desperate step—what, was not exactly clear—rather than suffice longer from suspense.

At this crisis, not having sufficient confidence in myself to decide the question alone, I resorted to a friend and confederate for advice and assist-

ance, who after a careful consideration of the matter, suggested to me the propriety of writing a love-letter. The suggestion seemed a good one, and I determined to follow it; but, alas, scarcely was the determination formed, when my courage failed me. In vain my friend argued and scolded, I remained irresolute and wavering for two whole weeks, when finally love and friendship conquered, and I once more resolved to venture on the enterprise. Another week was consumed in concocting the important document, upon which we brought our whole available stock of talents to bear. Innumerable sheets of delicate note paper were destroyed in abortive attempts, endless consultations were held, and some half dozen billet-doux finished and rejected before success crowned our united efforts. Finally the task was accomplished to our mutual satisfaction, and for the last time I read over, with a trembling hand and hopeful heart, the scented messenger of love, before consigning it to the hands of my friend and assistant for delivery to Nelly.

I need not, in fact I cannot describe the state of my mind for the next three days, the doubts, fears and hopes that alternately oppressed and exhilarated me; but at the end of that time an answer came, a little pink-colored note, sealed with a motto, stating that the writer accepted my proffered love, for which she proffered an ample return of the same article, constant and unchangeable.

I was in extacy, so much so as even to astonish my good aunt, who ascribed the sudden change to several globules of homoeopathic medicine which she had from time to time administered to me for some supposed derangement of the system, and as an antidote to too great a quantity of animal spirits, she shortened my allowance of molasses at supper, and contemplated an additional amount of extra study for the next day. But for this I did not care, I was happy at last, and could have forgiven my aunt any, even the severest punishment which she might choose to inflict.

The ice once broken, the way was clear before me, and many were the tender epistles that secretly passed between Nelly and myself. I even dared to walk home with her from school, and often continued to meet her, quite accidentally, on Sundays and holidays.

In this satisfactory manner, summer, fall and winter passed, and spring again returned. A party of young folks, including Nelly and myself, was made up for a May-day picnic, and when the longed-for May-day morning arrived, bright and glorious, I hastened to the appointed

rendezvous, Squire Hale's boat-house, filled with anticipations of a day of unalloyed happiness.

On my arrival I found the party rapidly assembling, and found too, to my disappointment, an unexpected damper to expected pleasure. This appeared in the person of a young man from the city, a cousin of Nelly's, who had the day before arrived in our village, and of course had been invited to join the May-day party. He was several years my senior, and as to a somewhat handsomer face and form than my own, he added the further attractions of a city air, stand-up collar and beaver hat, together with an incipient mustache, I immediately began to look upon him with a jealous eye. Nelly appeared to be quite proud of her cousin, and as she several times left me to walk or chat with him, my jealousy soon increased to a perfect hatred of my supposed rival, which was not at all lessened by his friendly conduct towards myself. Nelly had introduced me to him as "her particular friend."

I began to wish that I was big enough to push Jim (as Nelly called him) into the river, but I was not. I then thought seriously of challenging him, but besides the evident danger of such a proceeding in case he should accept, which I thought likely, I suddenly remembered my aunt, and the fear of her righteous indignation effectively chased that idea from my head.

While indulging in these reflections, the boat was declared ready for a start, and with the rest I embarked, seating myself at Nelly's right hand, while Jim sat down at her left.

We were soon under way, and gliding down the river, but I had lost all relish for the expedition, and when Nelly playfully rallied me upon my silence, I answered by a look of reproach at her, and a fierce scowl over her shoulder at Jim; but Nelly only laughed, and commenced a gay conversation with him which they continued until we reached our destination.

We disembarked near a pleasant grove, previously selected for the picnic, and as shortly after our arrival, Jim left us to aid in the preparations for dinner, I eagerly seized upon the opportunity to monopolize Nelly, determined to ask an explanation, of what, I did not stop to consider. She seemed quite willing to attend to me now, and we sat down together upon a mound of moss and flowers, hid from general observation by a tuft of shrubbery.

Neither of us spoke for some time, and I began to feel uneasy and foolish, but suddenly recollecting my supposed wrongs, I commenced the attack, intending to be very resolute and dignified, in which intention I signally failed.

"Nelly," I began, "do you love Jim very much?"

"Of course I do," said she, "ain't he my cousin?"

"Yes, but you told me that you loved me."

"Well, aint you a stupid fellow, can't I love you both if I choose?" and Nelly laughed.

I always liked to hear Nelly laugh when the object of her mirth was anything but myself, her laugh was so hearty, musical and expressive, but that she should laugh at me, and at such a serious moment, too, nettled me not a little. I stared at her in surprise for some seconds, and then continued :

"You needn't laugh at me, I'm not joking at all, I don't love my father or my aunt half so much as I do you (the implied assertion that I loved my aunt at all rather confused me), and if I had a cousin I wouldn't love him either, at least not when you were near."

Nelly laughed again. I continued still more earnestly :

"I know you love Jim more than you do me, and you haven't any right to; I don't love him, I hate him."

"Do tell," interrupted Nelly rather contemptuously. "I suppose I've a right to love whom-ever I've a mind to, and I don't see what business it is of yours."

"Yes, it is my business," said I passionately, "because you said you loved me, and that you wouldn't love anybody else, never anybody else, you've told me so often, and I've got your notes, lots of them, all saying the same thing, and I didn't believe you would tell a falsehood."

Nelly elevated her eyebrows, then lowered them and blushed.

"But nobody," said she, "believes love-letters. I only wrote them in fun, and I did not think you would be such a goose as to get vexed about them. You weren't in earnest, were you? My, I thought it such fun writing love-letters! Of course, I didn't mean anything by them. Come, let's find Jim."

I was struck dumb. Hardly knowing what I said, I uttered some bitter reproaches, and hastily rising from my seat left the spot. Avoiding the party by a circuitous path, I took a straight line overland for home, and burying myself in the orchard, wept bitterly till sundown.

That was my first cup of real bitterness, and it was long before I got over its effects. I shunned my faithless sweetheart on all occasions, and though after a time, when Jim had gone, she appeared anxious to win back at least my friendship, I proudly rejected her overtures, and consigned myself to my own lonely reflections.

A few months after this unfortunate occurrence, I left home, and went to college, and though the struggle was hard, in spite of all my stoicism—for I could not after all help loving the little minx—I tore myself away without even a formal good-by.

Four years of college life flew rapidly by, and four years seemed most effectually to banish all traces of the mortification and disappointment consequent upon the disagreeable termination of my first love episode.

Having graduated with all due honors, and feeling a sufficient sense of my own importance, I returned once more to my native village, and was received by my father and maiden relative, if not with greater affection, at least with more consideration than had been in my earlier days accorded to me.

Shortly after my return, invitations were issued by Squire Hale's lady for a grand party, in the grand house on the hill, among the happy recipients of which were my aunt and myself. Of course our invitations were accepted, as my aunt, in spite of her ancient independence, was still fond of society, and I had no excuse for a refusal, especially as friendly relations had been again established between Nelly and myself.

The squire's spacious drawing-rooms, elegantly furnished and brilliantly illuminated, were thrown open for the accommodation of his guests, and on our arrival, somewhat later than the appointed hour (as my aunt always bestowed particular attention on such occasions, to her usually excessively prim attire, and lingered unusually long at the mysteries of the toilette), we found assembled there as varied and heterogeneous a crowd of the country aristocracy as could well be imagined.

The professional representatives of respectability included several doctors, lawyers, etc., and the unprofessional element embraced all the prosperous storekeepers, wealthy farmers, and gentlemen at large in the vicinity, who were deemed sufficiently elite to be honored with an invitation.

Elderly gentlemen in black, or sober-colored garments walked complacently through the apartments, or congregated in numerous corners and doorways to talk politics or discuss the crops. Young gentlemen in painfully stiff collars, and gorgeous waistcoats, evidently at a loss what to do with themselves, hung together as if for mutual protection at one end of the room, from which they cast bashful and longing glances at the girls who as uneasily occupied the other. Stout old ladies in low-necked dresses and short

sleeves monopolized the sofas and arm-chairs, and lank young ladies in high-necked dresses and long sleeves, like melancholy wall-flowers, sat silently around them.

The preliminary salutations having been got through with, I provided my aunt with a seat, and remained standing by her side, alternately talking to her and watching the scene around me, until the music struck up for a dance, and the bashful young men and complacent old ones, as if inspired by the long-desired sound, scattered instanter in search of partners.

A cotillon followed, in which I took no part, preferring to remain a looker on. This performance, the dancing, was in keeping with the appearance and character of the performers, and afforded quite as much matter for study and comment. The dancers evidently considered their occupation not a mere matter of fashionable forms and figures, but a right-down means of enjoyment, and actuated by this countrified delusion they entered into it with their whole heart and soul, making up in earnestness and vigor for what they lacked in grace. I soon began to feel the contagion of excitement, and in the next cotillon danced as vigorously as any of those around me.

It was late before I had an opportunity of speaking to Nelly, but at last I found her alone, as hot and tired as I began to feel myself, and for the sake of fresh air and quiet, we retired to the garden in front of the house, which was brightly lit up by a full, clear harvest moon.

I could not help acknowledging to myself that Nelly had improved greatly during my absence. The half-grown girl had matured into the fully developed woman; the freckles had vanished, the eyes were brighter, and the smile more full of earnest meaning than ever, and as flushed and animated by the recent excitement of the dance, she leaned upon my arm and brushed back the long brown curls that hung around her face, I involuntarily experienced a return of the old feeling of admiration of which I had been so unceremoniously deprived four years before.

We chatted carelessly for some time upon matters and things in general, for which neither of us cared, and of persons and places in which neither felt the remotest degree of interest, carefully avoiding all allusion to the unfortunate occurrence at our last parting; but this soon became tiresome, at least to me, and by degrees I began to revert to the days of our past acquaintance, the remembrance of which absolutely persisted in intruding itself upon me the harder I endeavored to banish it.

After all, thought I, she was only a child then,

and could not be expected to act like a woman, especially when I acted like a fool. It was a good joke, too (this acknowledgement even to myself caused me to wince), and it can do no harm at any rate to speak of it—most likely she had forgotten it altogether (I refused to acknowledge the existence of a secret hope that she had not).

"I found something at home to-day, Miss Hale," I began, "that reminded me strongly of my old school days, can you guess what it was?"

"I dare say you have found a great many such reminders since your return."

"Yes, but this was something particularly suggestive, not only of actual occurrences, but also of hopes and disappointments."

"Indeed," answered Nelly, slowly, "what was it?"

"Love-letters."

Nelly tried to laugh, but failed, and though somewhat embarrassed myself, I felt secretly exultant at her embarrassment.

"I dare say you remember them, Miss Hale?"

Nelly stopped, and looking at me seriously, her face covered with blushes, said:

"I thought, Frank, you had forgotten that, and I was, I will not say glad, but it made me feel more at ease to think so; but as you have not, neither have I, and I must ask your pardon for the foolish way in which I treated you, and the pain I thoughtlessly caused you. Am I forgiven? We will forget it together."

"Yes, but we need not forget it (it was my turn to show embarrassment now). Nelly, I forgave you long ago, I never could feel angry with you even when I tried to; but if you had known how much you hurt me, you never would have acted as you did. You were thoughtless, not cruel, I believed, but I suffered none the less for that. But were you really sorry for it after the mischief was done?"

"Yes, and I have never forgiven myself."

"That is some consolation, Nelly, but perhaps you can some day more fully atone for it."

"How?" she asked, with another blush.

We had now approached the house again, and meeting numerous other couples like ourselves, seeking the cool garden air, I was forced to change the conversation.

"What has become of your Cousin Jim, Nelly?"

"O, Jim, he has gone to California, and we have not heard from him for nearly three years. I changed my opinion of him after you left."

I laughed, and Nelly looked down to the floor,

and entering the drawing-room we mingled quietly with the crowd, and took our places for a cotillon. I danced mechanically, not for the pleasure of dancing, but that I might remain near my fair partner, and occasionally touch her hand as I led her through the figures, for every touch now sent a new thrill to my heart, as fresh and sweet as that I had formerly experienced on the receipt of her first love-letter.

On the way home my aunt, having enjoyed herself unusually well, and being in exceedingly good spirits for her, became quite talkative, and enlivened the road by sundry good-natured remarks respecting the performers and performances of the evening.

"That's a fine establishment of the squire's, Frank," said she, "and he seems to be a rather pleasant sort of body, too, only rather 'stuck up,' more so than his wife, I guess. There's the young lady, too, what's her name?—yes, Ellen—she's a fine-looking girl. By the way, Frank, didn't you used to be kind of cracked after that girl, at school? It seems to me I remember something of the kind. Well, I'll tell you what, Frank, it would be a good idea to get cracked after her again. She'll make a capital wife for any young man, and her father will probably do something handsome for her, too."

I made no answer, but I began to think that my aunt was more sensible than I had supposed, and highly approved of her advice, though of course without telling her so.

That night passed away, and many more after it, which alike found me a happy visitor at Squire Hale's, and when a few weeks after the party I left for the city for the purpose of studying a profession, I carried with me the assurance that upon my return Nelly should become my partner for life.

#### VARIATIONS OF THE SEASONS.

Rev. Mr. Burnap, of Baltimore, presented a paper to the Scientific Convention, in which he showed the great variations in particular seasons. The causes of variation were the inclination of the sun to the ecliptic; the conformation of continents; the ocean currents; the currents of air; the formation of clouds. The most probable cause is the influence of the moon, changing the motion of the water in the ocean twice a day, and affecting also the atmosphere, which, being a ponderable body like water, must move in tidal swells. Electricity was another cause. The sun also was a force making itself felt in the variations. In conclusion he said that the wisest observer will find it unsafe to risk his reputation on definite predictions. He will find himself embarrassed and misled by his own rules, and the exceptions will multiply upon him so fast as finally to annihilate them altogether.—*Springfield Republican.*

#### A ROYAL ADVENTURE.

Here is an incident which occurred in Charles the Second's escape from England after the battle of Worcester. While staying at the little inn at Charmouth, the ostler, who had been a Roundhead soldier, and had narrowly watched the visitors, expressed to the hostess his mistress, that he suspected one of her guests to be the king, upon which she sharply rebuked him for his insolence. But the man was not to be pacified, and went to one Westley, the parson, to communicate the idea he entertained. He was, however, not able to obtain an interview with the village pastor, he being engaged at the time in prayer with his family. On his return, Lord Wilmot's horse wanting a shoe, the ostler took it to Hammett, the blacksmith, who, on inspecting the remaining shoes, observed: "This horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire;"—which remark confirmed the ostler in his former opinion. Lord Wilmot's horse having been shod, Charles set out, as we have seen, for Bridport. Soon after his departure, the ostler went again to the parson, who hastened to the inn, and said to the loyal hostess, "Why, how now, Margaret, you are a maid of honor." "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" returned she; to which he rejoined: "Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you cannot but be a maid of honor." Mine hostess than became very angry, and told him he was "a scurvy-conditioned man, to go about and bring her and her house into trouble; but," added she, "if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those shall kick you out!"—*Captain Clayton's Charles the Second.*

#### AN ORIENTAL BRIDE.

The bride was seated at the end of the room opposite the door, on a divan covered with crimson cashmere, richly embroidered in silver. She was surrounded by cushions of the same, and over her head was a canopy of blue and yellow silk. Her dress was of scarlet cashmere, heavily and tastefully wrought with gold, the *antari* and trousers being of the same material. A closely-fitting *fes*, nearly concealed by wreaths of diamonds, in the forms of flowers and fruit, covered her head. From the left side projected, ungracefully, two long ostrich feathers—one red, the other lilac; and a veil of silver lace two or three feet in length, fell on each side of her face. Her long, glossy black hair, plaited and curled at the ends, hung down her back. Her fingers were loaded with rings of precious stones, and in her lap was a red silk pocket-handkerchief. Her face was very beautiful, the complexion slightly brunette, with fine color, the eyes black, bright and sparkling, and the splendor of the *tout ensemble* was heightened by the odd decoration of diamonds upon the face. Clusters of diamonds, in the form of a star, were placed, one upon the forehead, one upon the chin, and one upon each cheek. She was surrounded by slaves, one of whom was constantly fanning her with a large fan of peacock's feathers.—*Tent and Harem.*

[ORIGINAL.]  
SERENITY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There are some spots through which these feet undaunted  
May yet with pleasure stroll;  
Still are there hours in which I bear no haunted  
Or weary soul!

There are some thoughts which roll no waves of sorrow  
Across this stormy breast;  
But like angelic blessings, thence I borrow  
A heavenly rest!

There are some skies whose bright and beaming assure  
No horrent tempest mars,  
And, almost showing heaven through each embrasure,  
What lucent stars!

And there are friends whose faith and love, still crescent,  
Are holy, pure, and high.  
Blest omens, nevermore to grow senescent,  
Or wane, or die!

Dear souls, sweet ministers! the heavens may languish,  
Earth blaze from east to west,  
But ye shall hold my heart in every anguish,  
First, last, and best!

[ORIGINAL.]

P E T I T - L A R C E N Y .

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

It was a beautiful day in early spring, and the peach trees by the road-side were loaded with blossoms. I had just left my place of residence, a thriving inland village, and was on my way, by railroad, to the city of Baltimore.

Beautiful as the country looked, it did not attract much of my attention. My mind was preoccupied by thoughts of self. But a few days before I had turned one of the most important corners in the highway of life, and I was gazing with my mind's eye on the long reach of road between it and the goal to which we are all tending, rather than on the road over which the engine was whirling me. In plain English, I had just hung out my "shingle," as a lawyer, in my native village; and I was naturally thoughtful about the result.

Before I had quite completed the building of my first castle in the air, the train reached Baltimore. I shook off my reverie, went to Barnum's Hotel, registered my name, washed and freshened up a little, and then sallied forth to do up the small "chores," on account of which I had sought the city.

Late in the afternoon of that day, I was passing down Baltimore Street, near Light, when I heard a voice saying:

"Have your boots blacked, sir? Black 'em for a fip—make rale lookin'-glasses of 'em, sir, in less than no time."

I had walked many miles in the dust, and I had a number of visits to pay that evening; I therefore thought the urchin's suggestion a good one, and immediately resigned my pedal integruments to his care, in order to have them transformed into looking-glasses.

While the operation was going on, my attention was naturally attracted to the operator, his appearance and manners. He was a very handsome boy, apparently between twelve and fourteen years of age, and though a refined boot-black may be considered an anomaly, I really cannot tell what other name to give to the pleasing peculiarity which distinguished him from other boys in similar circumstances. It seemed to me that his early training must have been superior to that which he was receiving now.

"What is your name, my lad?" asked I.

"Harry Weston," he replied, looking up into my face with a bright smile.

"And how do you like your business, Harry?"

"Well, it aint much of a business, sir, but I was very glad to get hold of it. It is a great deal better than none at all."

"Can you make a living by it?"

"O, yes, sir, and save something, too. I have nobody but myself now."

These last words were spoken in a tone of feeling which greatly surprised me. It was touchingly mournful. I asked him to explain. He said:

"I was thinking of my mother, sir. She died four months ago. She was confined to her bed a long time, and when she first took sick we had very hard work to get enough to eat. We had some terrible hard times in those days, sir, and I was glad enough, I tell you, when I got a pair of brushes and a chance to use them."

"Are you quite alone now? Have you no friends or relations anywhere?"

"Not one. We came from England while I was a baby; and father died the next year."

"How would you like to go and live in the country, in a quiet village?"

"O, I would love it dearly, sir."

"Wouldn't you find it dull living in such a place, don't you think?"

"No, indeed, sir. You can't tell how much I want to get away from the city."

The boy seemed actually to have bewitched me, and before I well knew what I was doing, I had said:

"Well, Harry, if you will come with me, I

will take you to the country to-morrow. Come to Barnum's Hotel at six o'clock, and you will find me ready to start. We will get home in a few hours."

The lad promised to be there, and ran away, apparently very much delighted. As I walked back to the hotel, I felt not a few misgivings as to the propriety of what I had done. Was it not a ridiculously imprudent thing, to pick up an unwashed *gamin* from the streets, and make him supreme governor of my office, my books, my meerschaum pipe, and my noble horse Selim?

Baltimore streets were a most unpromising school to graduate in, it must be confessed; but the boy pleased me, the bargain was made, and there was nothing more to be said about the matter.

Harry made his appearance punctually about sunrise. He had made some improvement in his dress, and a more prepossessing lad, in appearance, could not easily have been found, anywhere.

We arrived in due time at Springville, and Harry was installed in his new position, which had been temporarily occupied by a lubberly negro boy, whose asinine stupidity had kept my temper constantly at fever heat.

A greater contrast than that between the old and new servitors could not well be imagined. The latter was as quick as light, and so ready that my orders were rather anticipated than obeyed. And then there was a grace about all he did, which was a perpetual surprise to me. His manners were far more like those of some courtly nobleman's page, than those of an itinerant shoe-black, while his personal appearance was even more *distingué* than his manner.

What I most feared was, that his morals might not be found in an equally satisfactory condition; but, as far as I could judge, there did not appear to be any cause for apprehension on that score. His language, it is true, needed some reformation, but as for his heart, it really seemed as if his mother's memory had been a talisman to prevent anything like gross vice, at least, from entering its sanctuary.

Generally speaking, the boy was very lively and playful; but there were times when unaccountable fits of depression appeared to come over him. He evidently, too, struggled to throw them off, and usually succeeded in doing so; but not till their existence became painfully manifest to one who observed him as closely and with as much interest as I did.

This seemed to me to be unnatural in a boy of his temperament, and it both surprised and annoyed me. When I questioned him closely, he

would insist that there was nothing the matter with him, while his very confusion at the time was strong presumptive evidence of the reverse.

My feelings with regard to this lad were a puzzle to myself. If he had been a son or a brother, he could not have excited a stronger interest in my mind, nor could his supposed grief, so unnatural in a mere boy, have affected me more deeply. I thought it very strange.

The boy's aptitude for learning was remarkable, and after he had been with me a little more than six months, I proposed to him to become a pupil of the Springville Academy, with the view of preparing himself for the study of the law. Instead of accepting the proposal with joy, as might have been expected, he became greatly excited, turned red and pale by turns, and finally burst into tears.

It now became evident to me that Harry had something on his mind, which was exerting a most pernicious influence upon his health and spirits; and that there would be no peace for him till he had "made a clean breast of it." That this something was a crime, I was very loath to believe; but how else could his strange conduct be accounted for? I had just come to a determination to compel him to make an avowal of the truth, at all hazards, when an accident rendered such a step unnecessary, by precipitating the discovery in an unforeseen manner.

Some unhung miscreant had fastened a bunch of chestnut burs beneath the crupper of my horse, Selim, just as Harry was about to get into the buggy, to drive a few miles out of the village. The consequence was that before the buggy had advanced a dozen yards, the poor boy was thrown violently out, and when I reached him, was lying in the road, his beautifully moulded Grecian features as pale and motionless as monumental marble. There was a rock close by. Whether his head had struck it or not, I could not tell. I carried him into the office and laid him on the sofa. There was still no sign of life about him. Would he ever recover?

In an agony of apprehension, I tore open his vest and shirt-bosom, and was about to place my hand upon his heart, when a sight revealed itself which almost took away my breath, from pure astonishment. The snowy bosom which I had uncovered, was that of a girl, just budding into early womanhood.

Here, then, was the secret. And how stupid I must have been not to have found it out long ago. I had imagined almost everything else but that. But he—she, I mean—had the natural, innate qualifications to make an actress of consummate skill, particularly in all things relating

to the arts of mimicry. She could imitate anything, and her personation of masculinity was absolutely perfect.

While thoughts of this nature were passing through my brain, the poor girl continued to lie in apparently the same lifeless condition. But just as the doctor, for whom one of the by-standers had been despatched, arrived, life began to dawn again upon the senseless clay.

She soon recovered, and, happily, without any ill consequence whatever resulting from the accident. With many a blush, and an abundance of tears, she told me what had induced her to assume the habiliments of the other sex.

She said that when her mother became so ill that she could no longer work, she went into the streets and tried to get something to do. For nearly two years, she suffered, from time to time, the horrors of actual starvation, and saw her mother sinking daily nearer to the grave, without one of the many comforts which to one in her condition are positive necessities.

The mother was undoubtedly one of those sensitive sufferers who struggle with want in uncomplaining submissiveness, and even "die and make no sign." In all that terrible time, the one feeble little girl was her own and her mother's sole dependence.

An intellect precociously shrewd and sharpened as hers was, was not long in making the discovery of what a signal disadvantage she labored under in being a girl and not a boy. Boys much younger than herself, and not half so intelligent, could get employment twice as easily, and earn twice as much money as she did. The fact was constantly forcing itself upon her observation, and it galled her to the quick.

At last, after brooding over it a long time in secret, she proposed to her mother that she should assume boy's clothing, as a means of increasing their resources in their time of need. For a long time, the poor woman withheld her consent, but the little girl's energy and perseverance carried the day, and a reluctant approval was at last obtained.

Article by article, the determined little masquerader procured a suit of boy's clothing, and finally made her debut, in a distant part of the city, in the character of a newsboy. She subsequently tried various occupations, and ultimately settled upon that of a shoe-blacker for subsistence. Her bright, intelligent face and pleasing address soon procured customers, and from that time an humble sufficiency of food and other needful things was assured to her mother, and her pathway to the tomb rendered comparatively comfortable.

When I met her, the poor girl was beginning to feel annoyances which at an earlier period had never troubled her. She had thought seriously of leaving the city, and was saving up money with that purpose in view. My proposal afforded her the means of doing so at once, and she therefore hailed it with gladness. She had not then reflected upon what an awkward thing it would be to reveal to me the secret of her sex.

This awkwardness became more and more apparent every day. She put off the revelation from week to week, and in the meantime the burdensome secret preyed upon her spirits, and reduced her to the condition which I have already described.

It so happened, then, that the accident which had at first seemed so grave, was in reality a fortunate occurrence; and so the poor girl at last came to consider it, though it was a long time before she could even speak to me without a degree of confusion which it was really painful to me to witness.

Much of this delicacy of feeling had been developed since she had been living with me, though her life in the streets had never wholly obscured the modesty which was the result of a good mother's training, developing the innate qualities which nature bestows upon the sex.

Harry, now transformed into Harriet, would hardly do to make a lawyer of, or even a bachelor lawyer's *valet de chambre*. What then was to be done with her? Before I knew anything of it, she had accepted a situation in the family of a very respectable widow lady of the village. This I objected to very decidedly, and, claiming her by right of discovery, insisted upon her being placed under my guardianship.

At length I succeeded, though not without difficulty, in bringing her over to my own plan, which was to send her to a female seminary, to receive an education. She went, remained nearly four years, and then returned to Springville, as magnificent a specimen of womankind as ever came from the hand of the Almighty Architect since it presented to Adam his rib-wrought bride.

The vague interest which had been excited in my bosom in the streets of Baltimore, went on gradually but steadily increasing, till it ended at last in making that Baltimore boy my wife. This result, as may be supposed, was not brought about without opposition, and plenty of it. My relatives unanimously opposed the match, and predicted that the day was not far distant when I would bitterly rue my ill-judged marriage.

"A vagabond from the streets!—a foundling, but old enough to be steeped in wickedness!—a

waif from the refuse of the very headquarters of rowdyism!—surely the man must be demented!” Such was the tenor of the remarks which buzzed about on every side of me. I took no notice of them, and seeing that it was so, people soon found other things to talk about.

Three months passed rapidly away, and at the end of them, I found myself more in love with Harry than ever. But a single circumstance, or rather set of circumstances, had in any way ruffled the quiet of our happy home life.

When I commenced housekeeping, I made up my domestic establishment entirely of servants who had lived with my deceased mother. There was a negro woman, who was our cook; her daughter, a girl about twelve years of age; and a mulatto woman, who was an immediate attendant. The two women had always borne excellent characters, and the girl too, as far as we knew anything about her. The mulatto, Molly, had been highly prized by my mother, who had been in the habit of placing unlimited confidence in her. She had also assisted in nursing me, when I was an infant.

Such being the composition of our household, it will not be thought strange that I was very much annoyed by the occurrence which I am about to notice. On several occasions, small sums of money, most of them single gold pieces, had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and had never since been heard of. In most instances, they had been taken from my pockets during the night.

At first, I thought that the little black girl, Patty, must be the culprit. After the thefts had been repeated four or five times, I accused her, and exercised all my ingenuity in endeavoring to get a confession from her; but in vain. She vehemently protested her innocence, nor could I discover anything like prevarication or consciousness of guilt about her. I eventually came to the conclusion that she was either innocent, or the most consummate young hypocrite I ever saw.

While the poor girl was in the very height of her tribulation on the subject, a half sovereign, which I happened to have, suddenly disappeared. It was in my writing-desk, which I had accidentally left open. I noticed it about noon one day, and the next morning I observed that it was gone. It was impossible that the little girl could have done this, and I was most reluctantly compelled to believe that it was Molly. Since Patty first incurred our suspicion, she had been carefully excluded from our chamber, to which no one of the servants had since had access but Molly. Who else, then, could have had an opportunity to commit the crime?

The conclusion seemed unavoidable, but the very idea of such a thing was abhorrent to me. Molly was a long-tried, faithful servant, and this sudden lapse of honesty was wholly inexplicable. My wife seemed fully assured of her guilt; but then she had known her but a short time, comparatively, and could not of course have my feelings on the subject.

While I was hoping against hope that something might turn up which would exonerate Molly, a new incident occurred, which forced me to abandon all idea of any theory compatible with her innocence. I had received from a friend a jewel, which was chiefly valuable as a curiosity. It had been found in an Egyptian tomb. Though I valued it very highly, my constitutional carelessness had permitted it to remain in one of my pockets several days. My wife found it there, and put it under a cup of Sevres porcelain, turned bottom upward, on the mantel piece; intending to hand it to me as soon as I came in. She forgot it, however, as I had done, and left it there. Such is the account of the matter which she gave me.

Next morning, after breakfast, I remembered the gem, found it had disappeared from my pocket, and asked Harriet if she knew anything of it. She went to the mantel, raised the cup, and found that the jewel had disappeared. Molly had seen her place it there, and no one but Molly had had access to the room since. It could not get away without hands, and the conclusion that she had taken it was unavoidable.

Under the circumstances, my wife naturally wished to get rid of Molly, and I was obliged to acquiesce. It would hardly be believed how much this step cost me. If the woman had been a near relative, the affair could hardly have grieved me more than it did. She had been an humble friend, rather than a servant to my mother, for many years; and during all that time, her character had been truly irreproachable. The sudden growth, too, of this thievish propensity filled me with perplexity. It was wholly unaccountable. If explicable at all, I supposed that it was most rational to refer it to that vigorous and sometimes morbid development of acquisitiveness which is so often known to take place with increase of years.

We made an excuse to send Molly away. I could not bear to tell her the truth. She was greatly astonished, but did not seem to have any idea of the real state of the case. My wife thought this was a bad sign. Knowing that she was guilty, she must of course know why she was sent away; and to pretend not to know it, certainly argued a great deal of hypocrisy on

her part. All very true, but still I could not more than half believe poor Molly to be guilty.

In Molly's place, we hired a girl who was well known in the village, and who had always borne an excellent character. She was assiduous in her duties, and gave us great satisfaction. Excessive, therefore, was our surprise and chagrin when, about ten days after she came, another theft was committed, which it did not seem possible to trace to any one but her.

The circumstances were these: A friend of mine, who was about starting for Europe, had entrusted to my care a very beautiful gold pencil, which he had purchased as a keepsake for his sister, who lived in Springville, but was at that time on a visit to an aunt in the West, whence she did not expect to return till some time after her brother's departure. The pencil was therefore handed to me, to be delivered to the young lady as soon as she appeared in Springville.

On the evening of the day on which I had received the trinket, I showed it to Harriet. She admired it exceedingly, and I told her, playfully, to take charge of it and keep it till it was wanted. She took it, declaring that it would be a pleasure to possess such a beauty, even for a day or two. I thought no more about the thing, till the sister's arrival in Springville, which took place somewhat sooner than we had anticipated. The day after she came, I called upon my wife for the pencil. She said she had deposited it in one of the recesses of her work-box. The box, which she had neglected to lock, was examined, and the pencil was not there!

This, of course, annoyed me much more than any of our previous losses. Indeed, it vexed me excessively; and the more so because, in addition to its being a keepsake, and therefore not to be replaced, I found it impossible even to get another of the same pattern. And then the mystery, the strangeness of the thing, was equally vexatious. It seemed almost as if there must be an atmosphere of roguery about the house—as if every servant who came to the place was fore-ordained to be a thief. A petit-larceny epidemic seemed actually to pervade the premises.

The new servant was dismissed, without, however, making any accusation against her. It seemed plain enough that no one but she could have done the deed, but to convict her of it was perhaps impossible. I purchased another gold pencil, and gave it to the young lady—a more valuable one, as to mere cost, but not a proper equivalent for the lost one, nevertheless.

Another servant was engaged, a white woman of the best character, and everything went well

for four or five weeks. I had tried to be careful of my money and valuables, but I had never been accustomed to being suspicious of servants, and I succeeded but very imperfectly.

One day, after changing my dress, I handed to the new servant a pair of pants, and directed her to put them in the wardrobe. The next day, I remembered that I had left a twenty-dollar note in one of the pockets of the same pantaloons. I went immediately to the wardrobe, with the intention of removing it, and found it gone!

Was the house bewitched? I naturally began to be half-inclined to think so. This woman was past middle age, and no breath of suspicion had ever fallen upon her character before she entered our ill-starred mansion. But she must have taken the money, for no one else had access to it.

About a week later, a ten-dollar gold piece vanished in the same mysterious manner. My wife and I then held a council on the subject, and it was determined to send this one adrift also—though where to find a servant who was not a thief, or at least one who would not become so, as soon as she entered our house, was a problem which neither of us felt competent to solve. But the labyrinth of mystery was not yet complete. For two weeks, we were unable to procure any servant. One night, during that period, Harriet and I went to a party. The next morning a diamond breast-pin, of considerable value, had disappeared from my shirt-bosom. The garment had lain on the back of a chair. The door of our chamber, which was on the second story, was locked, and there was no possible means of getting into the room without the commission of an exceedingly noisy burglary.

And yet the brilliant was gone. And it was neither Molly nor either of the other servants who had stolen it. And if innocent in this instance, was it not highly probable that they had been equally so in the previous ones? This reflection was a pleasant one; but the question that remained—who then did do it?—was anything but an agreeable one.

I did very little business that day. To live in an enchanted house, where your valuables were at any moment liable to take wings and fly away, leaving not the smallest trace of the mode or manner of the abduction, was far worse than a Barmecide feast, or a Sancho Panzian banquet.

But finding that I could think of no explanation, I shut up my office and started for a walk. Hardly had I crossed the threshold, when an idea struck me, not only with the rapidity, but also with the scathing fury of the lightning's flash. *It must have been my wife who purloined those articles!*

Rooted to the spot, as if a thunderbolt had really struck me, I groaned with agony such as no mere words can give the faintest idea of. Dark thoughts of self-murder, even, swept across the chaos of my maddening brain; for, from the first instant that the idea occurred to me, I entertained not a doubt of its correctness, entertained not a doubt that the wife of my bosom, whom I believed to be as pure as an angel from heaven, and in whom every hope of happiness I had was centered, was—a *thief!*—gracious God!—a *thief!* tarnished—cankered—gangrened in heart by the foul poison imbibed in those sinks of perdition, the lanes, alleys and by-ways of Baltimore!

With the unbounded confidence I felt, it was not strange, perhaps, that no thought of such a thing ever crossed my mind before. But the moment the suspicion presented itself, the facts were so convincing that I could hardly entertain a doubt of the terrible truth.

All that day I wandered to and fro, my mind tossing in rudderless confusion upon a sea of agony. It was late at night before I reached home. My wife was waiting for me. I told her I was unwell and went immediately to bed. Her tender inquiries and caresses were so many barbed arrows thrust into the festering wounds of my heart. She had no suspicion, however, of anything wrong, any more than I had told her.

In the circumstances in which I was placed, the very idea of sleep was a mockery. Harriet was slumbering tranquilly, while I lay quiet too; the quietude of blank despair. How little did I know, before that day, what capabilities of suffering, what awful depths of anguish lay yet unfathomed at the bottom of my heart! And O, what depths too of hypocrisy, and deceit, and wickedness, must lie within that lovely bosom by my side! What despicable meanness to permit those poor servants to suffer for her crimes, which had not even the miserable excuse of poverty to palliate them.

While I lay thus marking the weary watches of the night with feverish heart-throbs of misery, I suddenly perceived that Harriet was making a stealthy movement, as if about to rise. The moon shone brightly into the windows. I lay perfectly motionless, watching closely. Very slowly and softly she issued from the bed and stood upright on the floor. My heart throbbed tumultuously, for I was intensely anxious to see what she meant to do. I knew that most of the thefts must have been committed at a late hour of the night, while I was asleep, as she supposed I was now.

After pausing a moment, as if in hesitation, Harriet went softly to the pocket on the wall, in

which my watch usually hung, took it out, and walked noiselessly to her own dressing-table. Though her back was towards me, the moonlight now shone full upon her, and I could see every movement she made. She had a very elaborately constructed work-box, which she had left lying upon the table, in which was a secret recess, very ingeniously concealed. This had been shown and explained to her by the person who gave her the box, but she had often told me that she forgot all about it, almost immediately afterwards, and had never again been able to find it.

I now saw her open the box, with an assured hand, and disclose what I knew must be the secret cavity in which she was about to deposit the watch. Greatly excited, I too slipped out of bed, and approached her, so cautiously as not to be heard. I drew quite near, and with bitter shame, indignation and amazement, I recognized, in the recess, every article that had so mysteriously disappeared! Now careless whether she should hear me or not, I advanced till I could see her features distinctly, in the bright moonlight. I gazed at them, intently; and then, if a third person had been present, he undoubtedly would have believed me to have been suddenly struck with madness. I laughed, I clapped my hands, I danced, I leaped in the high air, I sang, I shouted I actually raved in fact, and for the moment was little better than a maniac; for at that moment I had discovered that my wife was *sound asleep*, and wholly unconscious of what she was doing!

Poor Harry! My outrageous mirth almost frightened her to death, upon her sudden awaking. But the instantaneous revolution from the lowest abyss of woe, to the highest pinnacle of joy, was more than I could bear. The extravagance which I have described was the effervescence thus produced.

From her infancy, Harriet had been a sleep-walker; and she had done some queer things before; but that she had unconsciously and in her sleep secreted the missing articles, never occurred either to me or to her. They were generally things which she had noticed and admired, and by some vagary of the imagination she was induced to carry them off in her sleep. In her sleep, too, as not unfrequently happens, she had succeeded in doing what she had attempted in vain in her waking moments—that is, she found the secret cavity of the work-box, and there kept the hoard of which she was of course utterly ignorant while she was awake. It was a curious case, but by no means without a parallel in the history of somnambulism.

—————  
We disjoint the mind like the body.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

BY E. BOLLING ROCKBRIDGE.

The rolling of the drum is heard,  
And note of screeching fife;  
The neigh and snort of restless steed.  
Impatient for the strife.

The soldier listens to the call,  
His heart throbs wild with glee;  
His face is covered o'er with smiles,  
Like sunlight on the sea.

In haste he starts, but soon returns  
And clasps his sweetheart's hand,  
And murmurs low, "Adieu, my love,  
I hear my forming band!

"I ne'er again, my own true love,  
May meet thee in this life;  
Some leaden ball may pierce my heart,  
In yon approaching strife.

"I must away to where grim Death  
Strides mighty legions through;  
But e'er will I remember well  
The kiss received from you."

In loving kiss their full lips met—  
The soldier then withdrew,  
And mounting his impatient steed,  
He turned and said, "Adieu!"

He swung his hat high in the air,  
A backward glance he threw,  
And saw his love stand near the gate,  
And wave to him "Adieu!"

The battle fought was long and fierce,  
The earth with gore was red;  
And stalwart men and noble steeds  
Throughout the field lay dead.

The soldier fought with giant strength  
Until the fight was o'er,  
Then sought his love with eagle-speed,  
From her to part no more.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RECONCILIATION.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"Two walks in one night, with two different ladies!" whispered a hoarse voice in the ear of Harry Graves, as he, with a very lovely young lady, crossed the broad flag that covered Linton's Brook as a bridge. "What will pretty Elinor Anderson say to a rival?"

The words caught the ear of the young lady, and half frightened and half angry, she looked to Harry to explain.

"Don't mind what that puppy says!" said

Harry. "I am not even acquainted with the person of whom he spoke."

The anxious look which he had seen on the face of his companion, as she turned it towards him in the moonlight, disappeared instantly. She pressed his arm in her old, confiding way, as she stole another glance tenderly upward. Harry's face was a little clouded, but she had a woman's faith in him, and it would take more than a passing jest from a person like Daniel Foster, to destroy her confidence.

But as they proceeded on, Harry assumed an unusually lively and almost boisterous manner that excited some little uneasiness, because she saw that it was forced; and, at that moment, she would have given worlds to know who Elinor Anderson and the other lady were, or whether, indeed, there were such beings, whom Harry Graves knew.

For more than six months, Harry Graves had spoken words of love and tenderness to Lucy Ashville; and, until this evening, no thought had crossed her mind that he could have ever cared for any other. She knew that the connection had never been a pleasant thing to her father, and that her mother was even violently opposed; but her word was given, and she looked upon herself already as Harry's wife.

From that night, however, her peace was troubled. Daniel Foster was a wild, reckless fellow, who had once aspired to her love; and failing that, he had plunged into dissipation and excess. When he knew that Harry Graves was favored by her, he tried every means to separate them, and was the chief instigator of that dislike Mr. and Mrs. Ashville had conceived to Harry.

It so happened that Lucy was sent for, in a few days, to watch beside the sick bed of a cousin whom she loved very much, and who, nervously feeling herself near death, wished Lucy to remain with her as long as she should live. This request was too sacred to be disobeyed; and Lucy, after taking leave of Harry, set out for Oak Grove, where her cousin lived.

The latter was a young married lady, whose husband was absent at sea; and she had failed, gradually, from the moment of his departure. She welcomed Lucy to her sick room, with many apologies for being so selfish; but she would not listen to them.

"I am come to make you well, dear Fanny," she said, "and you do not know what a good nurse I am."

"But will not Harry object to having you shut up here with me?"

"Harry will never influence me to forego my duty," said Lucy; and there the matter ended.

Harry had agreed to come over once a week, as the distance was only a few miles, and Lucy felt that she should be repaid for all the separation, by that one visit.

She read, or talked, or waited on her cousin with a cheerful willingness that almost seemed to prove her assertion true, that she was going to make her well. Indeed, such was her influence upon the invalid, whose loneliness had greatly aggravated her illness, that she actually came down stairs the second week of Lucy's stay.

Harry wrote that he had been vexatiously detained from performing his promise, but would be with her soon; and Lucy, though she was disappointed, would not own it, but was outwardly as serene as ever.

She had gone out to walk, one afternoon, while a friend was sitting with Fanny, and in the very next street she encountered Daniel Foster. He was the last person she wished to see, but she could not help returning his friendly greeting. He turned and walked with her. She was annoyed, but she saw no way to shake off his presence, and he accompanied her home. There was no alternative but to be polite to him, for Fanny, thinking him a friend of Lucy's, invited him to stay to tea. Oddly enough, Harry came that very night; and Lucy had the mortification of showing him to the room where Daniel Foster sat with all his usually assured and confident manner.

She had no opportunity of expressing to Harry what she felt; and through the evening, after Fanny had retired, she was obliged to remain with both, inwardly quaking with fear lest Harry should blame her. She saw his eye fixed steadily upon her, at every word she uttered to her other guest; and it confused and distressed her. She was thankful when he said:

"Come, Foster—this is a house of sickness, and we had better leave early!"

Not a word had she found time to say to Harry; and to crown her mortification, he was going back to town without seeing her again.

To Fanny, she dared not impart her feelings, lest it should make her ill; and her night was sleepless and distressed. This was the second cloud which Daniel Foster had thrown over her happiness, and it seemed as if he was doomed to be her bane.

He had sped another arrow, it seemed. Harry wrote to her in terms that showed her that the other had boasted of waiting on her home; and remembering well that Harry had resented the words that were spoken on the bridge, she felt that he ought to disbelieve Foster's statement now. Full of this feeling, she was too proud to ex-

plain, and Harry's note remained unanswered several days—leaving him to put what construction upon it that he chose to do.

If anything could have disturbed her more, it was not long wanting. Fanny one day received a letter which she said was from a very dear friend—an old schoolmate. She wept and laughed by turns, in reading it, and then put it in Lucy's hands to read also. It was a thorough girl's letter, written half comically, half pathetically, and with a good deal of romance running through its pages. It told of a conquest recently made, and of a disappointment in another affair of the heart. Lucy read on to the very last line, and then, as the name caught her eye, a terrible mist came over the words. It was signed—Elinor Anderson!

'She did not faint, nor cry out. Lucy was a brave girl, free from affectation or pretences. So she quietly folded up the letter and returned it to Fanny with scarcely a perceptible movement of the nerves, and she kept her place stoutly through the entire evening, conversing as usual with her friend. But when she retired for the night, she dwelt painfully upon the falsehood which she believed Harry had told her, and the sleepless night bore witness to the heart-ache which she endured.

The conquest of which the girl boasted was, undoubtedly, Harry Graves—and what an unwomanly being she must be, to exult in it! So, too, with the disappointment which she related with such pathos. How could a delicate woman relate such an experience? And how could Harry like such a woman?

Before morning, she had decided to break through her connection with him. She did not know that at home Harry was passing just such a night, in consequence of Daniel Foster's misstatements, and half resolving to give her up now and forever.

One trouble seldom comes alone, and Lucy was suddenly summoned home to her mother. A few trying hours she watched by her bed, and then she was motherless. In the short intervals of pain, Mrs. Ashville signified her sorrow that she had attempted to oppose her engagement to Harry, and that she now had full consent to marry him. Vain consent! thought Lucy; and coming too late!

Mr. Ashville was stupefied with grief at this sudden removal; and Lucy devoted her whole energies to comfort and console him. Harry did not come near her, and she heard, casually, that he was from home. Occupied with another sorrow, she did not feel this so keenly as she would some months before; but still she could

not help thinking that, had the trouble belched to him, she could not have rested until she had wept with him.

And, listening to a tale of falsehood, he had left her to bear it alone. And yet was she not cherishing the same feelings in regard to Elinor Anderson? At the thought of that name, she seemed to lose her courage and strength to bear what was coming upon her.

The next news was, that Harry Graves was going away to a distant country. Going away, perhaps forever—and not a single word spoken! Lucy was sick at heart.

Daniel Foster presented himself at the door, daily. He was never admitted, but still he came. To let any one but the dearest of friends look upon her father in his present crushed and miserable state, would have been deemed sacrilege by Lucy. Until this mood passed away, she would watch and tend him alone. And indeed—poor girl!—it was no light task. With a low, wailing moan, like a sick child, and with feeble hands vainly trying to be at rest, and constantly moving with an aimless attempt to clasp some other hand, the poor gentleman passed day after day—his decrepitude increasing upon him, and his whole appearance as if struck by some blight.

It was agony to see him thus; and so Heaven mercifully took him. He woke up one evening, just as the moon was pouring its beams into his chamber, and with a smile on his pale face that seemed too radiant for mortals to wear, he said:

“I am going to be with her again. My beloved child—my Lucy—Harry will take care of you!”

So the two who so loved her were laid away; and the other—the only other, whom she could believe was ever attached to her, was gone. And Lucy sat down, in the stillness of her lonely and desolate house, to brood over her losses.

A few weeks she sat in darkness, and then the light that comes to all who are true to themselves, came to her. She knew that in duty alone, she could find the repose which her sick heart needed. She knew that Fanny needed her, and she wrote that, if she would have patience with her for awhile, she would devote her life to her, as long as she wished her to stay. Her answer was:

“Come, dear Lucy, and complete the cure which you commenced while here—or, better still, let me be the physician, and try to cure the heart-ache which is oppressing you. ‘Believe in God as in the sun,’ and you will have the light shining upon your darkness.”

And, shutting up the now dreary house, Lucy packed up her mournful-looking garments, and was at Oak Grove the next day.

She recovered her serenity even sooner than her cousin had hoped. The mere physical effect of the change of air and scene, and the pleasure of aiding Fanny, were favorable to her spirits. Once, she was annoyed by a call from Daniel Foster; but happily she saw him from a window time enough to make her escape, and to send him word that she did not wish to receive him.

But now Captain Cleveland was coming home, and she began to dread that she would be left again to her own dismal fancies. He wrote to Fanny that she must get well, as he had a passenger friend whom he should take home to his house, and wished to have all things pleasant and cheerful when he came. And she who, a little while before, seemed dying, was now, through Lucy's instrumentality, restored to comparative health.

“Yes, Lucy, I owe it all to you that I am alive to see George return. How can we repay you? I do not well see, unless this friend of George should prove a rival to Harry—”

“O, don't, Fanny—don't, I entreat you, ever speak of him again! His heartless desertion of me, and his faith in one who was unworthy to be believed, has completed my disenchantment.”

“And then Elinor Anderson, too! Lucy, are you not a little sensitive there?”

Lucy could not deny it; for there was a mystery connected with Harry's assurance of not knowing her, that she could not solve. Now that she knew that there was such a being as Elinor Anderson, she felt that he must have seen her. And so, while she blamed Harry for deception, she was angry with him for believing it of her. Fanny had often reproached her for this inconsistency, but without effect.

Captain Cleveland's ship was telegraphed, one windy morning in March, after a severe snow storm, in which Fanny had suffered tortures in thinking that her husband might be too near the coast for safety. Some hours passed, before two bearded and whiskered men alighted from a carriage and entered the house.

There were joyful tears and happy smiles while the stranger feigned to be examining the luggage, but in reality giving the husband and wife a meeting without witnesses; and Lucy, with the same benevolent intent, was lingering in her own room, and did not come down until she was called to dinner. The room was only half lighted when she came in, and she did not catch the name of the stranger; but as he handed her by Fanny's request to the dining-room, she perceived that his fingers trembled. She looked up to see if the new guest were ill, and the eyes that were gazing into hers seemed strangely

familiar, even in the dim light. Under the broad glare of the hall lamp, he paused and spoke her name. It was Harry!

From the time that Fanny Cleveland knew how Lucy was situated, she had been writing to her husband to find out Harry Graves in London, for thither she had casually heard that he was gone. Oddly enough, he did find him, and offered him a passage home, if, on hearing Fanny's statement, he wished to see Lucy again.

Harry was true in saying that he did not know Elinor Anderson; but he did not condescend to state that he had once known Emily, her sister, and, for a time, had been quite captivated by her beauty. Foster's perversion of the truth, in regard to his walking with any one that night, irritated him so much, that he forbore to explain any further to Lucy; and afterwards, he satisfied his conscience by thinking it would make no difference. It was all right now, however, and Daniel Foster's power of making them miserable was past. They were married; and as Elinor Anderson chanced to visit Fanny about that time, she was invited to be Lucy's bridesmaid, much to the discomfiture of the male gossip who had so troubled them.

#### AN ENGLISHMAN'S CANE.

A non-paying John Bull was arrested for debt, and taken to the prison of Clichy—the janitor at the door stripping him of his superfluities, as usual, and among other things, of his cane. To this, however, the prisoner violently objected, and for eighteen months that he was incarcerated, he gave but one sign of life or mortal desire, which was to re-possess his cane. Touched, at last, by the perseverance of his monomania, and supposing it to be only a whim, the governor commanded them to comply with his request. The cane was accordingly handed through the grating; upon which the prisoner, unscrewing the top, took out a roll of bank-notes, paid the debt with interest, and walked coolly off, his cane in his hand!—*Reynolds' Miscellany.*

#### MAN'S DESTINY.

Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, and from God and to God.—*Carlyle.*

History tells us of illustrious villains; but there never was an illustrious miser in nature.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### CONQUERED AT LAST.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

DOWN the long street comes a carriage with two beautiful gray steeds, the shining harness glittering in the sun, and the long manes of the horses tossing up and down like threads of silver light. Suddenly they stop. A child, a beautiful boy has been thrown directly under the horses' feet. A crowd gathers about them and hides them from sight, only that we can see through the swaying mass of figures a glimpse of a fair head with its golden hair dabbled with blood, and hear a woman's quick, sharp cry, as if the iron had entered into her very soul. At that cry the crowd parted right and left, for all knew that no one but a mother could have uttered that sound. Going straight through the path which they made for her with inconceivable swiftness, looking at no one, shedding no tear, but with the lips still parted with that terrible cry, she rushed up the avenue and knelt beside the child.

He lay as if dead, and she evidently thought that it was so; for she arose from her knees, and turning round where she could look at the carriage, she burst forth into a strain of the wildest and bitterest words that ever fell from mortal lips. In the carriage there sat a man, in the full vigor of life, but with hair white as snow, a lady fair and young, and a lovely little girl.

"Let me get out, Patrick," said the gentleman to the driver. "I will go to the child myself." And with a step so elastic and youthful as to contrast oddly with his white hair, he pressed through the crowd, which had closed in again after the wailing woman had gone by, and stood next to the lifeless little body. He stooped down and was about to lay his hand on the little creature's heart, when he was arrested by the same wild voice, close at his ear.

"Touch him, if you dare!" it uttered. "Lay not your hand upon the son of Owen Haviland! You murdered my husband—would you murder my child also?"

There were many tender hands held out to the stricken mother, but she heeded them not. She had fallen down in the strong tempest of her grief and was now insensible. They carried her away to revive her, and then the gentleman went up to the child, raised it in his arms, and held its white lips to his own, while the golden locks mingled with the long white hair that fell down over the little face.

"He is not dead!" he exclaimed, as he turned from the crowd and bore the child to the car-

riage, bidding the man drive home. "Home" was near by—only the next square—and they stopped at a magnificent house, into which they entered, he still bearing the child tenderly in his arms.

Hot water, warm wine, blankets, were called for, and the boy soon uttered a deep sigh. Then the blue eyes opened, and the pale lips began to assume a deeper hue, and then he feebly called for his mother.

"She will come soon," said the lady, who had not ceased for a moment to rub the paralyzed limbs, or to bathe the cold forehead, until the doctor came. He was lying on a splendid couch and with everything gorgeous around him, but his weary eyes closed upon all that grandeur, and he asked again for his mother. "Send Patrick with the coach for her, Percy," said the lady. "It would be but common charity, were he the meanest beggar's child.—Dear little fellow! See, he is not injured at all, only stunned and frightened." And she appealed to the physician, who had been quietly examining him, and who confirmed her assertion.

Half an hour elapsed, and then came the mother. She fell on her knees beside the boy, and clasped him in her arms. As if in the very fulness of content, he put his hands around her neck and dropped asleep without either uttering a word. She would not move from that position, but remained there during his long sleep—noticing no one, seeing nothing but the golden hair pillow'd on her breast, hearing nothing but his faint breathing. Once the lady came forward with some warm wine, which she begged her to take, but she would not be taken from her post, and she was deaf to their entreaties to change her posture. She had no senses, no reason, no fortitude. They had been buried where so many have found a grave, under the terrible shadow of disappointment.

When the child awoke from that long sleep, which Doctor Warrington protested against, but from which the mother obstinately refused to awaken him, she made preparations for taking him home. Mr. Haviland in vain joined his entreaties to his wife's to have him remain.

"Not another moment," said she. "If what you have done for my child is the impulse of common humanity, such as you would have done for any beggar in the street, I owe you no thanks. If you did it for Owen Haviland's child, as an expiation for the wrong you did him—why, he, alas, is not here to thank you—and as for me, my soul is too full of that wrong to have room for any other feeling now."

She said this to Mr. Haviland himself, but

turning with a more gentle tone in her voice to his wife, she added:

"For your part in this, may the child you love be spared to you." And she stooped and kissed little Dora, who had stood with tearful eyes, watching all that had been done for the boy, and sometimes holding the little pale hand in her own. Mr. Haviland approached to take the child to the carriage, but she interposed, and taking him up tenderly, she went through the hall. Drawn up beside the splendid carriage with its two beautiful grays, was a common hackney coach, and to this she carried the child.

"It is no use, Mr. Haviland," said Patrick, as he saw him advancing to place her in his own carriage, "she would not come in yours, I could not make her get in at all. She said she would sooner walk over hot irons, than be obliged to you for anything."

Mr. Haviland sighed heavily and re-entered the house. He threw himself down upon the couch where the boy had been lying, and as he held his hand over his eyes, the tears trickled through the long, thin fingers and fell upon the floor. The gentle wife knelt down beside him and wept with him tear for tear.

"This is hard for you, I know, dear Percy," she whispered, "but let it comfort you that you never deserved that woman's reproaches. We must try to forget her existence altogether, if we can hope for any peace for you. Could she have seen how this dear head was changed in a single night from its shining black, she would perhaps feel that she was not the only sufferer. And yet, how deeply she is to be pitied, I can only tell by taking home her grief in Owen's death to my own bosom. Had it been you, dearest, methinks it would have killed me at once. But hers is a stronger nature, and endures where I should have been crushed."

"True, Mary, Charlotte's nature is different from yours. Her love for Owen and her child has always been too strong to be tender. In her deepest affections there is something fierce and unnatural. But that sweet boy, Mary! how I longed to make him my own!"

Owen and Percy Haviland were twin brothers, and were attached to each other as brothers almost invariably are when the common ties of brotherhood are deepened by that mysterious relation. Their boyhood had found them inseparable, and it was with the deepest pain to both that they were obliged to separate in their youth. When the time came for them to enter upon the business of life, their father, a harsh and stern man, who kept the "Iron Rule" in his house, decided that Owen should go into the counting-

house, and that Percy should become a clerk in another mercantile establishment where Mr. Haviland also possessed a heavy interest. They were both grieved at this separation, nor did the gentle mother cease to deplore it. They were her only children; and as it had been her pride and pleasure in their childhood to deck them in the same garb, to lay them in the same cradle,

"To watch their dawn of little joys,  
To sit and watch almost their very growth,"

so now it would have been to watch the toils of their manhood, and lighten their struggles by her gentle influence.

Owen, who was kept constantly under his father's stern and unyielding control, became gradually less and less amiable, while Percy, who had been placed under the care of Mr. Murray, his mother's brother, whose temper and disposition were similar to Mrs. Haviland's, became all that his mother wished him to be. His intimacy in Mr. Murray's family resulted in his engagement to the only daughter, of whom it is enough to say that she was worthy to be the child of such a brother. The engagement met with the approval of all concerned. Even Mr. Haviland rejoiced to perceive the mutual attachment of Percy and his cousin. It appealed to his passion for wealth; and by its means the large property of Mr. Murray would be kept in the family. Mrs. Haviland, too, welcomed the gentle Mary to her heart, and rejoiced at the prospect of happiness to her beloved Percy.

Conscious as she was of the untoward influence of her husband's temper upon Owen, she ventured to hint that the brothers might again be together under the care of Mr. Murray. But Mr. Haviland treated the proposition with an asperity that effectually prevented her from repeating it. Things were in this state when the mother's anxiety was increased by hearing that he had become attached to Charlotte Melvin, a young actress, who was just then in her first season before the public. Report said justly that the life and character of Miss Melvin were in the highest degree correct, and her manners all that the most refined could desire—that her parents being utterly reduced in their circumstances, she had flown to the stage as a means of support to them and herself, and that she was constantly attended to the theatre by her father, whose feeble health barely even allowed this exercise. Still the mother's heart was severely tried by the confirmation of the fact that her son was engaged to the young girl, and Mr. Haviland's temper knew no bounds. He thought of nothing but the poverty. He would have welcomed the daughter of a South Sea Islander, had she brought wealth to

his family, and already he had formed plans for the marriage of his son to the only child of a rich merchant with whom he had business relations. The contest between Owen and his father was fierce and bitter. Terrible words were spoken on both sides. And Mrs. Haviland, sick at heart and trembling with terror in the next room, heard it all without daring to enter.

Four months after this scene—which, however, was never renewed—Mr. Haviland died, and then the consequences of his anger were revealed. His will gave the entire property to Percy, and left his widow entirely dependent upon him for support, cutting off Owen with the poor shilling which the majesty of the law demands. On the very night of the funeral, which in spite of his mother's prayers and Percy's entreaties, he refused to attend, he went to the theatre, and on his return from thence he was married to Charlotte Melvin. This marriage proved, at least, that the young girl was actuated by no mercenary feelings, and such was her devotion to Owen, that she would willingly have continued on the stage, had he allowed her to do so. On his part, he generously offered to support her parents from his own salary. He had found no difficulty in procuring a lucrative situation, for every one knew his uncommon business talent, and eagerly sought his services. In vain Percy implored him to accept his share of his father's wealth. He would not listen to him, and even had he yielded, Charlotte's temper would not have submitted to it.

"No," she would say, "tell your proud brother that you will never accept as a gift from him what is yours by right. Not if I were starving, would I touch a penny of that wealth of which you have been defrauded."

Percy sighed heavily, when this and similar words found their way to his ear. He would not repeat them to his mother, whose gentle spirit soon gave way under the grief which had so repeatedly assailed her. Her last words were addressed to Owen, who could not resist her entreaties for him to visit her dying bedside.

Hither also he brought his young wife, and the two knelt by her side, and received her parting blessing; but when the door opened and Percy came in, rejoicing at the sight, and feeling that all would now be restored to harmony between him and his brother, Owen rose with his old look of proud resentment, and hurried Charlotte from the room. In vain Percy tried to detain them; in vain the mother lifted her dying voice. Once Owen faltered upon the threshold, but Charlotte's hand was upon his arm, and he withdrew with her.

It was not in nature to suppose that Owen's heart had not experienced some struggle with itself, before he could act thus. Many bitter hours had been passed, in which he almost resolved to go to his brother, whom he sometimes thought was innocent of any attempt to influence his father's will, and once more renew their fraternal affection. But again, the bitterness of feeling would arise, and he thought death itself would be preferable to dependence upon Percy in any shape. To his distorted vision, any concession to his brother, might be construed as a desire to share his father's inheritance.

And now the unhappy man began to show symptoms of aberration of mind so strongly as to be unmistakable. After the death of his mother, he neglected business altogether, and would wander away for hours—sometimes in the deep woods, sometimes by the seashore. With all the affection which Percy still retained for him, he would follow and entreat him to return; to partake of his wealth, to come to his home, where Mary now filled his mother's place, and where Charlotte and her parents should be welcomed with rapture, if by their means his brother's heart should grow again to his own. And Mary—she would have sacrificed all their wealth, if by so doing she could have taken the deep pain from Percy's affectionate heart.

One day Percy had followed Owen to the woods, where he found him in a sullen and despairing mood indeed. He addressed him by every endearing word, and thought that he could perceive some token of relenting. He took his arm and drew him on towards home. Suddenly the unhappy man picked a heavy branch that had fallen from a tree, and struck Percy a violent blow. He was in the act of repeating it, when, in the attempt to wrest it from his hand, it flew up and struck Owen upon the forehead with great violence.

Percy saw that it was a terrible blow, and tried with all his remaining strength to stop the blood which flowed from Owen's wound. Some woodcutters near, had beheld the scene and hastened to the spot; but before they arrived, both brothers were insensible, one from loss of blood, and the other from fear lest he had destroyed the life which he would have died to save. The men formed a litter, in which they bore them to the nearest place where they could obtain aid; and when both had revived, Percy entreated them to carry them still farther to his own home. It was a terrible sight to Mary; but she mastered her own feelings, and only thought of Charlotte, for whom she sent a carriage immediately. Unknowing whither she was going, she entered it,

and there found Mr. Murray, who unfolded to her the events of the morning.

He expected a tragic scene, but she sat calm and subdued under the real grief, far more composed than she had often seemed under fancied ones. She did not speak, but a strange shudder revealed her emotion as she entered Percy's house. Mary was at the door, but she thrust her aside, and told Murray to lead her to Owen. Her husband uttered but a few words, among which were an assurance that Percy was not to blame, an entreaty that she would allow his brother to provide for her as he wished, and a blessing upon her and her child. He pressed Percy's hand, glancing sorrowfully at the wound which he had given him, and all was over.

Percy mourned for him bitterly, and still his sorrow was not self-accusing; for he had tried every way to reconcile his brother. It was hard for him to reflect upon his father who had brought all this about; but he could not always think of him without blame.

Charlotte was obdurate. She would not be won over, even to accept anything for her child; and they were finally obliged to let her take her own way. Again she resorted to the stage; and that so successfully, that at the period at which the little Owen had been thrown down by his his uncle's horses, eight years after the death of her husband, she had retired to private life. Her parents had both died, and she lived alone with her child. For him, she had grown avaricious; saving every penny to lay by for his fortune, and almost denying to herself the necessaries of life, while she yet spared nothing to minister to his comfort or pleasure.

No child was ever more beautiful than little Owen Haviland. The blue eyes and golden locks, and still more, the expression of his sweet face, were like an angel's. Whatever might have been his parents' faults, they were not transmitted to the child, who possessed at once, the gentleness of his grandmother, and the beauty and grace which really distinguished his mother.

No wonder that Percy Haviland should desire this child for his own. For his own feeble and fragile little girl, life seemed hardly desirable, borne as it was through pain and suffering—but this boy, so full of beauty and strength, so lovely in his disposition—Percy would have gladly taken him to his heart, and bestowed upon him the measureless affection which he once bore to the child's father.

In one way, Charlotte had been wise and prudent; she had not taught the child to hate Percy. Some feeling had caused her to keep back the story of his father's death from him, and he

knew not that the kind man who stopped his beautiful gray horses so often to speak kindly to him, was his uncle. Percy did not dare to offer him the gifts which he longed to shower upon the boy, lest even these brief interviews should be interdicted by the mother. But since the time of the child's accident, a change had gradually come over Charlotte. Her boy had seemed so near to death, and Percy's conduct towards her had been so forbearing when she had accused him of murder, so full of tenderness to little Owen, even when she was most abusive, that her heart smote her. That night when she watched over the child's rosy slumber, and shuddered to think how deep that slumber might have been, a better feeling stole into her soul, and bade her think less harshly of Percy Haviland.

She thought too of Mary's pitying looks, and still more of little Dora's pallid and frightened face, and of the care and attention which she now remembered they were bestowing upon her child, while she was insensible to his danger; and she grew softer and more gentle under the influence of these thoughts. And when in the morning, little Owen begged to go and thank the gentleman for his kindness—she had never told him that Percy was his uncle—she raised no objection, and only felt a little natural pride that he could show his relative that he knew what belonged to etiquette.

She was miserable, however, until he came back; for her morbid imagination almost told her that Percy would detain him as his own; and when he did return, and describe his reception there, she felt a pang of jealousy at his evident admiration for the whole family. But she overcame it enough to tell him that the gentleman was his father's brother; and that piece of intelligence was sufficient to make the boy happy through the day.

Another reason perhaps influenced her. Charlotte's health had been for some time failing. Her efforts upon the stage, joined to the terrible excitements which she had experienced, had weakened her system. She had begun to think of death—first as far off, and then as nearer and still nearer. She had accumulated and saved for her child, but, in event of her death, who would take care of him or his fortune? She had not made friends; and she knew no one who would come forward, for her sake, to shield Owen from harm.

The shock of the previous day had acted fearfully upon her weakened frame, and she almost felt herself dying. To whom could her child flee, if she should be taken from him? Soothed, subdued, and terrified by the fear of death, she re-

membered in this hour, her husband's dying words; it was not strange that her thoughts should revert to Percy Haviland—he of whom all spoke in praise—he who was so truly upright that every one loved and honored him; he who had returned her accusations with a patient kindness, seeking no retaliation, except the good which he bestowed upon her child.

Then came the image of his wife as she stood over the boy, watching him with tearful eyes, while she, in her rash madness, had snatched him from all their loving cares; and conscious and self-condemned, struggling between the old pride and the new sense of the wrong she had done, she took her child's hand, and led him to the very door from which she had last turned with such bitter scorn. As she stood in their presence, while they could scarcely believe who was their strange visitor, she unfolded her errand, and asked them if they would take her little Owen, when she should have passed away.

O, the untold joy of that hour, to Percy, and the untold grief also! The deep sense of satisfaction at this voluntary tribute to his innocence, and the deep sorrow that his brother had not lived to see this wrong done away at last! He could not speak, but he kept gently pressing Charlotte's hand, and clasping the boy tenderly to his heart. Mary saw that his heart was full, and she was the first to break the fearful silence:

"You are not going to die, Charlotte," she said, "you shall stay with us, and we will nurse you so tenderly. You are only sad and nervous, living so much alone. Stay, and Owen shall have two mothers; and poor little Dora, too; she will be so happy to have a brother!"

The strong will was bowed by this evidently heartfelt kindness. She sat down by Mary, who was struck for the first time, with Charlotte's surpassing beauty. Hitherto, she had never seen her face without its passionate expression. Now it was softer and sweeter.

Mary's words were true. Charlotte needed kindness, sympathy and good nursing. The new atmosphere into which she came refreshed and renewed her, and the happiness of her child imparted itself to her heart also. Owen clung to his uncle with all the fondness which he could have bestowed upon a father, and Dora's little pale face brightened up every time that he approached her.

One regret alone prevented their happiness now—and where is the home over which hangs no single cloud? A few years more, and the little Dora, outgrowing her feeble childhood, has ripened into a beautiful woman—at least Owen thinks so, for she is now his wife.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SONG OF A WINTER NIGHT.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

Hide, hide thy face from me!  
It shows thee glad.  
Shall I thy smiling see  
When I am sad?  
Hark to the wild waves' roar,  
Down by the lonely shore,  
Chanting their dirge, who part  
To meet no more!

Hush, hush thy gladness song!  
It gives me pain;  
No more, no more prolong  
That glad refrain.  
Ships are at sea to-night,  
Winging their fated flight,  
To rock-bound shores of death,  
With horrors dight!

Turn, turn from me thine eyes!  
They speak of mirth;  
Better to deck with sighs  
And tears our hearth!  
List to the wild waves' roar,  
Down by the lonely shore,  
Where lie the fair and brave,  
And smile no more!

[ORIGINAL.]

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Dry up those gushing tears, dear Ethel," said Kate Churchill, to her friend, as she sat by a window overlooking the broad ocean.

Ethel glanced at her deep mourning dress, where the tears were still visible in the crape folds on which they had dropped, and looked up into Kate's face with a mute appeal for sympathy.

"I know what you would say, Ethel," continued Kate; "you think me almost cruel for urging you to moderate your grief. Believe me, it is not cruelty but kindness that prompts me to do so. There is no cure for grief and sorrow like exertion. It is painful for me to remind you that there is a necessity on your part for making some effort for the future; but it will come with a better grace from me, who have toiled so long for a subsistence, than from those who shared your prosperous life. When once your mind is occupied, you will find it easier to bear this affliction; and, believe me, there is no sorrow that will not be lightened by strong, active, healthful labor."

"I do not shrink from labor, Kate, but I do

shrink from meeting the eyes of those who have fluttered around me in my days of prosperity, but who will look with contempt upon Ethel Shirley when she is poor and dependent.

"And do you care for such false friends as those, Ethel?" said Kate; "because, if you cannot overcome this fear, depend upon it, you will have trouble enough to encounter. I have long ago learned that such friends were not worth having."

Those who saw Kate Churchill's firm and independent step, as she went forth each morning to her daily task, could well believe that these might be her true sentiments. She had been thrown upon her own resources long before she was as old as Ethel now was; and in addition to this, she had a young sister who was wholly dependent on her for support.

While the friends were there sitting together, a letter was brought for Ethel. It contained a cold and formal invitation from the sister of her mother to pass the winter in her family—adding, that in that time she would be able to look about for some situation in which she could maintain herself. This letter did more good towards rousing her from her grief than all Kate's entreaties.

"And this is the woman, Kate, whom my father brought up as a child—whose home in his family was made luxurious and easy—who never knew a want or privation, and on whom my father bestowed a rich marriage portion! Now she thinks to cancel the debt, by offering to his child the shelter of her house for a few months!"

"I am glad you have received this letter, Ethel; it will do you more good than all I can say. I may seem rough and harsh, but I tell you to go to work and make yourself independent of these lukewarm friends. Come and share my humble home with me, Ethel—it is not what you have been accustomed to, and you will miss many luxuries; but you will find warm hearts and willing hands—and when you have roused yourself from this grief, the transition from our home to the scene of your labors will be less trying to your feelings than one more magnificent."

"Will you indeed allow me to come?" said Ethel. "Nothing could make me happier than to be with you, Kate—to borrow, if I can, some portion of that strong, determined purpose, which I fear it will take me so long to attain. Yes, let me come to you, and I will try to prove my gratitude by exerting myself even as you do."

The home to which Kate had now invited her friend, was an humble one, as she had said. Here dwelt Kate's little sister and a widowed

·aunt of the two girls, who superintended their domestic affairs, while Kate pursued her daily occupation of teaching.

Ethel came to them that very evening, and was duly installed in their only spare chamber, in which, however, they had contrived all the comforts which their means would permit.

Ethel Shirley's history was not an uncommon one. She had been brought up in a style of splendor and magnificence which her father's means did not warrant. She was an only child, and he had built high hopes upon her making a most unexceptionable match. Ethel's delicate and unsuspicious mind, however, had never lent itself to her father's ambitious schemes. Indeed, it would have been difficult to make her believe that such an idea ever entered his thoughts. Had she dreamed of it, it would have embarrassed her in her intercourse with many of her gentleman friends, for whom she entertained a sincere regard. Mr. Shirley died before his schemes could be accomplished, and after his decease, his reputed wealth had melted—first, into a mere competency for his wife and daughter, and then into utter and irremediable poverty. His wife sunk beneath the shock, and it was a matter of curious speculation among the pretended friends of the family, to note the difference between the magnificence of Mr. Shirley's funeral, as it issued from the door of his princely dwelling, and the cheaper and humbler one of his widow, as it came from the small house she had occupied since his death by the sufferance of the creditors.

Ethel's heart was almost broken by her mother's death. Nothing in the whole rushing tide of their misfortunes had affected her like this; and had it not been for Kate Churchill, she must have sunk powerless beneath her sorrows. But Kate was an old and tried friend, whose poverty had never separated her from the hearts of Mrs. Shirley and her daughter; and it was she who had closed the eyes of the dying woman, and was now administering strength and consolation to her afflicted child.

"How I wish you could stay at home with us, sister Kate," said little Isabella, the next morning after Ethel had taken up her abode with them. Aunt Manning eagerly joined in the wish, and Ethel, whose tearful eyes had become more tearful while Kate was preparing to leave them, suddenly exclaimed:

"Yes, stay at home, Kate—bring your school home—turn it into a seminary for young ladies, and I will be your music and drawing teacher, and between us we can educate Isabella."

"It is a bright idea, Ethel, and one by which

I should like to profit; but there are many difficulties in the way of its accomplishment—and first of all, we have not the room for such an undertaking."

Aunt Manning suggested that two large, airy apartments were now to be let adjoining their own tenement—that a great many families in their vicinity could furnish pupils, and that she herself, accustomed as she was to teaching in her youth, would gladly undertake the whole charge of the English branches.

Kate walked thoughtfully to the school that morning. Such an idea had presented itself to her mind often. The more she thought of it, the more favorable it appeared to her, and as she walked along, she resolved several plans for its accomplishment, none of which seemed to be just the right one. All school time her mind wandered from her duties, and when the clock struck twelve it was quite a relief for her to get out into the open air. On her way she met her good friend, Doctor Moreton, and in the course of the conversation, she unfolded to him her thoughts on the subject.

"The very thing, my dear Miss Churchill," said the doctor. "Depend on it, you may count on my advice and assistance—ay, upon my patronage, too. I can promise you three—peas of my own family, and my brother will I know give you two or three more. Then, among the families I visit, I have lately heard eager inquiries after just such a school as I think that you and Miss Shirley can manage so well together. Go and secure your rooms at once, and I will engage that other things will go as you would have them."

Thus encouraged, Kate hastened home, obtained the key of the rooms of her own landlord, who promised her two pupils also. She was sure of the twenty-five pupils whom she now instructed; and giving them a fortnight's vacation in order to mature her plans, she appointed them to meet her next at her new place of instruction. Ethel joined in with more spirit than Kate had even hoped for; and Aunt Manning was invaluable in her services. A woman was soon obtained to do the household work, which Isabella and her aunt had hitherto performed together, and the whole family were soon employed in fitting up the new rooms as attractively as possible. The doctor lent his kindly aid, and his wife proved a most valuable assistant; and when at length the time arrived for opening school, Kate was rejoiced to find that she was to receive nearly a hundred pupils. Kate's kindness to Ethel was already meeting its reward. Her success enabled her to pay Ethel even a

larger salary than she would have obtained in any other employment. Ethel rejoiced most of all that she was not obliged to go out of the house to her daily labor. Here she would live in almost entire seclusion, and her duties, so far from being hard, were pleasant and agreeable. She was an enthusiast in both drawing and music, and possessed a rare faculty of imparting both. Her youthful appearance inspired more confidence than the grave and dignified steadiness of Kate's manner, and the pupils had already learned to love her, while they lost none of that respect which belonged to her as a teacher.

School went steadily on for a year, in which the two friends realised all, and more than all they could desire. May had come round with its orchard blooms and building lilacs, and vacation had come at last. Mrs. Manning, Kate and Isabella had gone to visit a friend. They had unwillingly left Ethel alone, but she insisted on their doing so. It was so seldom that she had time to retrace the events of the past, that it seemed like a real luxury for her to sit down and weep over old memories. It was now just a year since the time when she was homeless and friendless. And her heart swelled with affection and reverence towards Kate, to whose strong mind and correct judgment she owed so much. Now she was independent and could rely upon her own resources. One thought came back to her mind, which for a year she had resolutely kept out of sight. Her pride and her self-respect had alike forbidden her to cherish that remembrance; but on this day of all days, it came up to her with an absorbing interest. Sometimes when our thoughts are with the absent, when perhaps we have not thought of them for a long, long time before, we suddenly meet them face to face, and it would seem that their presence was about us, even before our eyes had taken in their image.

It was thus with Ethel. She had been thinking of Horace Landon—of their last interview—of the words he had then spoken—so unmistakable in their import, so delightful for her to hear. Her tears were flowing fast, as she recalled him to her mind. While she was yet musing and weeping, she saw a gentleman tie his horse at the gate and make his way to the house. Ashamed at her tears, she would gladly have avoided him; but that was impossible, as the family were all out but herself, and hastily wiping her eyes she answered his summons at the door.

"Is Miss Shirley here?" he asked. Then hesitating a moment, he exclaimed: "Do I not see Miss Shirley herself?"

It was difficult for Ethel to recognize in the

sunburnt face and expanded figure, the once delicate features and light form of Horace Landon, and when she did, her embarrassment and confusion were such, that after several ineffectual attempts to answer him, she could only lead the way back to the room, and burst into a shower of tears. Landon stood reverently in the presence of such uncontrollable grief. He remembered the time when the young beauty, Ethel Shirley, was basking in the sunlight of fortune with crowds of admirers at her feet. He saw her now sad and subdued, but not less beautiful than before. He had yielded to an irresistible impulse to look upon her once more, to ask her forgiveness for the words he had spoken, and which had so miserably failed in their promise. He had come, he said, to look upon her once more, to ask her to forget, if she could, the wrong he had done to her heart and his own, to tell her how severely he had been punished for all the broken vows he had uttered, and that he was going away where she would probably never hear his name mentioned again. He could not leave the country, he said, without making this slight expiation of his fault, and hearing her own lips pronounce his pardon.

Ethel listened to all this, her tears arrested and dried up by the strangeness of his words. And then, with more dignity than she had ever worn in the days of her prosperity, she said:

"I needed not this explanation, Mr. Landon, to convince me that the words you spoke at our last interview, were false and unmeaning. Your conduct has sufficiently proved that. All that I regret is, that you should have thought such an explanation necessary, and that you should have forced yourself upon me at a time when I have scarcely recovered from deeper griefs than your absence has occasioned me. We will not prolong this interview, if you please, Mr. Landon. It must be painful to you, and it is certainly annoying to me."

How little had Horace Landon counted upon this cool dignity on the part of her whom in the days of her wealth he had found so soft and yielding. He was not prepared for this, but seeing that she awaited his departure, he moved towards the door. She turned away so decidedly, that he had no excuse for lingering; but when his foot was upon the threshold, he threw back upon her a look which was full of agony.

A little more than a year before, Horace Landon had aspired to the hand of the rich Ethel Shirley. Then her father was reported to be a rich millionaire, but Ethel had never dreamed that any mercenary purpose had place within his heart. At their last interview he had spoken

words of love, and begged her to allow him to ask her father's consent to their union. Her blushes alone had answered him. Landon mentally resolved that he would see Mr. Shirley and learn his fate that evening. But on leaving his own door for that purpose, he encountered a friend, who announced to him the startling news of Mr. Shirley's failure, and consequent ruin.

What could he do? It was plain to him, that he could not after this meet his engagement with Ethel, and he had not the courage to seek a second interview. His only resource was to fly, and he left the country in the short period which intervened between the news of the failure and Mr. Shirley's death. Wandering restlessly about from place to place, ashamed of his conduct towards Ethel, and purposely avoiding travellers from his own country, he had remained abroad without hearing of Mr. Shirley's death, until, miserable and unhappy, he sought once more his native place. Here he was informed of Ethel's situation, and resolved to seek her once more, and test the strength of her affection for him. Her coolness repulsed—nay, almost maddened him. Before those truthful eyes, his proud spirit quailed—and yet never had Ethel seemed half so beautiful to him as now—never had he loved her so well, as when he turned from her with the conviction that his presence was unwished for. Ethel wept no more that day. Her spirit was roused, and she seemed to grow at once into the firm and determined woman.

When Kate returned, she was conscious that Ethel had passed through some change since she left her, although she could not guess its nature. That night they sat long together, and Ethel for the first time, spoke to her of Horace Landon. They sat down with their hands clasped in each other's, and as Ethel proceeded in her story, she felt Kate clasp hers closer and still closer. It was not often that Kate Churchill displayed any emotion. She had schooled herself into a calm and collected demeanor, under which no common observer could have suspected that an inward fire lay smouldering. Beneath that surface, lay the traces of a passion which had consumed her youth, and given to her countenance the appearance of age. And he who had thus rudely broken her heart's young dream, was no other than Horace Landon.

In the days of her Aunt Manning's prosperity, when Kate was her acknowledged heiress, he had bound himself to her by promises of everlasting affection—promises which he hastened to cancel as soon as her fortunes changed. Kate Churchill the heiress, and Kate Churchill the school teacher, were two distinct persons, and Horace

Landon could not bend his mind to the change in her circumstances. The desire of being rich and great was his ruling passion, and Kate's mind and intellect, high as they were, could not console him for her want of wealth. From that time, she had steeled her heart against all other love, but down in its inmost depth, she had still cherished the fragments of that broken idol.

She gave to Ethel that night confidence for confidence, and each borrowed strength and courage from the other. This revealing of Ethel's experience was doing Kate a great good. It was unconsciously rooting out from her heart a feeling which was barring her from any future happiness; and it brought to her a new companionship in Ethel, such as she never found before. The next day was fully occupied with preparations for the journey, which they had long decided to make during the vacation. Early as it was, they intended going to the seashore—better pleased that it was not the season when the watering-places were filled with company. Isabella was delighted with the freedom which she enjoyed, and Kate and Ethel did not disdain to join her sports on the beach, while Aunt Manning sat composedly on the rocks, and wrapped in a comfortable shawl, amused herself with watching the white sails of the fishing boats.

On the last day of their stay they were busily engaged in packing, and allowed Isabella to go by herself. She was gone so long that Kate became alarmed about her, and hastily throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she ran down to the beach. She could see nothing of her sister, but far off over the wide stretch of the long beach, she saw a crowd gathered about something they saw lying on the sand. Instinctively she ran towards the group. An unutterable dread came upon her. She dashed into the crowd, and saw Isabella lying with her long hair draggled in the sand, and fragments of the brown seaweed mingled with the heavy masses of curls that lay wet and motionless on her shoulders. For a moment, Kate turned faint and sick, for even in that brief period she realized that this child was all that remained to her, and she had not strength to bear the desolateness which that thought imparted. The people made way for her, as if they guessed at once that she had a right to be there—and falling on her knees beside Isabella, she lifted up the pale, cold hand, and tried to call her by her name. The words died on her lips, for the hand fell down cold and nerveless.

Presently Kate was conscious of the presence of some person near her whose movements were different from those of the shrinking, trembling group which surrounded Isabella. She did not

notice him, however, until she heard a sweet, clear voice giving orders to have the child taken up and placed in a litter, on which some kind hand had lain a bed. Then she looked up, and a countenance such as she had seen often in her dreams, yet never met with in ordinary life, met her gaze. She looked at him earnestly, as if to see how far she could trust him to restore the life which was so dear to her. She seemed satisfied with her momentary scrutiny, and allowed him to lift the beloved head, which was lying so stiff in the tangled mass of seaweed. The litter was conveyed to a fisherman's hut, a few paces from the beach, and again, softly and tenderly, the stranger lifted the child and bore her in his own arms to the bed which the good people had prepared for her. A bright fire was burning cheerfully in the rude chimney, and hot water and other restoratives were at hand. The stranger busied himself quietly in all their preparations,—wrapped the child in warm blankets, and made various attempts to pour hot wine between her lips. At the last attempt a faint motion was seen in her throat. No one observed it but himself and Kate, and a glance of intelligence passed between them. Silently they redoubled their exertions, Kate working mechanically, but the stranger as if his whole heart and soul were bound up in her recovery. Instinctively Kate moved nearer to his side, as if there were safety only in his presence. It seemed as if she had resigned Isabella to his care, as she would to some superior being, whose power was even beyond her love for the child.

Another half hour passed, in which sighs and a faint flush on either cheek were the only signs that she still lived, and Kate began to lose the strange calmness which had taken possession of her, and to become anxious and restless. A little while longer and Isabella slept—a sleep in which her soft, regular breathings were delightful for Kate to witness. She looked at the stranger, and for the first time discovered that his clothes were dripping, and it flashed upon her for the first time that it was he who had drawn Isabella from the water. She tried to thank him—tried to beg him to go away and exchange those wet clothes for dry ones. But Kate's self-possession seemed strangely to desert her. The few words she did speak were low and indistinct. He gathered enough from them, however, to learn her wishes. And glancing down upon his wet clothes, he said :

"I will leave you for a half an hour, during which time she will probably sleep. I will then rejoin you, when undoubtedly she will be able to be conveyed home."

Isabella woke bright and clear, remembering all the incidents of her falling in the water, and trying to describe to Kate the handsome stranger who had been talking and laughing to the children on the beach. She saw him spring towards her, just as she felt herself sinking, and remembered holding out her arms towards him. After that all was a blank. While she was talking, the stranger drove up to the door in a carriage, and taking her in his arms, wrapped as she was in her blankets, and placing Kate beside her, he carried them to their temporary home at the other side of the village. Ethel and Aunt Manning were sitting composedly at their work, having scarcely missed Kate and Isabella, as they were accustomed to their long and frequent absences. Their coming roused them into bustling activity, and Kate, faint and exhausted from recent emotion, was glad to resign Isabella into such competent hands. She was now left alone with the stranger. The events of the last few hours had brought them nearer together than those of years might have done.

When they entered the house, she attempted to introduce him to her friends, but stopped short from not knowing his name. He gave it as Walter Sherwood, and described to her that on taking his customary walk upon the beach, he had come upon this little group of children—that they had recalled memories of his little brothers and sisters, now away in a distant country—that he had been chatting gaily with Isabella until a moment before her fall—that she had been talking to him of sister Kate, and that he knew her from the moment she sprang into the circle on the beach, since he knew that no other would appear toward the child as she had done.

It was now evident that they must remain here until Isabella was sufficiently recovered to return home. But Aunt Manning and Ethel determined to leave them in order to re-commence the school, while Kate remained with Isabella. Kate missed them at first, but their loss was soon supplied by the active attentions of Walter Sherwood, who came each day and held Isabella in his arms, lifted her from chair to sofa, and from sofa to bed, read to her, brought her books, pictures and flowers, for June was now opening in all its beauty, and with its usual wealth of roses, so grateful to the invalid.

Isabella had never seen any mortal yet who could compare with Mr. Sherwood. She lay on her couch sounding the praises which Kate declared she was tired of hearing; although, truth to tell, they each had an echo in her own heart. But now Isabella had recovered, and Kate could no longer conceal from herself that she was pre-

longing her stay beyond the actual necessity. On the evening preceding the day on which she intended to return, she announced that intention to Mr. Sherwood, while Isabella lay quietly sleeping in the next room. He started with evident pain.

"I was hardly prepared for this," he said, at last. "These last two weeks have flown so swiftly away, that I did not think the time so near when you would talk of parting. And why need it be parting, Kate?" he continued; "surely that is not parting, where each carries away a memory of the other. Such memory I shall bear away with me. Such memory, if there is truth in your face, you will bear for me."

Kate leaned her head upon her hand. Some such dream had found place in her waking hours, but this seemed all too sweet to be real.

"What am I to judge from your silence?" he at length asked.

"Anything—everything, except indifference," said Kate, as she looked up to him, with her whole loving, trustful soul beaming from her face.

"God bless you, Miss Churchill! You have taken a load from my heart that has been burdening it for many days. Ever since our first meeting I have thought that so good a sister could not but make as good a wife. Every interview since that, has deepened that impression, and now that you speak of separation, I know that henceforth there will be no joy in my life, unless you share it with me."

Long and earnest was the talk that evening. He told her of his family, his friends and his profession—of a disappointment, too, which had once come upon his heart, and had almost made him renounce his faith in woman—that he was only restored to his former trustfulness, when he awoke to a perception of her character. Kate could only return this confidence by relating to him her connection with Horace Landon, the loss of her parents and her subsequent struggles and success. She told him of Ethel, of her beauty and goodness, and also her misfortunes; she talked to him of the time when she was to have been her aunt's heiress, and how that sorrow which never comes alone was followed quickly by another. She reminded him that he would have three claimants upon his hospitality, beside herself, for that she could never find it in her heart to break up that quartette which had so long harmonized together. Still, she assured him neither her aunt nor Ethel would ever burden him in any pecuniary way—and as for Isabella—"

"Say no more of Isabella," he exclaimed, "she shall henceforth be my child, as she is yours. I shall never forget that she brought me this happiness, and as to the others, why, those whom

you think it right to entertain in your home before you are married, shall be no less welcome in mine afterwards." He said this with such an earnest, straight-forward, heartsome manner, that Kate could not help weeping. They were happy tears, however.

Next day saw Kate at home busy with her unpacking, busy with Isabella's new summer dresses, busy with the cares of the school, of which Ethel was giving her full details—going on in the same old way, putting herself and her own concerns last—caring for every one else first.

Has the memory of Horace Landon ever yet been blotted from the mind of Ethel? Perhaps not; for duly on every Wednesday evening Mr. Sherwood brings home a letter addressed to Ethel, which he silly shows to Kate, as she goes to meet him in the hall, and at the sight of which Ethel blushes deeply, as he lays it down by her plate. All through the long evening she does not read the letter, until she retires to her chamber at night. There, she opens the cherished missive, and reads as follows:

"It is far from my purpose, dear Ethel, to make you think more highly of me than I deserve. I would not so wrong your candid judgment—but bear with me, dear, while I try to clear myself from an imputation, which after all, scarcely belongs to me. I was brought up, as you well know, by my uncle, a man who was distinguished for his overweening love of wealth. From my boyhood he instilled into me this one principle alone—of everlasting gain. Especially did he forbid me ever to marry, unless I could bring a rich bride to his house, for the idea of my separating myself from him was never for a moment thought of by either. I saw and admired Kate Churchill, and I knew that the circumstance of her being a prospective heiress would find favor in my uncle's sight. He approved the match, which he afterwards forbade when he learned the change in her fortunes. I would not deprecate my uncle in her eyes, and I allowed her to think I was myself the slave of avarice. So I parted from that dream, although I frankly own to you there was a bitterness in my doing so, which only ceased to haunt me when I met with you.

"Again was the same scene enacted, the same exultation that I was going to marry into a wealthy family, and the same harsh refusal to sanction my union when he heard of your father's misfortune. Ethel, I cannot tell you what I suffered then, and yet, as you well know, I allowed you to think me mean and mercenary, rather than to lower my uncle in your estimation. Last week my uncle died, leaving me the wealth for which he had coined his heart's best gifts, and sacrificed the happiness of my youth. This wealth is valueless to me unless you share it. Now, dearest Ethel, am I fully exonerated? And if so, what is to be my reward for these tedious years of waiting? Answer me."

How he was answered the reader may surmise, for their after life was a happy one together.

## The Florist.

The grass is soft—its velvet touch is grateful to the hand, And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland; The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously: It stirs their blood with kindest love to bless and welcome thee. WILLIAM MOTHKEWELL.

### The Mistletoe.

It would be rude to ask our lady correspondents their reasons for asking questions, but an unusual number from various parts of the Union wish to know about the mistletoe. Has the story of Ginevra acquired any sudden interest? The mistletoe is a parasite growing on various trees, but not on all. It is often seen on the oak, and sometimes on the apple-tree. There is no trouble to graft it, as one might say, upon the willow, poplar, apple, or the oak. By lifting up the bark in any place, so that the berry and seeds can be conveyed under, and thus prevented from being washed away, they will germinate and flourish for years. It is mostly done in the under side of a branch. It is a plant rarely asked for, and we should say rather difficult to obtain in this country.

### Watering Plants.

In such dry seasons as we have recently had, it is particularly desirable that no plants should suffer for want of water. If it is possible, the garden should be watered twice every day; but if the water can be given only once, let it be in the morning before the sun is high. Many people water only those plants which are in bloom—that is, when only a little water can be given. That is well—but we should advise those persons to expend a little of the water and care upon those plants which bloom later in the season, otherwise the sap will dry up, and the buds drop off, and later in the season the garden will look desolate and drear. For tender plants in pots, it is a good plan to set the pots into larger sizes, and fill in the space between with wet moss.

### Cultivation of Flowers.

Each year seems to spread the love of floriculture. In the south of France more than eighty thousand persons are employed in the cultivation of flowers, and in making perfume from the blossoms. Italy cultivates flowers to a great extent for the same purpose, employing as much land as is occupied by some English counties. In Balkan, in Turkey, flower farms exist of great extent; and in England there are many very extensive flower farms, though seeming quite small when compared to those of France and Italy. Thibet, Tonquin and the West Indies are other sources, and even in our own country there are various flower farms.

### Dahlias.

The best soil for Dahlias is a compost of equal parts of sand, loam and a little peat, which may be enriched with part of an old hot-bed or decayed leaves. Manures of any kind should be used very sparingly, as too much will cause the plants to put forth large, coarse leaves, and the blossoms will neither be large nor of brilliant colors. Amateurs would do well to remember these facts.

### Menziesia.

Little heath-like plants, formerly included in the genus *Erica*, natives of Europe and North America. The most common kind, St. Daboe's heath, is found wild in Ireland. The flowers are larger and more beautiful than those of the common heaths. They are quite hardy.

### Carnations.

Like the auricula, the carnation has long been a favorite flower, not only for the beauty but for the delightful fragrance of its blossoms. The varieties, which are very numerous, are arranged under three heads, viz.: flakes having two colors, with their stripes running quite through and along the petals; blanches, irregularly spotted, and striped with not fewer than three colors; and the picotees, spotted, with fringed or serrated petals. The mode most in use for propagating the carnation is by layering, the easiest as well as the surest method. It should be performed while the plant is full blown. Select the proper shoot, strip off a few of the lower leaves, and then make a slight incision a little below the suitable joint. This done, peg the shoot down and cover it with fresh, rich soil, leaving the tip above the surface. In about a month the layer will be found to be nicely rooted, and can be severed from the parent plant.

### Facts in regard to Flowers.

As flowers feed upon the sap in their vicinity, the greater the abundance of this prepared food, the more perfect will be their development; or the fewer the flowers on a given branch, the more food will they severally have to nourish them, and the more perfect they will be. The beauty of flowers will therefore be increased either by abundant supply of food, or by a diminution of their numbers, or both. The beauty of flowers depends also upon their free exposure to light and air; hence it is that flowers produced in dark or shady, confined situations, are either imperfect or destitute of their habitual size and beauty. Keep the plants, then, moist and well exposed to the sun, and they will thrive finely.

### Liquid Manure.

Liquid manure may be described as a decoction of any description of putrescent matter. It may be used with great advantage in the kitchen garden, and also in the flower garden, though in the latter place its application requires a great deal of care. Liquid manure ought not to be applied to plants till they have acquired a considerable degree of strength and vigor; and, after it has been used, it ought to be continued without intermission as a substitute for common water till the plants have attained the wished-for degree of maturity.

### Isabella Gray (Tea Rose).

Daniel Barker, of West Meriden, Ct., writes to the "Country Gentleman," "Not only does it possess all the qualities desirable in a tea rose (a rich fragrance, combined with a fine robust constitution, and producing its beautiful golden blossoms in great abundance), but it has the additional recommendation of being an excellent summer pillar rose, and a native withal." The flowers are very large, and of the richest golden yellow.

### The Curculio on Rose Bushes.

Whale oil soap dissolved in water is said to be an excellent preventive for keeping insects from rose bushes. The application is by a syringe. It should be done two or three times at intervals of about ten days, and the wash in the proportion of about one pound of soap to six or seven gallons of water.

### Peloria.

A curious variety of the common toad-flax. Thrives best in poor soil and an open and exposed situation—and that one trait recommends it to all gardeners.

### Hints concerning the Verbena.

When the first scarlet species of the verbena was brought to public notice, it was thought its beauty could not be surpassed, but since that time many experiments have been tried and a large number of beautiful hybrids have been produced, which far outshine the original verbena. Every season seems to add a new number to the list. Many persons train their verbenas on frames, but we consider the best method for a person wishing for a large quantity of flowers rather than a beautifully trained and graceful plant, is to peg down the shoots. In this way the verbena sends out a vast number of shoots, all of which root, and in their turn have blossoms. Plants cultivated in this manner are apt to keep in blossom much later in the season than those trained on frames or grown in ornamental vases.

### Arrangement of Colors.

Not only should flowers in beds and parterres be arranged with reference to their height and seasons of flowers, but as to their color. The perspective of a parterre, where the hues are duly balanced and contrasted, where the chromatic scale is skilfully managed, is truly picturesque and enchanting; while, on the other hand, bad taste is shown in placing all the blues, and the reds, all the yellows, and all the secondary and tertiary colors by themselves.

### Ornamenting Porches and Piazzas.

Some people employ annuals for the decorations of the pillars and trellises of their porches and piazzas; but it is much better to provide permanent climbing plants, which give little trouble except to protect them during winter. If you have space, in addition to the inevitable climbing-rose, you should have the asteria, the fragrant monthly honeysuckle, and the scarlet trumpet-flower. The latter is very showy, and after a few years acquires a hardy habit.

### Hollyhocks.

In our walks among the gardens in the vicinity, we are pleased to find that the hollyhock has been completely "rehabilitated." Hollyhocks are once more universal favorites. There is nothing like them for producing fine out of door effects; they are conspicuous, varied and rich in color, and form admirable groups and backgrounds.

### Watering.

The recent dry weather has taxed the energies of floriculturists who do their own work. Yet how well is such labor repaid by the grateful plants, which seem almost to smile their thanks. Sprinkle the leaves of your flowers thoroughly; they are as thirsty as the roots and rootlets.

### Slovenly Culture.

The garden is evidence of the owner's character. In the picture of the sluggard, we read:

"I passed by his garden and saw the wild briar,  
The thorn and the thistle grew higher and higher."

### Supporting Plants.

Whenever you see a plant unable to support itself, do not fail to put a support; tying them up to a stick with a bit of best matting is the most simple and efficacious method.

### To be remembered.

A flower garden never looks well where plants and seeds are set out without any regard to harmony of color, height and period of flowering.

### Love of Flowers.

A love of flowers is one of our earliest tastes, and certainly one of the most innocent. The cultivation of flowers, while it forms an elegant amusement, is also a most healthy, invigorating pursuit. The flower garden, while it agreeably occupies the time, does not impose a heavy tax upon the pocket, and there are few flowers but what may be cultivated to a great perfection in the garden of the poor as well as the rich. It is a taste, too, as we have remarked upon a previous occasion, which is peculiarly adapted to ladies, affording them at once a beautiful diversion as well as an instructive and elevating employment. The cultivator of flowers is not confined to beholding the expanded flower, when it spreads its beauties to the meridian sun, but every stage of its growth has been a source of delight from the moment when the little seedling peeped above ground, to the period of its most perfect development.

### Tea Roses.

The tea rose requires parlor culture during the winter season, with plenty of air, and a limited supply of water. The soil should be moderately rich and friable, composed of equal or nearly equal parts of rich loam, decayed leaves, or other well decomposed manure or rather compost, with a little sand and charcoal to keep the whole porous. Of the most popular sorts are Devonensis, Gloire de Dijon, Niphos, Yellow Tea, or Flavescent, David Pradel, Souvenir d'un Ami, and Triomphe de Luxembourg.

### Weeds.

Wage a war of extermination on weeds. Their name is legion, but they can be subdued when there is a will. The Germantown Telegraph states that on the farm of the late George Sheaf, in Montgomery county, Pa., a farm consisting of over three hundred acres, there was hardly a weed to be seen. The fence corners and all out of the way places were kept cultivated, and the owner considered that he raised enough from them to pay the cost of the weed-destroying process.

### Croton Euphorbiaceæ.

These are mostly stove shrubs, natives of the East Indies and South America. One variety is very remarkable for its foliage, which is bright green variegated by blotches of scarlet yellow and dark purple. The croton oil is made from the annual species, a native of the East Indies. The shrubby kinds are propagated by cuttings, which should not have their leaves shortened, and must be struck in moist heat.

### Sagittaria.

Water plants, some of which require a stove, others a greenhouse, and others are quite hardy. They should be grown in loamy soil, with their stems in water; and they are increased by dividing their roots or by seeds. The surest method seems to divide the roots.

### Insects on Trees.

Whale-oil soap dissolved in warm water, so as to form suds of medium strength, if sprinkled upon the leaves with a syringe, is sure death to the caterpillar, miller and the army of ravagers that destroy the foliage.

### Re-potting.

Be watchful of plants that require larger pots, nothing does well long without ample room for roots; and remember, that as plants in pots cannot help themselves, they must be watered as often as the surface is dry.

## Curious Matters.

### A Mystery of the Past.

An immense catacomb can be seen at Rothwell, in the interior of England, near the direct route from Liverpool to London. It is an immense vault built of masonry, under a church which dates back apparently for its first erection to about the year 1150, and contains the skeletons of thirty thousand men, probably warriors of great size, piled up in regular order, so that skulls and large bones only appear on the outside of the piles. The skulls show marks of spear and hatchet, but no gunshot wounds, and their owners probably fell in mortal conflict anterior to the invention of gunpowder. The vault was discovered by accident one hundred and sixty years ago, and has no connection with the church as far as known: in fact, the mystery is that there is no historical evidence nor traditional legend which throws the least light upon the obscurity of its erection. No anatomist, historian, ethnologist, antiquarian, nor savan of any stripe, has been able to decide the people, even, to whom these bones once belonged. Were they native Saxons, or Romans, Danes, Normans, or what? Nobody has more than guessed. A plausible theory is that they belonged to Danish invaders, slain by the Saxons about the year 1000; still this is but a probability.

### Human Power of enduring Heat.

Some experiments made by the celebrated Fahrenheit, and reported by Boerhaave, prove that life can be maintained in a temperature that would be almost incredible to persons unacquainted with the mysteries of chemistry. Some animals were shut up in a sugar-baker's stove where the mercury stood at 146. A sparrow died in less than seven minutes, a cat in rather more than a quarter of an hour, and a dog in about twenty-eight minutes. The noxious air of the stove had probably more to do with speedy death of these animals than the heat. In order to ascertain to what extent the human system is capable of sustaining exposure to intense heat, Dr. Dobson, of Liverpool, with some other persons, were confined in the sweating-room of a public hospital, the air having been heated till the quicksilver stood at 224 of Fahrenheit. Others have been exposed to the extraordinary temperature of 240, and even 260, without experiencing any painful or oppressive sensation of heat.

### Singular Case.

Who ever heard before of a live man with his neck broken? Archibald Campbell, a farmer of Camden East, near Newburg, Canada, fell head first from a scaffolding and dislocated his neck. But when his head was held up, the vertebrae of his neck returned to their place with a dull but distinct snap. And while the whole body was paralyzed, or dead, from the neck downwards, the head seemed sound, active, and as capable as ever. At last accounts there were signs of returning sensation to the body, and it was possible that he might partially recover from the misfortune.

### Singular Fact.

Ellen Gleason was killed by lightning in a street at Nenagh, Ireland, recently. It is a curious circumstance, that the blood was found in a fluid state when the body was opened; and this confirms the theory first propounded, we believe, by the celebrated Dr. Hunter, that the blood of persons killed by lightning does not coagulate as in cases of death from other causes.

### Squaring the Circle.

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says, "Of course your readers are acquainted with the game of 'squaring' a given word, which has of late been current in society. You will perhaps put upon record the 'squaring of the circle,' which I send you. It is as follows:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | I | R | C | L | B |
| I | C | A | R | U | S |
| R | A | R | E | S | T |
| C | R | E | A | T | E |
| L | U | S | T | R | B |
| E | S | T | E | E | M |

The condition of this squaring is, that every line, horizontal and vertical, shall be a known word. I may remark that the reason why the circle is especially difficult to square in this way is, that in it three consonants come together—*R C L*; and these, of course, in making the other words, must each be followed by a vowel or a liquid."

### The most curious Book in the World

Is one that was produced in France about three hundred years ago. It is entitled, "Liber Passionis Domini nostri Iesu Christi," and is *neither written nor printed*. The letters are cut out of the finest vellum, and being interleaved with blue paper, may be read as easily as the best of print. The materials are of the most delicate and costly kind, the workmanship exquisitely exact, and the labor necessary to complete the work must have been immense. In 1640, Rudolphus II., of Germany, offered for it eleven thousand ducats, nearly equal to sixty thousand ducats (or dollars) at this day.

### A Large Family.

The Nashville Advocate, in speaking of a large camp-meeting recently held in that vicinity, says that among the persons present, was a church member named Lynch, a man of wealth and great liberality. He bore the burden of feeding and lodging a large number who were on the camp ground. This Mr. Lynch must be a remarkable man; he has now nineteen children, and his father had thirty-two, and at one time during the last war, thirteen of his sons were in the army. The State of Virginia, where he then lived, passed an act releasing the patriotic patriarch from all taxation.

### A Rat-Skin Suit.

An ingenious individual, of Liskeard, Cornwall, Eng., has for some time past been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself; it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately round the tails of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing about six hundred tails—and those none of the shortest.

### Monstrous Snake.

There is a strange snake near Decatur, Indiana, twenty feet long, and covered with bright spots, that destroys animals of various kinds, and whose track upon the ground is said to look as if a log had been dragged along; and a man, who saw him coiled up one day, says he made a heap as large as a molasses barrel.

**Swimming extraordinary.**

At a recent swimming exhibition in Liverpool, Professor Poultney, of London, went through some wonderful evolutions in swimming and floating, illustrative of the dead man, the dying gladiator, and other scientific postulations. Eighteen summersaults were thrown while wholly immersed in the water. The amphibious practitioner closed his performance by eating a cake, drinking a bottle of milk, and smoking a pipe under water, amid the immense applause of the spectators. Two prize medals were then contended for by a number of swimmers. The first prize was for the swiftest swimmer. Twelve started in the race, which was won by a Mr. Jennings. The second prize was for diving the greatest distance under water. Two only contended for this, in consequence of the well-known abilities of Mr. Atkins, the winner, who dove the immense distance of two hundred and thirty feet, time 1 minute, 11 seconds.

**Unique Epitaph.**

A correspondent of the Portsmouth Journal, in a recent ramble among the tombstones of the ancient monuments of the sleeping dead, noticed in an obscure corner of the cemetery in Epping, the following curious epitaph, over the grave of the child of the late Governor Plumer:

"Here lies  
the innocent Quintus Plumer  
5th child of William and  
Sally Plumer.  
He was born of the 5th  
day of the 5th month  
of the 5th year  
of the 19th century, and  
drew vital air  
only 5 times  
5 days."

**Singular Effect.**

The effect of music is wonderful on horses. A gentleman in Jamaica, W. I., bought a charger that had been brought from Europe, but was not aware of its being a regularly trained war charger. One morning, riding out for pleasure, he neared the barnneck as the bugle sounded for a cavalry drill; away went the horse, entirely beyond the control of his rider—for who could quiet the fiery blood of the gallant steed when his supposed duty called him? The gentleman, eventually, had to part with him, as his ear was so perfect that he could hear at a great distance the bugle calls, and immediately obeyed, no matter where he was.

**A Steamer of Steel.**

A steel steamer called the Windsor Castle, one hundred and ninety feet long, twenty feet broad, and seven feet hold, has been built by Messrs. Caird, of Greenock, Scotland, and it is so light that it only draws three feet of water. The hull, boiler, paddle-wheels, and considerable portions of the engines, are all made of steel. She has run at the rate of twenty statute miles per hour. This is certainly a curiosity for a steamer. Her two engines have cylinders of forty inches in diameter, stroke sixty inches. The wheels have feathering paddles; the boiler is a tubular upright, and the steam used is super-heated.

**Curious, if true.**

An Italian savant, after six years' trial, is said to have created a surface for photographic pictures, perfectly free from irregularities, capable of distorting the most imperceptible lines of a photograph—and to have taken on this surface a photograph of the moon, on which figures of naked animals are depicted, one species of which bore a great resemblance to human beings.

**An eccentric Man.**

Jesse Bennett, Esq., an old resident of Oswego, New York, died there very suddenly, lately, of the heart disease. About ten years ago Mr. Bennett caused a stone coffin to be made for himself, which he kept in his house, and which was consumed in the great conflagration there a few years ago. His original intention was to be enclosed in this coffin after his death, and be sunk in the depths of Lake Ontario, but this intention was afterwards abandoned by him. When the coffin was destroyed by fire, he remarked, if it could not stand such heat as that, it would not answer his purpose! He then procured another one, in which he was finally buried. It used to be the old man's delight to visit the room in which the coffin lay, and inspect its beauties. It is said that he frequently lay down to see how his body fitted its final receptacle. This summer he erected an iron railing around his cemetery lot. It was completed the day before he died; and when in apparent good health he exhibited the key to it, saying, "This is the key to my homestead," little thinking at the time that he was so soon to occupy that "homestead."

**Sagacity of a Horse.**

A curious, though not uncommon, instance of sagacity in the animal came under observation, lately, in the crowded neighborhood of Long-lane, Bermondsey, England. The London Review says:—"A cart-horse in harness, whilst its by no means careful keeper was soleding himself in a low public house, started off at a pretty brisk trot down the lane. Happening to come to a group of children, one of whom—a baby not more than three years old—stumbled and fell, the animal deliberately stopped, placed the child out of the way with his teeth, and continued his course as if nothing had occurred. But his philanthropic propensities did not stop here, for meeting with a similar group, he repeated the action, after which, as if fearful of committing some mischief, he quietly suffered himself to be caught and led back."

**Odd Discovery.**

Some boys, who were fishing along the banks of the Canistoc River, near the second bridge on the Hornessville and Attica Railroad, Pennsylvania, recently discovered near the edge of the water several musket-balls, and upon digging in the bank, they found about three hundred in all. These bullets are twenty-two to the pound—the same size, we believe, as the old queen's arm musket used in the Revolutionary war. It is supposed by many that some of the Indians who participated in the massacre of Wyoming, descended the Canistoc River; and it is very probable that these relics were lost during the expedition.

**Rattle-Snake Bites.**

The following prescription is said to be an infallible cure for the bite of a rattle-snake. It is worth investigating:—Four grains of the iodate of potash, two grains of corrosive sublimate, five drachms of bromine; mix together, and keep the mixture in a glass-stoppered phial, well secured. Ten drops of this mixture, diluted with a tablespoonful of brandy, constitute a dose; the quantity to be repeated, if necessary, according to the exigency of the case.

**A Curious Capture.**

A sturgeon weighing over two hundred pounds, was lately found in one of the wheel-houses of the Hudson River steamer Isaac Newton, thrown up and caught fast by the revolution of the steamer's wheels.

## The Housewife.

### Lemon Sponge.

Pare off the rind of one large lemon, and boil it in a pint of water with one ounce of kinglass. As soon as the kinglass is dissolved, strain through muslin, and let it stand until cool, but not until it is set. Grate very finely the rind of another lemon, and let it stand in a basin with the juice of both until the starch is cold. Then add half a pound of loaf sugar; strain all the ingredients together into a bowl, and whisk them till they begin to stiffen. Then add the mixture, as quietly as possible, into a flat dish, and when cold cut into squares. It is to be made the night before it is intended to be eaten.

### Apple Custard.

Select good sweet apples, such as will cook well; pare, cut and stew them; when thoroughly done, stir them briskly till the pieces are all fine. Allow the apples time to cool, and thin down to the proper consistency with good milk, and bake with one crust, as you would bake a common custard, or a pumpkin pie. If a richer pie is wanted, a few eggs may be added. If the apples are totally sweet, but little sugar or other sweetening will be required. If desirable, spices may be added.

### Tomato Pie.

Pick green tomatoes, pour boiling water over them, and let them remain a few minutes; then strip off the skin, cut the tomatoes in slices and put them in deep pie-plates. Sprinkle a little ginger and some sugar over them in several layers. Lemon-juice and the grated peel improve the pie. Cover the pies with a thick crust, and bake them slowly about an hour.

### To keep Worms from dried Fruit.

Place your fruit in a steamer over a pot of boiling water covered tightly. When thoroughly heated, tie them up immediately in a clean cotton or linen bag, and hang them up. This method is preferable to heating in an oven, as that is apt to render them hard, even if you are so fortunate as not to burn them.

### Ink Stains.

Ink stains may be removed from linen by dipping the spotted part into hot melted tallow—that of mould candles is best, if made of ordinary tallow; composite candles will not answer the purpose. The linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear.

### Soda Biscuits.

Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonsful of salt, one of saleratus or soda, and a small piece of butter for shortening. Mix with water or milk.

### Ginger Snaps.

Beat together half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and one pound and a half of flour.

### To restore Color in Prints.

A little alum dissolved in the rinsed water will restore green or black. A little vinegar added to the rinsed water will restore red.

### Dropped Egg.

For a person recovering from sickness, and not able to take meat, this is an excellent article, and much lighter for the stomach than eggs cooked in any other way. Put a saucepan of water with some salt in it upon some coals; as it boils up, drop in a fresh egg, not beaten; as soon as the white is hardened, take it up carefully with a skimmer, so as not to break the yolk. Have a slice of toasted bread ready, dip it into the water in which the egg was boiled, put it upon a plate, spread it with a little butter, and lay the egg upon it.

### Boiled Plum Pudding.

Take one pound of good suet, cut it in small pieces, and add one pound of currants, one pound of stoned raisins, eight eggs, one nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful of ginger, one pound of flour, and one pint of milk; to the eggs, previously well beaten, add one half the milk, and mix well together; stir in the flour, the spice, the fruit and suet, and as much milk as is requisite to reduce the mixture to a plastic consistency, but quite thick. Boil from four to five hours.

### Sweeping Carpets.

First sprinkle over a few handfuls of damp tea-leaves; if the carpet be very dirty, use first a carpet or whisk brush, and afterwards a hair-brush to take off the loose dust; in ordinary carpets, a stiffish hair-broom or brash is best, as the frequent use of a very stiff broom injures the beauty of the carpet; for superior carpets, a clothes-brush with a short handle is best, the servant using it on her knees, and taking about a square yard at a time, brushing from one end towards the outside.

### Ground Rice Gruel.

Rub a heaping teaspoonful of ground rice in a small quantity of cold water, and stir it into half a pint of boiling water; add a little salt, and let it boil up half a minute. Eat it with sugar and nutmeg, or not, as the case may permit. If milk is allowed, it is a great improvement to make the gruel with equal parts of milk and water.

### Oyster Fritters.

The liquor should be separated from the oysters, and strained. Add to it half a pint of milk and two beaten eggs; stir in flour, to make a smooth, thin batter; add the oysters; fry in lard boiling hot, putting in the batter and one or more oysters with a spoon at each time; turn the fritters till brown. Serve for breakfast or supper.

### To preserve Eggs fresh a Year.

Mix a handful of unsaked lime with the same quantity of salt, in three gallons of water; first pack the eggs, with the small end down, with some shavings to keep them down, and pour the mixture over them; be sure none of them are cracked.

### Apple Fritters.

Let the water or milk boil, thicken in flour, beat and stir in an egg, slice in apples. Eat with sauce.

### For a Burn.

Wash in lime water, and put on cotton batting moistened with linseed oil.

**Cleaning Silk.**

The following is said to be an excellent receipt for cleaning silks:—Pare three Irish potatoes into thin slices, and wash them well. Pour on them half a pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold; strain the water, and add to it an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The most delicate-colored silk may be cleaned by this process, which is equally applicable to cloth, velvet or crêpe.

**Baked Hams.**

Most persons boil hams. A ham is better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water, and wipe it dry; next spread it all over with thin batter, and then put it into a deep dish with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and batter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. It will be found very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

**Cucumbers.**

“Who ever heard of cooking a cucumber?” we hear our readers exclaim. Try it, and then tell your neighbors how well a poor man may live in the country. Take the cucumber just as it begins to turn yellow, peel and slice it into salt water; drop it into cold water and boil until tender. Season with salt and pepper, mix with batter and fry. Few can tell it from the egg-plant.

**Starch.**

There is no better way for making nice starch for shirt-bosoms, than to boil it thoroughly after mixing, adding a little fine salt and a few shavings of a star or spermaceti candle. The star or pressed lard candle is quite as good as sperm. Let the starch boil at least ten minutes, and it will give a gloss, if neatly ironed, fully satisfactory to the exquisite taste of a—dandy.

**To clean Kid Gloves of any Color.**

Take white soap, and make a very thick “lather” with a soft brush, such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand; cover it with the “lather,” and rub it off quickly with a clean flannel till it is dry. Repeat the process till the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid, and they will “look as nice as new.”

**To bake Apples.**

Take sour apples—those of a keen acid—and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a teacupful of sugar. Bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them. Nobody knows much of baked apples who has not eaten them in this way. No quince, pear, peach or plum preserves equal this simple dessert.

**Trout.**

Scale, gut, clean, dry and flour; fry them in butter until they are a rich clear brown; fry some green paraley; crisp, and make some plain melted butter; the butter may be poured over the fish, but it is most advisable to send it in a butter tureen.

**Egg Pudding.**

Ten eggs—save six whites for the sauce—one ounce of butter, or a cup of cream, three tablespoonsful of flour, a little salt, one pound of white sugar. Beat the white of the eggs, and pour over the pudding when nearly cool.

**Carpets.**

To preserve expensive carpets, it is well to completely cover the floor beneath them with drugget, or with coarse matting, which is a much better plan than to spread a layer of straw between the floor and the carpet; the straw (besides the difficulty of spreading it perfectly smooth and even) accumulating much dust, that works up through the carpet. In buying a carpet (having first measured the room, and calculated the exact quantity with the utmost accuracy), it is well to get an additional yard or two to lay aside, that you may have it ready in case of transferring the carpet to a larger apartment, or for the purpose of repairing any part that may be worn out or accidentally burnt.

**Wheat Meal Pudding.**

Beat five eggs, add to them four cups of sweet milk, one of sweet cream, with salt. Into this stir a cupful of flour and wheat meal, sufficient to make a batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Boil one and a half hours. Serve in the same manner. The water should be boiling when the puddings are put in, and kept so till they are done. It is necessary to turn them occasionally, as they will rise to the top.

**Sting of Insects.**

There are many cures for stings, but very frequently they are not on hand when wanted. Every housewife has in her garden a superior remedy, which should be known to all. Take a portion of onion, either top or root, bruise, and apply for a few minutes to the wound. If applied immediately, it prevents future soreness and inflammation, as well as gives immediate relief.

**Tomato Pies.**

Cover the bottom with alternate layers of sliced tomatoes, ripe and sound, and bread crumbled fine, with butter and spice to taste; put in a bake-pan with loaf bread sliced fine, and sprinkle fine sugar over each layer of tomatoes, as it is put in. Cover with sliced bread, and bake as you do other pies.

**To preserve dead Game.**

Take out the intestines, and fill the inside with unground wheat, and place the fowl in a heap or cask of the same grain in such a manner as to insure its being completely covered. In this way fowls may be preserved perfectly sweet for months. The feathers should be removed.

**Cranberry Jelly.**

Make a very strong linglass jelly; when cold, mix it with a double quantity of cranberry juice, pressed and strained; sweeten and boil it up, and make it into the desired shape, by straining into the proper vessels; use good white sugar, or the jelly will not be clear.

**Bird's Pudding.**

Pare and quarter tart apples, and place them in a buttered square tin; then make a batter of three eggs, one cup of cream, half a cup of four milk, one a half teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt. Pour the batter over the apples, and bake thirty-five minutes.

**Excellent Apple Fritters.**

Pare your apples and cut in thin slices, and mix them with your flour. Stir in a quart of milk and four eggs, a little salt and saleratus, to make a thick batter. Fry in plenty of lard.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### COST OF INDIA TO ENGLAND.

From statements made by Sir Charles Wood, Secretary for India, in the House of Commons, it appears that on the 30th of April, 1857, the Indian debt amounted to \$297,000,000, and the interest to \$12,625,000. The expenditure for the year ending April, 1858, had been \$201,130,000, of which \$62,805,000 was for army expenses ; and the revenue had been \$158,530,000 ; leaving a deficiency on one year alone of \$42,600,000. This was before the breaking out of the mutiny. The expenditure, up to April, 1859, as nearly as could be estimated, was \$242,500,000, the revenue \$169,000,000, leaving a deficiency of \$73,500,000, which, added to the deficiency of 1858, made the total loss in two years \$116,100,000. The Indian government had borrowed \$52,780,000 in India and \$57,810,000 in England. The debt of India has thus been raised to \$407,900,000, the interest being \$17,820,000. It was estimated that at the end of 1860 the Indian debt would be \$479,180,000, and the interest on it \$19,500,000 ; the expenditure would probably be \$230,000,000, and the revenue \$180,000,000, which would leave a further deficiency of \$50,000,000. The secretary thought that a saving of \$20,000,000 a year might be made in the army. Its present strength was 481,600 men ; this included 110,000 Europeans. The number of the latter must be increased ; that of the former reduced. The recent outbreak had been confined to the military, the native civil population having taken little or no part in it.

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**A HARD SPELL.**—The following notice written on the door of a school house in Rutland Street, would seem to indicate that the "schoolmaster is abroad." "Kea at the woden house necks dor."

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**GARIBALDI.**—Madame Tussaud, of London, has just added to her collection a model of Garibaldi in wax. He should be "made of sterner stuff."

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**NEW HISTORY.**—William Gilmore Simms, the poet and novelist, has just finished his History of South Carolina.

### FORGED NEWSPAPERS.

The British Museum contains several copies of a certain "English Mercury," bearing date of 1588. These papers refer to the Spanish Armada, then in the British Channel, and other matters of high interest of the period. The existence of these papers led Mr. George Chambers, D'Israeli, and many other writers, to claim that mankind were indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. It is now well ascertained that these ancient papers are forgeries—the work of some idle scholars, led on by the second Earl of Hardwicke. These modern antiques have a unique history, as they misled the literary public a hundred and fifty years.

A parallel to the above case occurred upwards of seventy years ago. A pretended number of the London Gazette appeared May 22d, 1787, with news of a startling character designed to affect the public funds and make a panic in the money market. The authors of this curious forgery of the name, style and general character of a leading London journal were never discovered ! It was the work of speculators, and had the desired effect on prices. The officers of the Crown made every effort to detect the guilty printers, but the names of the agents of this novel fraud were never known.

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**A WELL-PREPARED IMPROMPTU.**—At Newport lately, Mme. Gazzaniga sang a pretty Spanish song—*La Narawjera, the Orange Girl*—and by a cunning arrangement, when she asked at the end of each verse, "Chi chiere mai?"—Who asks for more?—the members of the orchestra replied, "Tedes"!—All of us.

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**REMAINS OF GENERAL GREENE.**—It is now confidently asserted that the remains of General Greene, whose place of burial has been a matter of doubt, are interred at a place called Raise Hall, about thirteen miles from Savannah.

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**FAIR DEALING.**—Round dealing is the honor of man's nature ; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debases it.

## FROM OVER THE WATER.

John Bull does not always speak in "thunder from his native oaks;" his voice is not always sonorous, dignified and imposing; sometimes he whines, and very often he snarls. In a recent number of the London Saturday Review, a journal of very great pretensions, we find the following remarks: "It is difficult, and more than difficult to fathom, or even to apprehend, the great American mind in its popular aspect. What it seems to produce on the most exaggerated scale is the manner of life and the domestic habits of English village society. The same taste for scandal and gossiping, the same pretentious self-important estimate of their own petty local concerns, the same habit in which everybody indulges, of canvassing everybody else's business, characterizes our transatlantic cousins and our own rural communities. That America has no stake in general politics and in the comity of nations, that it has a very cheap press, and that most of its life is spent in boarding-houses and drinking-bars, accounts for the fact that the occurrences which agitate public opinion and engage public talk, are of a character infinitely small and degradingly personal and petty. A low moral tone always prevails in a narrow society. A small English country town is the epitome in its general talk and local interest of all that is narrow-minded. And the United States reproduce this. The American newspapers only print what the market-place, and tea-table, and the reading-room of one of our own agricultural towns indulge in. Were it not for the scale on which public interests are pitched in England by our connections with a large and elevating system such as that which the great European political family involves, we might, perhaps, with our cheap newspapers, be soon brought down to the American standard. Foreign politics keep us from stagnating into the scum of American public matters."

The above, with its impudent assertions and assumptions, is a nice specimen of the sort of stuff with which English journals occasionally regale their readers at the expense of the great western republic, twice victorious of Britain in the stern trial of arms, and oft victorious over her in many of the arts of peace. This is the John Bull "snarl" -- the "whine" comes when John Bull is quaking in his shoes at some menace of imperial France, and wonders why Brother Jonathan, his blood kinsman, looks on his pitiable plight with indifference, or with chuckling pleasure. A stupid people may submit cheerfully to alternate lubrications of soft soap and rubbings down with brickbats -- an in-

telligent people, never. That many of our newspapers indulge in a good deal of gossip, we admit, and we might defend the practice on the ground that the "proper study of mankind is man," that minute traits tend to a knowledge of character, that the great world is but an aggregate of microscopic trifles, etc.; but all we have to say is that the practice is general, and not national; and that American newspapers deal no more in matters of personal gossip than French *Feuilletons* or German *Gazettes*. What gives its spice and value to Pepy's Diary, and many other records of the past, but their personal gossip? The American newspaper reflects all the aspects of society, its grand and its minute features; and every one knows that it is grave enough and weighty enough at times to counterbalance all its innocent gayeties and flirtations. But the rebuke comes with an ill grace from a member of the metropolitan press, which chronicles every item relating to royalty and nobility, which supports a host of Jenkinses and Yellow Plush who live on chronicling the pottinesses of the titled or wealthy great. They tell us how Prince Albert (we believe they pronounce it Halbert) sneezed, and when the Prince of Wales bought a pair of new boots -- when Lord Fitzfoole rode in 'Yde Park, and how many bell-pulls the Marquis of Brandyford carried off in a drunken spree.

We plead guilty to the sin of having "cheap newspapers," and it is to the circulation of these "cheap newspapers" that our masses owe their intelligence, their knowledge of public affairs and ability to manage them. We are not indebted to John Bull for the idea of "cheap newspapers" certainly, though we have to admit that we are indebted to him for a heavy influx of English burglars, pickpockets, fancy men and bruisers which he kindly sends over to instruct and civilize us. Luckily for the honor of England, all Englishmen are not like the editor of the Saturday Review, and at the same time that he is talking about the "scum of American public matters," one of the greatest and most popular statesmen of England, returning from a tour in the United States, holds up our political system to his constituency, and to the British public, as a model of imitation in its most important features.

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SIZABLE.—The State of Virginia is one-third larger, in extent of territory, than the whole of England. Did you know that?

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We want a few loads of dry hard wood.—*North Adams Transcript*.

Well, that's the way to get it—aze for it.

**A POPULAR FALLACY.**

The idea that "it takes nine tailors to make a man," is one of the most absurd and illogical dogmas ever imposed upon the credulity of the many-headed. The true tailor is an artist, and when we consider the many refinements, the subtle perceptions, and the gifts necessarily combined in his composition, we are ready to declare that it takes the genius of nine ordinary men to make one tailor. Take away a man's clothes, and what is left of him? He becomes a mere "forked radish." What makes a man a saint? His faultless black broadcloth and his immaculate cravat. What makes a man a hero? His padded coat and gold-striped pantaloons. What makes a man a rascal? A green baize jacket, and a pair of seedy corduroys. Let one be ever so bright a scholar or a wit, if he goes in rags, you may set him down as a fool; but if he struts in superfine Saxony, he's a genius. People bow down and worship a fine, well-fitting suit of clothes, no matter whom or what they envelope. Who then wields more power than the tailor, the Promethean artificer of men? Trace great events back to their origin, and you will find a tailor at the bottom of all.

Understand us—not a botch. There are tailors unworthy of art. There are coats, the lappels of which stand out like studding-sails, and the tails of which project like pump-handles, with collars like horse-collars. We have seen a little chap who was entirely lost in a great coat, so that they had to send the crier round, and advertise him as a mysterious disappearance, in the newspapers. And we know another man whose coat buttoned so tightly that all his ribs collapsed, and his digestive powers were entirely destroyed. We know another whose pantaloons were so long that he had to walk a mile before he could get into them. These things were not made by tailors, but by impostors—men who had no conception of the dignity of art.

But show us a true tailor, and we'll show you a great artist, a great man. He will take the crookedest stick and turn him out as straight as an arrow. After Richard had made up his mind to "entertain a score or two of tailors," he had only to smile upon Lady Anne, and she came down and surrendered like Martin Scott's coon. He was successful in his *suit*. The model tailor believes everything you tell him. If he tells you a piece of cloth is dyed in the wool, you may be sure he is not pulling wool over your eyes, and when he says it is Saxony, you may be sure he is not cutting it out of the whole cloth. He is opposed to vegetable diet, and has a great antipathy to cabbage. He never praises himself, and

even his bushelman hides his candle. He quotes Scripture, and says "a remnant shall be saved," meaning that he wont cut your cloth to waste. In a word, he is worthy of confidence, admiration and esteem, troops of patrons and legions of friends.

**THE PROGRESS OF CRIME.**

That crimes of all kinds are increasing in a fearful ratio to population is admitted by all who make criminal statistics their study. This tendency has been manifested within a few years, and in the face of strenuous efforts at general education, the multiplication of means of adult instruction, the establishment of reform schools, great activity in religious movements, and increased influence in the press, and enlightened legislation. Boys now commit crimes which were formerly confined to manhood. Every thoughtful citizen is alarmed at a state of things which is confined to no locality. In studying the causes of this moral malady, we must recognize the influence of a morbid philanthropy which makes special pets of criminals, which overlooks the magnitude and consequence of the crime in tenderness to the offender. Some of these pseudo philanthropists seem to think that the victim of a murderer ought to be forgotten before he is cold in his grave, while the "poor fellow," the "victim of circumstances," who plunged the assassin's knife into the heart of his fellow-man, cannot be the recipient of too much kindness. Yet good intentions are at the bottom of much injudicious action, and the spirit of true philanthropy will in time gain the ascendancy over its mock image, and bend to a correct public sentiment with regard to crime and criminals.

**COFFEE AND DIAMONDS.**—The empire of Brazil is great on diamonds and coffee. But the exports of the latter in a year and a half amounted to more than all the diamonds found in a period of eighty years.

**AN OLD ACTOR.**—James W. Wallack has just completed his sixty-fourth year, but he is as good as new. It cannot be said of him

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

**WAR AND PAPER.**—Paper-makers are down on war. It raises the price of rags—so many are required for bandages and lint.

**THE ASTOR LIBRARY.**—The recent enlargement of this library, in New York, cost \$120,000.

## THE EYE OF THE EAGLE.

The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near or distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the birds of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation, will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance, in a manner to which our own eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move this page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles, in order to see it with equal distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which God has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively, and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form; the effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance; the eagle, by the mere will, can make his eye round or flat, and thus see with equal clearness at any distance.

**GOLD!**—How it flows to us from the far Pacific! Every California steamer brings "two millions and upwards." Gold, gold, gold!

**PLEASE DO.**—Will some smart man tell us the difference between cashmere and mere cash?

**GOODNESS GRACIOUS!**—A man in love is now-a-days said to be inflamed with calico!

## COMMERCE OF LIVERPOOL.

In 1857, nearly one-half of all the products exported from England were shipped from Liverpool. Out of £122,000,000 of exportation, £55,000,000 were exported from Liverpool, about half that amount from London, sixteen millions from Hull, and the rest from Glasgow, Southampton, etc. The population, within four miles of the Exchange, at the present time is about 600,000, and the rate of annual increase about 10,000. The property and income tax paid by the inhabitants in 1857 amounted to upwards of £7,000,000, or \$35,000,000. The amount of tonnage belonging to the port in the same year was 936,022 tons, being greater by 76,882 tons than that of London itself. The amount of shipping which entered and cleared during the same year was upwards of nine million tons! Of the vessels which arrived from abroad, the United States sent by far the largest and most numerous, viz., 934 ships, of an average burthen of more than one thousand tons. There were from Italy 174 vessels, from Russia 102, and from France 317.

**"THE DANCING STAR; or, The Smuggler of the Chesapeake."**—A little more than a year since we published a large edition of this fascinating sea-story, from the pen of Professor Ingraham; every copy of which was sold in three weeks from the date of issuing. We have received repeated calls for the work from all quarter, but have been obliged to return one answer to all—"out of print." We have now published a new edition, fully illustrated, with large original drawings, which is now ready for sale. Any person enclosing us twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver, shall receive a copy by return of mail, postage paid.

**GAS.**—The American Gas-Light Journal, in its third number, gives the details of 245 American, 7 British American and 2 Cuban companies, representing a gross capital of thirty-eight millions seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-four dollars.

**A LUCKY RAILROAD.**—The Boston and Maine Railroad is so fortunate as to be completely out of debt, and earning over seven per cent. dividends.

**MORE OR LESS.**—There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying less than the truth on others.

## FRENCH HEROINES.

France has ever been famous for the heroism of her women. Though Joan d'Arc and Jeanne Hachette stand forth at the head of her Amazonian heroines, yet they are representative women, for all through the annals of France we find the sex emulating the chivalry of the men. Dumourier had two beautiful girls, as pure as they were brave, for aides-de-camps, who bore his orders into the hottest fire, and rallied the soldiers when they gave ground, with such appeals as "Where are you going, men? this is not the direction of the enemy! Follow us!" And waving their swords, and spurring their horses, they would lead back the columns to the charge in the face of the *mitraille*. Among the French dead of every battle-field, women and girls have been found beside husbands and lovers where the combat was the hottest. In every revolution that Paris has known, French women have fallen with lovers, brothers, fathers and husbands at the barricades. So, in the old heroic days, they fell before the legions of the invading Cæsar.

A remarkable specimen of the class of women to which the Maid of Saragoza belonged, lately received the cross of the Legion of Honor at the Hotel des Invalides, from the hands of Napoleon III. This woman, Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin was born in 1772. Her father served thirty-six consecutive years in the 42d regiment of the line. He was married at Havre, and Angelique was born at Dianau in the north of France.

At the age of seventeen she was a wife, at eighteen a mother, at twenty a widow. Her husband, the brave Brulon, fell at Ajaccio in Corsica. "Three days after I learned his fate," says Angelique, whilst speaking of the effect the dreadful news had upon her, "I took the uniform of his regiment, and demanded permission to avenge his death. Two brothers had fallen in active service; our father had died on the field of battle—my heart, head and hand burned to send destruction to the rebel Corsicans, and my testimonials tell how well I fulfilled my vows."

At the siege of Calvi, Madame Brulon distinguished herself signally. For eleven months they had been blockaded, seventy-five days bombarded, but she brought relief to the garrison of Gesco; and the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast is her country's acknowledgement of her heroic action. The following are the testimonials of her comrades:

"We, the undersigned, corporal and soldiers of the detachment of the 42d regiment in garrison at Calvi, certify and attest that the 5th Prairial year II (1794), the *citoyenne* Angelique

Marie Joseph Duchemin, widow Brulon, corporal-fourrier, performing the functions of sergeant, commanded us in the action of the fort Gesco, that she fought with us with the courage of a heroine; that in an assault we were obliged to fight hand to hand; that she received a sabre cut in the right arm, and a moment after another from a stilet in the left; that finding we failed of ammunition, though severely wounded, she set out at midnight for Calvi, a mile and a half distant, where, by the courage and zeal of a true republican, she raised and charged with ammunition sixty women, whom she led to us, escorted by four men, which enabled us to repulse the enemy and to preserve the fort; and that, in fine, we have only to congratulate ourselves upon our commander."

In speaking of her wounds and dangers, Madame Brulon adds, whilst relating with kindling eye, the terrors of the siege and the straits to which she was put:

"I did not mind my wounds in each arm, nor did I fear the dark, but set out alone at midnight, evaded the guards, roused sixty starving women, and led them to the fort, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning. We gave the women each half a pound of rice, which we all considered an excellent bargain."

Still later, at the siege of Calvi, all the cannoneers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to fill their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb. This last wound disabled her for service, and entitled her to a place in the Hotel des Invalides. October 22, 1822, upon the proposition of General de Latour Maubour, Governor of the Invalides, she received the grade of 2d lieutenant, thus:

"Madame Brulon, military invalid, having held the rank of sergeant before her entrance to the hotel, has obtained from the bounties of the king (Louis XVIII.) the honorable rank of 2d lieutenant, and will be thus recognized hereafter on parade. The governor hastens to make known, by means of this order, this new favor of his majesty, accorded to one who has rendered herself so worthy of it by her excellent principles, her good sentiments, and the high consideration which she enjoys at the hotel."

During the reign of the first Napoleon she was recommended by the Governor of the Invalides as "one having rendered herself worthy by qualities considered above her sex, to participate in the recompense created for the brave." But the honor of decorating this remarkable woman was reserved for Napoleon III., President of the Republic. Madame Brulon wears the uniform of the Invalides, and since her first adoption of military dress has never left it but once, and that for a moment's amusement to her grandchildren, when she assumed female attire. But the chil-

dren instead of being amused, burst into tears, and begged their grandmama to go back again to her soldier's clothes. All her testimonies proved her to have been a woman of the severest principles, the most exemplary habits, and of unsullied reputation. We commend her history, which we have looked up, in consequence of seeing an allusion to her in a late foreign journal, to the advocates of woman's rights.

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#### A STRANGER IN TOWN.

When the Montgomery House was in full blast as a hotel, succeeding Kimball's Museum there, the ladies' drawing-room fronted the street, with the windows opening to the floor. We were passing it one day and stopped to study the physique and expression of a very verdant youth in homespun, who, with a turkey tucked nonchalantly under his arm, was standing on the sidewalk in front of the new hotel.

"Hullo, you, sir!" inquired Verdant, "is this Tremont Street?"

"It is, sir."

"And is that ere the Granary Berrin'-greound t'other side of the road?"

"It is," we replied.

"Then I'm right, and this ere's the place Salvation Perry told me he went to see when he come deown to Bawstin four year ago."

With that he began staring, with his huge gooseberry eyes into the drawing-room where there happened to be an elegantly-dressed belle reclining motionless on an ottoman.

"That 'ere's fust-rate!" he whispered in a smothered tone of admiration. "Beats the figger of the Charlestown Belle in the Omnibus of Fine Arts into fits."

At that moment the lady changed her position.

"Sakes alive!" cried the stranger. "Heow on airth due they due that aro? 'Takes the shine off er clockwork and sur-veyor's compasses. It's jest as material as life."

At this moment there appeared at the door Mr. B., a diminutive Frenchman, who had just been calling on a boarder, and who had nothing remarkable about him, but his diminutive stature, and the immense quantity of hair, beard and mustache which concealed his little features, and gave additional intensity to the brilliancy of his heavy black eyes.

"Hurray!" roared the stranger. "There's one on 'em we read abeout, and no mistake. Geewhittaker! it's the largest specimen of that are sort of varment I ever did see! The grand ca-ru-van hadn't marry such a 'rang-a-tang as this! There aint no take in about this show. I'll go a quarter on it, I swanny! If the outside

shows are so splendiferous, the curiosities inside must be tremenjious!"

And he rushed madly in to visit (as he thought) the Boston Museum.

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#### ITALY.

We really believe all is not lost for Italy, notwithstanding the discouraging view of her future taken by some who were most sanguine in their predictions. If France adopts the *laissez faire* policy, and Austria submits, it would seem as if the native populations might establish governments to suit, and that the theory of the confederation might be reduced to practice. With Sardinia enlarged by Lombardy, the friends of constitutional government have a *point d'appui* which they never before possessed. It was the boast of the unfortunate Charles Albert, that Italy could take care of herself. That boast, as events showed, was premature, but his son, Victor Emmanuel might realize the hopes that bold and chivalrous declaration inspired in 1848. It is idle to deny that Louis Napoleon has done much for Italy, though not all that he promised, not near all that was expected of him. In the first bitterness of our disappointment, we denounced his peace of Villafranca, but we have come to the conclusion that he did the best he could in making it, and that perhaps, after all, the Italians will be as well off as if the war had continued, and its field been enlarged. We must, however, await the progress of events, and see what they will bring forth.

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**THE SUN.**—A story is going the rounds that the sun is rapidly receding from the earth, and fears are entertained that we shall have arctic weather all the year round. Well, we shall have plenty of skating then. It will be an-ice change!

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**TERPSICHOREAN.**—Some censor, who is down on dancing (probably has a wooden leg), says that "hops at hotels always brew evil." *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

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**SAD ENOUGH.**—The almshouse of Monroe county, Indiana, for several years had as one of its inmates a sister of the eminent inventor of steam navigation, Robert Fulton.

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**GOING AHEAD.**—The Pacific Railroad is now finished to Syracuse, 168 miles from St. Louis and 90 miles from Kansas City.

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**ART AND SKILL.**—Goethe says: "The artisan is paid, not the artist."

## Foreign Miscellany.

American mowing-machines are coming in favor in England as rapidly as reapers have done.

The viceroy of Egypt has been recently largely increasing his military forces.

A grant of 5000 francs has been made by the French government to Felicien David as a reward for his opera of "Herculanæm."

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is a member of the new Episcopal church of St. John, in the parish of Putnam, London, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt is the organist.

The British Mediterranean squadron now numbers forty-three vessels, from a steam-tug to a line-of-battle steamer, and carry in all 1518 guns.

Simrock, the celebrated Professor of the University of Bonn, is confined in a lunatic asylum. The recent political excitement in Germany has destroyed the balance of his mind.

The taxes laid by the British government this year amount to \$445,000,000. There goes to pay the interest of the national debt, \$140,000,000; and for the army and navy, \$130,000,000.

A letter from Constantinople states that such is the prodigality of the sultan that, though his civil list is 27,000,000fr.—the ninth of the total revenue of Turkey —his debts amount to nearly 600,000,000fr.

A Paris correspondent says of Napoleon, that he is by race an Italian, by birth a Dutchman, by school education a German, by military education a Swiss, by political studies an Englishman, and by his crown a Frenchman.

An order was lately issued at Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight, to the effect "that private John Solzman, having shaved his upper lip contrary to orders, shall be confined to barracks until his moustache grows."

The Times correspondent at St. Petersburg says twenty-thousand men are at work on the St. Petersburg and Warsaw Railway, and other lines are progressing. For the moment Russia desires peace, which is indeed almost a necessity for her.

The coal burned in Manchester, England, and its environs, for motive steam power, is 30,000 tons per day, and is equal in power to 1,200,000 horses. The transatlantic steamers consume 700,000 tons per year, and the manufacture of gas 10,000,000 tons per year.

A few years ago the Duke of Tuscany imprisoned the Madiai for circulating a few copies of the word of God. To day, the duke is a fugitive from his kingdom, and the Madiai are busily engaged in circulating the Scriptures, the Provisional Government of Tuscany having proclaimed freedom of conscience and full religious liberty.

The Arabic language is spoken by not less than eighty millions of people, scattered throughout Syria, northern Africa, Hindostan and China. Throughout all these regions, barriers to the circulation of the Scriptures have been broken down so rapidly as to surprise the most sanguine, and loud is the call to give the Arabic Bible to these millions.

The American-built Russian frigate General Admiral is exciting great attention in Europe.

A submarine cable will be laid between Marseilles and Oran, in Algeria, in November.

The reason why Dickens is not coming to America, is that the trip wouldn't pay.

Mount Vesuvius has been "erupting" lately. The lava has been "squelching out" profusely.

The French are talking of a railway to transport ships across the Isthmus of Suez.

The Russian diplomatist, Gortschakoff, pays his French cook, Gruyere, \$8000 a year.

The public debt of India amounts to three hundred million dollars.

Madame Grisi and Signor Mario are about to visit Madrid to perform in opera.

The number of persons who stopped at least one day at the Hotel du Louvre in Paris in 1858 was two hundred thousand.

In Bombay, India, the deaths by cholera in June last, amounted to three or four hundred a week.

News has been received from France that the Empress Eugenie is discarding her hoops and is about introducing tight sleeves.

A Parisian publican, anxious to turn to account current events, has given his establishment on the Boulevards the name of the *Café de Villafranca*.

The Rajah, Hunder-Sing, has just been married at Lahore to an English lady, Miss Hodge. It is the first marriage of the kind which has taken place. The prince is a pagan, and very rich.

At the Warwick Assizes, England, a young lady brought an action against a man named Smith, for kissing her, and obtained a verdict for £50.

According to an official return of the Austrian government, just published, the total loss of the army in Italy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was 1164 officers and 48,500 men.

A Roman villa has been discovered by Mr. W. Spickernell, at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight. It is in the valley which extends to Bowcombe, below the castle and near the village of Carisbrooke.

The long-talked-of submarine telegraph between Spain, Cuba, and other West India Islands, is finally decreed by the Spanish government, and nothing now appears in the way of its speedy commencement.

The library of the late Baron de Humboldt, bequeathed by him to his old valet, has been purchased for 50,000 thalers, the Vienna journals state, by Lord Bloomfield, Minister of England at Berlin.

The sale of Tennyson's last poem in England has been something enormous, indeed much beyond that of any of his previous publications, considering the short time that has elapsed since its publication.

At the Italian Opera in Paris, the cheapest place is eighty cents. At the Italian Opera in Nice a seat can be obtained for four cents. At the Pagliano Theatre (grand opera) at Florence, the upper tier is ten cents, and the parquette of most Italian theatres is twenty cents.

## Record of the Times.

It is said there is more zinc in Wisconsin than in all Europe.

Pennsylvania is reducing the state debt at the rate of one million dollars a year.

Baltimore will get \$660,000 out of the McDonough estate of New Orleans, clear of all expenses.

Immense quantities of zinc are found in the mineral regions of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin.

A new island has been discovered in the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles from any land laid down in the charts.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

The first paper ever printed in the Dakota Territory has been issued at Sioux Falls City, by Samuel J. Albright. It is called the "Dakota Democrat."

The following notice, written in a legible hand, has been posted on a store in Williamsburgh, N. Y., for two days: "This store is closest an a crone of a teath in the family."

The first British merchant that wrote about America was warm in his praise of tobacco. He called it a plant of great virtue, and affirmed that it was a certain cure for "cold humors, headache and grief!"

The Dayton and Michigan Railroad was lately opened through. It is 140 miles in length, extending from Dayton, Ohio, to Toledo, the western terminus of Lake Erie, and passing through a section rich in manufacturing facilities.

While bathing her face with a mixture of camphene and salt, for her complexion's sake, a Cincinnati belle accidentally set fire to the camphene, and was burned in a most shocking manner. One of her eyes is destroyed.

It is stated that the new wire bridge over the Ohio, at Wheeling, Va., is composed of four cables, each 1380 feet long. Each cable is composed of 1580 strands of wire, making a single strand 9,273,600 feet, or within a fraction of 1757 miles in length.

Notwithstanding all the swagger and bluster of Young America, it is the old heads who are managing our affairs. Our President is a man of 70; the Secretary of State is 77; the actual Commander-in-chief of our armies is 73; and our Chief Justice 82!

In old times the ministers were not very particular as to how their salaries were raised. Parson Smith, of ancient Falmouth (now Portland), in his Journal under date of June 18th, 1757, says—"I received £165 and 38 of Cox, my part *scalp money*!"

In the whole country some 40,000,000 pounds of wool are produced annually, while the annual consumption in the United States is rather above than below 100,000,000 pounds, and is annually increasing. More than 50,000,000 pounds of wool are imported every year into this country, which the country is abundantly able to produce within its own borders.

Ex-President Van Buren is writing his "Life and Times."

The eruption of the volcano in the Sandwich Islands still continue.

A southerner at Saratoga recently paid \$1400 for a private dinner.

The Boston Public Library at present contains about 80,000 volumes, and 20,000 pamphlets.

The number of buffaloes on the great western plains seems to increase every year.

Time marks the title page of our lives, death the finis, and the grave becomes the binding.

The New York papers for the St. Louis press are now carried through in forty-eight hours.

The prettiest name ever given to a woman is that of the French actress—Rose Cheri.

A monthly religious paper is to be published at Honolulu, in the Hawaiian language.

It is stated that there are 1400 buildings of various kinds now in process of erection in Memphis, Tenn., at an estimated cost of \$3,000,000.

Talent and art must go hand in hand. Birds rise not by means of their wing-feathers only, but by those which guide their flight.

The whole number of dogs destroyed according to law, in New York, during the present season, was 9682 dogs and 387 puppies, at a cost of 14 cents each.

The city of Norwich is famous for having furnished members of Congress. There has been born in that place, nineteen who have been Representatives, and five who have been Senators in Congress.

A beautiful sentiment is the following, by the celebrated Logan: "Over all the movements of life, religion scatters her favors, but reserves the choicest, her divine blessing, for the last hour."

The New York Shipping List, after glancing at financial matters, thinks the great "panic" that was to overwhelm us in the course of the autumn, will have to be postponed until a more convenient season.

A tobacconist in Milwaukie was opening and arranging a sack or bale of tobacco direct from Havana, when he found in the bale a sheepskin purse, or bag, containing between six and seven hundred dollars in gold, mostly Spanish coin.

Two very fine specimens of the teeth of a mastodon were exhausted from an upland near Roge River, Michigan, the larger of which is five inches in length and three and a half in breadth, and weighs two pounds and one ounce. The other tooth is smaller and broken.

The Scientific American says: "The largest iron girders that have ever been made on this continent, are about to be placed in position in the Peabody Institute, now in the course of erection in Baltimore. Their length is 60 feet, clear span 66."

In the Theological Seminary connected with the Illinois State University, are fourteen Scandinavian young men, preparing for the Lutheran ministry, viz., one Dane, five Swedes, and eight Norwegians. They are under the charge of Pastor Ebsjorn, Professor of Theology and Scandinavian language and literature.

## Merry-Making.

When is a fish like a bird? When it is *a perch*.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tide-y.

Why is the east wind like a famous American painter? Because it's Ben West.

Political capital is now said to mean nothing more nor less than personal interest.

There is a man at Windsor so habitually sleepy, that his curiosity cannot be awakened.

"Which can travel the fastest, heat or cold?" "Why heat, you dunce! Can't anybody catch cold?"

Now that the coquettish little prima donna has gone, her *ct-de-vant* adorers complain of having their pockets *pic'd*!

One of the questions of the day is: Does the policeman take care of the city, or does the city take care of him?

Mayor Tiemann ought not to attend so many festivals, dinners, and late parties—New York does not want a *night-mayor*!

A negro handed his watch to the watchmaker to make it run slower, for it gained Saturday out of every week.

"I am much afraid of lightning," said a pretty girl the other day. "And well you may be," replied a cynical bachelor, "your skirts are dangerous."

It is complained of Shakspeare that he unnecessarily murdered Hamlet. But he has been paid for it. A great many Hamlets have murdered Shakspeare.

It is proposed to establish an institution for the education of young ladies, in which the science of weavology, spinology and cookology will form a part.

"I beg pardon, madam, for my inattention, but the fact is, my mind is a little absent just now." "Then, sir, you had probably better go and try to look it up."

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this preferable to billiards or burgundy.

An Irish postboy, having driven Sheridan a long stage during torrents of rain, the latter said to him, "Pat, are you not very wet?" "No, please your honor, I'm very dry," was the arch reply.

If a young lady "throws herself away," understand she has married for love; if "she is comfortably settled," understand that she married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers." "Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them. "O, no, sir; you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

A theoretically benevolent man on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered him briskly, "With pleasure," but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one dollar, and it is out."

"You can't do that again," said the pig, when the boy cut off its tail.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

Of which sex is the post-office? The mail sex.

Miss Muloch says there are more things in the world than marrying and giving in marriage.

How does Queen Victoria take her pills? Inside her, (in cider).

Why is a bear looking through a scuttle like an orange? Because he looks round.

Why is a lover like a whale? Because he is a sea "creeter" of size, (a secrete of sighs).

How were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise? They were snaked out.

Madame de Staél says, "Glory to women is only a splendid mourning suit, for happiness."

"John, did you ever bet on a horse-race?" "No; but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare!"

The Hymeneal department of the Selma, Ala., Sentinel, contains a notice of a marriage in Brattville."

When is your chin liable to a fine under the Game Laws? When it's shooting hares (hairs) without a license!

Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting after his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand.

The rhymer who wrote the line, "Dear to me is the surf-tossed beach," probably had in his mind a recollection of his bill at some seaside hotel.

*A Forward Child.*—An infant two months old, taking an airing, crowded at a "Caution to Trespassers" on a board in a plantation. The nurse remarked that it was beginning to "take notice."

A gentleman on a circuit relating to Lord Norbury some extravagantfeat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three hares!" exclaimed his lordship, "then, sir, you must have fired at a wig!"

A Parisian critic, speaking of Jules Janin and his faculty of spreading the thinnest possible surface of the butter of thought over the largest amount of verbal bread, compares him to a man who, having invited a single friend to dine with him, orders plates to be laid for three hundred persons.

Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered, in the House of Commons, a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him? "Why, to be sure," he said, "there are many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more which I wish I had said."

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## OLD PUDDLE'S MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



**He is satisfied he ought to have a doctor,**



**And therefore has one;**



**Who assures him he is dangerously sick,**



**And in want of a good comfortable nurse,**

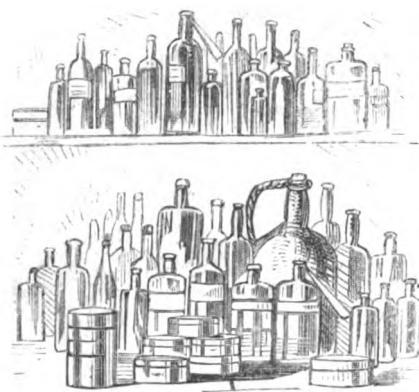


**Who knows how to keep up a patient's spirits.**



**He is bled**

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



And physicked—



This being his appearance at the end of a week,



And this at the end of a fortnight.



After three weeks, he concludes he cannot stand a fourth;



Therefore discharges his medical attendants.



Takes to good eating and good reading, and immediately recovers.









DEC 12 1959

